TALKS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

MRS. LATIMER'S WORKS

TALKS OF NAPOLEON
AT ST. HELENA

NINETEENTH CENTURY SERIES

THE LAST YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
SPAIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
EUROPE IN AFRICA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
FRANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

MY SCRAP-BOOK OF THE FRENCH
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GENERAL GOURGAUD

TALKS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

WITH

GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD

TOGETHER WITH THE JOURNAL KEPT BY GOURGAUD ON THEIR JOURNEY FROM WATERLOO TO ST. HELENA

TRANSLATED, AND WITH NOTES, BY

ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "RUSSIA AND TURKEY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "EUROPE IN AFRICA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "ITALY IN THE NINETEETH CENTURY," "SPAIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "MY SCRAP-BOOK OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION." ETC.

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TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

LORD ROSEBERY, in his admirable and most interesting record of Napoleon's life at St. Helena, which he called "Napoleon: the Last Phase," speaks thus:

"The one capital and superior record of life at St. Helena is the private journal of General Gourgaud. It was written, in the main at least, for his own eye, without flattery or even prejudice. It is sometimes almost brutal in its realism. He alone of all the chroniclers strove to be accurate, and on the whole succeeded."

This journal, which consists of twelve hundred printed pages, was not published until 1898, and is too prolix for complete translation. We want to know all Gourgaud can tell us about Napoleon; we do not care to know what he notes down concerning his jealousies, his sulks, his ennui, his perpetual pity for himself. I have therefore extracted from the two volumes of the Journal (without the help of any satisfactory index), almost all that Napoleon said to Gourgaud in familiar chats, about his past life, and his speculations as to the future. I have omitted most of Napoleon's vituperations of Sir Hudson Lowe, and his complaints against the English government, also anecdotes of his *bonnes fortunes*, and his constantly recurring disputations with Gourgaud concerning that follower's mother's pension—a pension Napoleon was quite ready to give, and Gourgaud eager to receive, though he could not be prevailed upon to take it, on some point of honor.

It is hoped that this record of what Napoleon said, taken down by one whose truthfulness Napoleon himself vouched for, may be found interesting by many who might have been wearied by reading the larger part of this record, although it was kept by a man who loved his master devotedly, and who had been attached to his personal service since 1812.

Gaspard Gourgaud, son of a musician in the king's private orchestra at Versailles, was born November 14, 1783. His mother had formed part of the royal household, as nurse to the Duc de Berry, son of the Comte

d'Artois, and Gaspard was brought up as the playmate of the little prince, who was about four years older. He looked upon that prince almost as his foster-brother, and the friendship of the Duc de Berry never failed him—not even when he had become the aide-de-camp and devoted follower of the Emperor Napoleon. After the Restoration in 1815, when Gourgaud went into exile with Napoleon, his mother continued to receive from the Bourbons a small pension for her past services, and we see in every mention of the royal family of France in Gourgaud's Journal that great care has been taken to say nothing that could hurt their feelings.

On September 23, 1799, when Napoleon was First Consul, young Gourgaud was admitted to the École Polytechnique, whence two years later he entered the École d'Artillerie at Châlons. In 1802 he joined the army as second lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Foot Artillery then in camp at Boulogne, and two years later he became aide-de-camp to General Foucher. He distinguished himself at Ulm, at the capture of Vienna, at the Bridge of Thabor, and at Austerlitz, where he was wounded. He fought at Jena and at Friedland, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor at Pultusk, was promoted the day after the affair at Ostrolenka, was then sent to Spain, and was present at the siege of Saragossa; returned to the army in the North, and was at Abensberg, Eckmühl, Ratisbon, and Wagram.

In 1811 he was sent on a mission to Dantzic, and in July of the same year was chosen by Napoleon to be one of his orderly officers (*officiers d'ordonnance*). Though wounded in the Battle of Smolensk, Gourgaud was the first to enter the Kremlin, where he destroyed the mine intended to blow up the Emperor, his staff, and the Imperial Guard.

For this he was made a Baron of the Empire. For his heroic conduct during the terrible retreat from Russia he was made *Chef d'Escadron* and was appointed First Orderly Officer.

At Dresden he received the Gold Star of the Legion of Honor, and on January 29, 1814, at Brienne, he killed with a pistol shot a Cossack who was about to thrust his lance through the Emperor. For this Napoleon gave him the sword that he had worn at Lodi, Montenotte, and

Rivoli. At Montmirail Gourgaud received another wound; he distinguished himself at Laon, was made a Colonel, and Commander of the Legion of Honor, after which he was the first to enter Rheims.

At Fleurus he was promoted to be a General and made aide-de-camp to the Emperor. At Waterloo he fired the last shots from the French cannon.

In 1814, however, when the Emperor had abdicated, and had been sent to Elba, Gourgaud, believing that the Restoration would bring peace and prosperity to France, returned to his former allegiance to the Bourbons. He was cordially received by the Duc de Berry, and made one of the royal household. He did not desert his post until the King had fled to Ghent, when the household had been virtually disbanded; and Gourgaud, desirous to serve his country in his chosen career, returned to his former master. He was, as we have seen, at Waterloo. He accompanied Napoleon after the battle in his flight to Paris, and was sent by him to Rochefort to see what prospects of escape to the United States might be found there.

Napoleon, while at Rochefort, endeavored to send Gourgaud to England, and intrusted him with what the French editors of the Journal call "the immortal letter" to the Prince Regent, reminding that personage of the hospitable reception accorded to Themistocles when he surrendered himself to his enemies. Had Napoleon had any knowledge of the English constitution or the English character, he never would have made to the Prince Regent an appeal of sentiment; but he and his admirers thought the allusion to Themistocles sublime.

At St. Helena Napoleon said, speaking of Gourgaud: "He was my First Orderly Officer. He is my work. He is my son."

Napoleon was sincerely attached to the young officer; his participation in all the great campaigns from 1804 to 1815, and his knowledge of the English language—supposed to have been much greater than it really was—made him useful in many ways to the Emperor. "But," says Lord Rosebery,

"At St. Helena Gourgaud was utterly out of place. On active service, on the field of battle, he would have been of the greatest service to his chief —a keen, intelligent, devoted officer;

but in the inaction of St. Helena, his energy, deprived of its natural outlets, turned in upon himself, on his nerves, and on his relations to others. He himself was in much the same position as the Emperor. The result was that he was never happy except when grumbling or quarrelling. To use Madame de Montholon's figure when speaking of Napoleon, 'His fire, for want of fuel, consumed himself and those around him.' But Napoleon had the command of what luxury and companionship there was at St. Helena; the others in the little colony had their wives and children; Gourgaud had nothing. . . . . He was a brilliant young officer devoted to his master with an unreasonable, petulant jealousy, which made his devotion intolerable; and above all, he was perpetually bored—bored with the islands, bored with the confinement, bored with the isolation, bored with celibacy, bored with court life in a shanty, involving all the burdens without the splendor of a palace, bored with inaction, and bored with himself for being bored."

And yet we like him. There were times when he showed good sense, and his master might have done well to follow his advice in his relations with Sir Hudson Lowe. But what we are most grateful for is the new view we obtain from his Journal of the fallen Emperor. Lord Rosebery says:

"With his abnormal frankness he depicts himself as petulant, captious, and sulky to the last degree, while we see Napoleon gentle, patient, good-tempered, trying to soothe his lonely and morbid attendant with something like the tenderness of a parent for a wayward child. Once indeed he calls Gourgaud 'a child.' Gourgaud is furious. 'Me! a child! I shall soon be thirty-four! I have seen eighteen years of service. I have been in thirteen campaigns. I have received three wounds! And to be treated like this! Calling me a child is calling me a fool.' All this he poured forth on the Emperor in an angry torrent."

Yet the impression left on us by Gourgaud's own words, written in his own journal, for his own eye, is that he was not only a child, but a provokingly naughty one. We would love him were it not that we are keenly sensible how intolerable his constant loss of self-control must have been to the fallen and forsaken Emperor. Lord Rosebery says:

"The Napoleon who endured such scenes as Gourgaud relates is not the Napoleon of our preconceptions: *that* Napoleon would have ordered a subordinate who talked to him like this out of the room before he had finished a sentence. What does the real Napoleon do? Let us hear Gourgaud himself. After the

scene in which he resents having been called a child, he says: 'In short, I am very angry. The Emperor seeks to calm me. I remain silent. We pass into the dining-room. He speaks to me gently. "I know you have commanded troops and batteries, but you are after all very young." I only reply by gloomy silence.' The insulting charge of youth is more than Gourgaud can bear. This is our Gourgaud as we come to know him. But is this the Napoleon that we thought we knew? Not menacing or crushing his rebellious equerry, but trying to soothe, to assuage, to persuade."[1]

Strange to say, in spite of Gourgaud's almost brutal devotion to truth, he was selected by Napoleon (who loved mystification, whose line of policy was habitually deceitful) to be his agent—in point of fact his ambassador—to the crowned heads of Europe, and to his own family; and in order to leave St. Helena without exciting suspicion that he had a mission, he was to throw dust in the eyes of Sir Hudson Lowe and in those of the foreign commissioners. Gourgaud lent himself to this deception as he would have lent himself to any plan that carried out the wishes of the Emperor.

Piontkowski, Las Cases, and Santini had by turns left St. Helena with instructions to communicate with Napoleon's friends and family, but little had resulted from their missions. They were not persons of sufficient weight to act as agents between the Emperor who had fallen, and other emperors and kings. But Gourgaud was a different man; he had been Napoleon's aide-de-camp, intrusted with his most private thoughts, and occasionally employed as his secretary. If he obtained leave to quit his post at St. Helena without good reason, all men would naturally suspect a secret mission. For two months before the date fixed for his departure, the way was being prepared by a series of bitter quarrels with Montholon, of whose personal relations with Napoleon Gourgaud was already jealous, and scenes took place which amounted to violent quarrels with the Emperor himself, duly reported to Sir Hudson Lowe by his staff of spies at Longwood. At last Gourgaud resolved to provoke a duel with Montholon, and asked advice concerning it from Sir Hudson

[1] I perhaps ought to apologize for such long extracts from the Chapter on Gourgaud in Lord Rosebery's book, "Napoleon: the Last Phase," but any one who knows the book will be glad to read these words over again, and any one of my readers who does not know it may thank me for the introduction.—*E. W. L.*

Lowe! Considerable correspondence on the subject passed through Sir Hudson's hands. No detail of the plot, or more properly of the little comedy, seems to have been omitted. As the Journal of Las Cases had been seized before his departure from Longwood, the same thing, it was thought, might happen to that of Gourgaud. This accounts for the bitterness and ill-temper that fill its latter pages. When Gourgaud, after he left Longwood, found himself for some weeks associating with English officers at Jamestown, with Sir Hudson Lowe, and with the foreign commissioners, no doubt his conversation was in the same strain. He even attempted to palm off on Sir Hudson Lowe some cock-and-bull stories about plans for projected escapes, such as carrying off the Emperor in a hogshead, etc., which fables Sir Hudson accepted with all belief, and reported to the Foreign Office, where Sir Walter Scott subsequently had access to them, and arrived at the conclusion that Gourgaud was a traitor.[1]

Meantime, by help of some secret agent, Gourgaud kept up an almost daily correspondence with Longwood. Montholon writes to him, a few days after they had parted, to all appearance, enemies to the death:

"The Emperor thinks that you are overacting your part. He fears lest Sir Hudson should open his eyes. You know how astute he is. Therefore be always on your guard, and sail as soon as you can, without, however, seeming anxious to hurry your departure. Your position is a very difficult one.

"Do not forget that Stürmer[2] is devoted to Metternich. On every suitable occasion turn the conversation on the tender affection the Emperor feels for the Empress, but say little about the King of Rome. . . . . Complain openly of the affair of the five hundred pounds, and write

[1] Nothing could equal the credulity of Sir Hudson Lowe when any plan for his captive's escape was suggested to him. Many years ago a captain in the navy who had been in command of one of the ships on guard at St. Helena visited often at my father's house. He would talk freely of Sir Hudson Lowe, and of his annoying and absurd precautions. His ship was sent to guard the rocky islet of Tristan d'Acunha, lest any ship having the imperial captive on board should touch at that island, which lies on the route to nowhere, and is a long distance from St. Helena. The island had no harbor, and the English warship was saved with much difficulty in a great storm from which she had no refuge. It was with anything but blessings our friend would comment on the peculiarities and vexatious precautions of Sir Hudson Lowe.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Stürmer was the Austrian commissioner; Montchenu the commissioner of Louis XVIII.

an aggrieved letter about it to Bertrand. Fear nothing from him. He knows nothing of your mission.[1] Your yesterday's report reached me safely. It greatly interested his Majesty. Montchenu is an old *émigré*, a man of honor. You must make him talk; that is all. Any time you go into Jamestown give a report to No. 53. It is most certainly our safest way."

On March 14, 1818, Gourgaud embarked on board an Indiaman going home to England. On the authorities at Jamestown he had made so favorable an impression that he was spared the voyage to the Cape, which he had looked forward to with dread. Sir Hudson Lowe supplied him with funds in lieu of the fictitious five hundred pounds about which he made so much disturbance and also gave him letters to Cabinet ministers in England, speaking of him in the highest terms. Montchenu, the French commissioner, wrote to his government, and to his friend the Marquis d'Osmond, French Ambassador in London, saying to the latter: "You will doubtless be glad to converse with an intelligent officer, who for more than ten years has been attached to the personal service of Bonaparte. You will see, too, that things are not so bad with him at St. Helena as he and his subordinates would have us believe."

On reaching London early in May, 1818, one of Gourgaud's first visits was to the Marquis d'Osmond. The Marquis advised him to hold no relations with the leaders of the Liberal party in England; that is, with Lord Holland, Lord Grey, Sir Robert Wilson, or Lord Brougham—all of them admirers of Napoleon, who compassionated his fate. Men who held clerkships under Lord Castlereagh's government, and all foreign ambassadors, tried to make Gourgaud talk, and if possible obtain from him something unfavorable to his master, but as this could no

[1] This matter of the £500 proves that Gourgaud did not hesitate to accept an odious part when it might lead to what was earnestly desired by the Emperor. He was apparently to dun Napoleon for an indemnity due on his departure, and he was to do it with acrimony and ingratitude, laying aside all delicacy; and this was to keep up appearances. We see in this also that Gourgaud was sacrificing himself that he might blindly obey the instructions of his imperial master. The commissioners, who of course did not know this, sought in vain for some explanation of his conduct, and came to the conclusion that it was altogether unworthy of a man of his character and position. Stürmer so speaks of it.—*French Editor.*

longer serve Napoleon's purposes, his faithful agent disappointed them.

Soon Castlereagh's spies reported that Gourgaud was holding relations with Bonapartists, that is, visiting leaders of the Liberal party, against whom the Marquis d'Osmond had taken care to warn him; on November 14, 1818, he was arrested, his papers were seized, and he was sent to Cuxhaven. Thence he went to Hamburg, and had some scheme of going to Russia, where he hoped to be well received by the Emperor Alexander. Instead of this, however, he went to Austria, where French and English agents in vain endeavored to persuade him to go to the United States.

Gourgaud's main pretext for leaving St. Helena was the state of his health, broken down, he said, by the deadly climate that was undermining that of his master. Napoleon was anxious that Gourgaud should be credited with liver complaint, from which he persisted he himself was slowly dying. He never suspected hereditary cancer of the stomach, neither did Dr. O'Meara, nor the surgeon of the "Conqueror," nor subsequently Antommarchi, his Corsican physician.

Gourgaud fought a duel with the Comte de Ségur after the publication of his most interesting book on the retreat from Russia. He also wanted to fight Sir Walter Scott, but had no opportunity to send his challenge.

Early in 1821 he received permission to return to France, and soon after being reunited to his mother, to whom he was always a devoted son, he received news of the death of the Emperor. He at once headed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, imploring it to take some steps to reclaim the body of the Emperor, and bury it in the soil of France, so that no foreigner might say, pointing insolently to the spot: "*Voci l' Empereur des Français.*"

In the next year, 1822, Gourgaud married the daughter of Comte Roederer, with whom there had been some question of marriage before he went to St. Helena. His son, Baron Napoleon Gourgaud, has permitted the publication of his father's journal.

After the fall of the Bourbons in 1830, Gourgaud was made Commander of the Artillery in Paris and Vincennes. In 1832 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Louis Philippe,

and received other military honors. When the young Duke of Orleans was married, Gourgaud and the Duc de Broglie were deputed to escort the young princess Hélène from the frontier of France to Fontainebleau.

In July, 1840, having negotiated together with Bertrand the restoration to France of arms formerly belonging to Napoleon, Gourgaud and Bertrand placed them among the treasures of the crown.

When Napoleon's will was published, some surprise was expressed that no mention of any legacy to Gourgaud appeared therein. Napoleon had carefully avoided naming him in that document, for he knew that Gourgaud was then trying to get back to France, and he thought that any public testimony of affection and appreciation upon his part might embarrass him. But in a secret will (or rather, testamentary expression of his secret wishes) Gourgaud was given one hundred and fifty thousand francs "in recognition of his devotion and of the services he rendered me for ten years as my First Orderly Officer and aide-de-camp on fields of battle in Germany, Russia, Spain, and France, and on the rock of St. Helena."

Gourgaud was one of those who in 1840 accompanied the expedition of the "Belle Poule" to St. Helena to bring back to France the remains of Napoleon. "Only those who loved the Emperor as I did," he says, "can comprehend what passed through my heart when Dr. Guillard allowed us to see, through streaming tears, the mortal remains of our hero."

When the body, on its catafalque, passed into Paris beneath the Arch of Triumph, with shouts from some hundred thousand voices of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"[1] it was Gourgaud, who on its arrival at the Invalides, laid the sword of Austerlitz upon the coffin. Bertrand was joined with him in that sacred mission, but Montholon lay in prison at Ham, with the prince who ten years later was to be the third Emperor Napoleon. In vain Gourgaud had attempted to induce the Government of Louis

[1] I saw that funeral procession in December, 1840, and joined with all my heart in the enthusiasm. It was a day so bitter that it was said that three hundred English died of colds caught on the occasion. A day or two later I was nearly crushed to death, when, in company with my father, I struggled to get into the Chapelle Ardente, and stand inside the railing which separated spectators from Napoleon's coffin. I wrote an account of this funeral in "France in the Nineteenth Century," though I believe I did not speak in the first person.—*E. W. L.*

Philippe to pardon, if only for that supreme occasion, the man he had once hated so jealously, and had pretended to defy to mortal combat, but with whom he carried on for two years and a half a familiar clandestine correspondence, and whom he had received as a dear friend and comrade, when, after the Emperor's death, Montholon returned from exile. They had even collaborated in a book, "*Mémoires pour Servir à l'Histoire de France Sous Napoléon*," which appeared in eight volumes in 1823.

In 1841 Gourgaud was intrusted with the armament of the new fortifications of Paris, doomed to be destroyed, we are told, in the present year.

After the fall of Louis Philippe, February 7, 1848, Gourgaud was made Colonel of the First Legion of the National Guard, and did good service under Cavaignac in the days of June. He was then sent to the Legislative Assembly from one of the departments.

He died July 25, 1852, having lived just about long enough to see another Napoleon established on the throne of France as Emperor.

Here are the instructions given by Napoleon to Gourgaud at the moment of his departure as a secret agent from St. Helena:

"As soon as he shall have reached Europe, he will write five or six letters, seven or eight days apart, to Joseph at Philadelphia, addressed to M—, merchant, or to the care of M. Nego or Neyon. He will alternate these letters. He will tell him the true position in which we are, without making it better or worse than it is. He will send him copies of all the papers, declarations, or letters of M—, and will tell him in each letter that it is important to learn from American newspapers how he is. If he[1] foresees that he will have to remain long at the Cape,[2] and if he is free, he must write to Cardinal Fesch under cover to Torlonia, banker at Rome. He will also write to him when he reaches Europe. It would be well, too, that he should write to Lucien at Rome; and to the Empress, Duchess of Parma. If he land in Italy he would do well to go at once to Rome, where Fesch and Lucien will give him advice as to how he may visit the family of His

[1] Gourgaud.

[2] All others who had quitted Longwood were sent first to Capetown, thence to England.

Majesty. He might also carry a little letter relative to Madame Gu. . . . . Bertrand might write a few words to Eugene on the subject of our interests. These little notes could be placed in the soles of his shoes. He will put them into the proper hands. From the Cape he might write to Eugene and Fesch and ask them to send us some of the latest books. He will carry some of my hair to the Empress."

And when Gourgaud, in December, 1840, more than twenty years after his departure from St. Helena, once more beheld its rocky shore, he thus speaks of the mission confided to him by his master, and of the promise he gave Napoleon when they parted:

"This time it is not with despair in my heart that I am going to land. I am here to fulfill a pious, a national duty; I am here to keep my parting promise to the Emperor, which was that I would accomplish his deliverance from his prison." [1]

[1] When Gourgaud, Bertrand, and the rest reached St. Helena they were shocked to see to what a deplorable condition want of care had reduced Longwood. In my "Last Years of the Nineteenth Century" I have given a far different account of what it is now, as seen a year or so since by an English lady. The place has been purchased by the French government, and placed in charge of a Frenchman who resides there.—*E. W. L.*

TALKS OF NAPOLEON

AT

ST. HELENA

JOURNAL OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD FROM THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, JUNE 19, 1815, TO THE ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA, OCTOBER 15, 1815.

June 19, 1815. The Emperor reached Charleroy at 7 o'clock in the morning, passed through the town, and crossed the Sambre. He passed some time in the meadow which lies to the right after crossing the bridge. There he tried to rally a small body of cavalry, carbineers, etc. It was a vain effort! The men who fell into the ranks on one side slipped out at the other. . . . . His Majesty ate something. His servants rejoined me with those of Lariboisière; my horse being exhausted, I took one of his.

The Emperor told me to give orders to four companies of *pontonniers* who were near, equipped for bridge-building, to abandon their drays and their boats, and to fall back with the horses and soldiers of their party on Avesnes. I also hastened the departure of a number of peasants' carts, loaded with wine, bread, etc. They contained a considerable quantity of provisions, while in the army we were dying of hunger. His Majesty, who was greatly fatigued, demanded a calèche. We told him the roads were encumbered with vehicles, and that in a carriage he could not escape from the light horse of the enemy, which every moment we expected to appear. He then remounted on horseback, and for a short time we took the

road to Avesnes; but after being informed that there were partisans of the enemy at Beaumont, the Emperor decided to go toward Philippeville. After a time we met some of our men in flight, who tried to obstruct our passage. His Majesty hesitated for a moment, but seeing no enemy, decided we must go on; we therefore resumed our route. With Saint-Yon, Regnault, Amillet, and Montesquiou, I formed a little band, which preceded him. A little farther on I met about twenty Red Lancers at full gallop. I told them there was no cause for their terror, and I made them join us and go on. At last, overcome by weariness, His Majesty reached Philippeville almost alone, having with him only Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Flahaut, Gourgaud, Labédoyère, Amillet, and two or three other orderly officers. The Emperor dismounted at a tavern on the *Place*, and sent for the officer in command of the town. . . . . We got something to eat, and I was told that His Majesty was about at once to post to Paris. He borrowed the carriage of General Dupuy, who was in command at Philippeville, and two other light vehicles were prepared. At this moment the Duc de Bassano joined us. I asked Bertrand if I was to travel in one of these *carrioles*. He said I was to follow on horseback. I replied that my horse was foundered, and offered to go on the box of one of the *carrioles*. He assured me that would be impossible. . . . . We argued the matter. Meanwhile His Majesty having drawn up the list of those who were to go with him, named me. We set off with post horses; as we were passing through Rocroy, a town at a little distance, at the village of ——-, we overtook the Emperor's carriage. We supped there, and they made us pay for the supper three hundred francs. We consulted as to what road we had better take, and decided that for fear of not being able to get fresh horses, we would take the high road to Mézières, along which we were not recognized until we reached Rheims.

June 20. From Rheims we went on to Berry-au-Bac, where we breakfasted. We held a consultation, Drouot, Flahaut, Labédoyère, Dejean, etc. (Soult had remained at Philippeville). We all agreed that His Majesty ought, as soon as we reached Paris, to go booted and travel-stained to the Chamber of Deputies, give an account of the disaster, ask aid, and returning to Belgium, put himself at the head of Grouchy's army, collect what scattered corps he could, and then propose to lay aside his crown, if that should be made a condition of peace. We next paused at Laon, where we were received with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All the peasants in the neighborhood offered to defend this position. His Majesty changed his carriage. He sent Flahaut to Avesnes, and Dejean to Guise. Bassy stayed at Laon, and at last the rest of us set out for Paris, which His Majesty reached about ten o'clock, incognito, for he had not been willing to make use of the Court carriages that Caulaincourt, warned of his arrival by a courier, had sent to meet him beyond the barrier. The Emperor, as soon as he arrived, sent for his ministers, and took a bath.

As for me, I hurried to see my mother and my sister; M. Dumas took me in his cabriolet. They had not heard of our disasters, and to avoid any questions, I ordered that no one should enter our door.

June 22. The Emperor—worried by all the men around him who were afraid and who persisted in believing that without Napoleon they themselves might make peace; beset, I say, by these people, and utterly cast down by his great misfortune—decided to abdicate and to go to the United States of America. His Majesty proposed to me to go with him, an offer I accepted immediately.

June 23. Saint-Yon, Saint-Jacques, Planat, Résigny, Autric, and Chiappe, all orderly officers, asked me to see if they, too, might not accompany his Majesty, wherever he might retire. I did all I could to dissuade them, tell-

ing them that His Majesty would wish to live like a private gentleman, that he would have no need of them, and that they would only be poor, expatriated, and of no use to Napoleon. That my case was different, that the Emperor had long known me, whilst of them he knew hardly more than their names. But all wished to go, and I spoke of the matter to His Majesty.

June 24. Their request was granted. The Élysée then presented a very different spectacle from what it had done two weeks before. No callers, no carriages; . . . . officers of the citizen soldiery called Fédérés, met in the neighboring streets, and shouted wildly, "*Vive l'Empereur!* We will not forsake him!" . . . . But the Cabinet ministers represented to His Majesty that his presence in Paris paralyzed their orders, and that in spite of his abdication he was reigning still. At last the Emperor suffered himself to be persuaded, and resolved to leave Paris the next day (the 25th) for Malmaison, in order to wait there for passports, which had been drawn up authorizing him to go to the United States. I went to say good-bye to my mother and sister, to Lariboisière, and to Dalton. I embraced Fain and my colleagues in the Cabinet. Bertrand gave me my papers.

June 25. At half-past twelve his Majesty quitted the Palace of the Élysée. A great number of the inhabitants of Paris came to the gates, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" His Majesty, too much moved to receive their farewells, made his imperial carriage, with six horses and an escort, leave by the Rue Saint-Honoré, whilst a carriage with two horses belonging to Bertrand the Grand Marshal, came to the back of the Palace through the garden. The Grand Marshal and the Emperor got into it, and left by way of the Champs Élysée. It was not until they had passed the Barrière de Chaillot that the Emperor alighted from the Grand Marshal's carriage and got into his own.

I was in the second carriage with six horses with Montholon, Montaran, and Las Cases; Mesgrigny rode on horseback beside the imperial coach.

At half-past one we reached Malmaison, where the Princess Hortense was awaiting us. His Majesty walked some time with Rovigo[1] who had just come from Paris with orders from the Provisional Government, to take command of the Guard, which consisted of about three hundred men of the Old Guard and forty dragoons. His Majesty walked a long time with the General, who did all he could not to make his mission disagreeable to the Emperor.

When His Majesty re-entered the château, he was astonished to find so few people there, and said to me, "*Eh bien!* I do not see any other of my former aides-de-camp." I answered that many people who surround us in prosperity desert us in adversity. About dusk, six orderly officers came from Paris to join the Emperor, who went to bed at eleven o'clock. The same evening Generals Piré and Chartran came too, but it was only to ask for money.

June 26. I started for Paris in a *coucou* [a sort of open cab] with Montholon, to arrange my own affairs, and to say a last farewell to my relations. I went to the Ministry to ask for a duplicate copy of my nomination on June 9th. I saw Marchand, who attends to such things, César La Ville, Carion, and Vital. All said: "Urge His Majesty to go at once." Carion added: "His Majesty has done me much wrong, but assure him that I am entirely devoted to him, as well as to my country." I got back to Malmaison at seven in the evening. I found there the Duc de Bassano, the Duchesse de Vicence, and Madame Duchâtel, who were with His Majesty. Madame Regnault had also come to say that there was a conspiracy on foot against the Emperor, and that Fouché was at the head of the plot. Madame Walewska had also hastened thither.

[1] Savary, Duc de Rovigo, Ex-Prefect of Police.

Generals Piré and Chartran had come back to insist on the settlement of their business, and had obtained a note which entitled them to draw some money. During the night Decrès, the minister, came to speak with His Majesty.

June 27. There were more visitors. Flahaut, Labédoyère, Bassano, and Joseph came, as well as Decrès. The day passed in conversation. Nothing was decided on. Piré and Chartran came back very angry from Paris, the first because he had received only twelve thousand francs, the second only six thousand.

June 28. A report of the near approach of the enemy caused me to make, in company with Montholon, a complete survey of Malmaison. We settled on what spot we would station our little troop. We were all resolved that the capture of the château should cost the partisans of the enemy who might attack it, dear. The Emperor ordered me to send out scouting parties of three dragoons each, in the direction of Gonesse and Saint-Germain. Becker received orders from Davout to have the bridge at Chatou destroyed. I went with him; we made the necessary arrangements. The bridge burned all night. During the day we had heard some firing in the direction of Saint-Denis. Madame Caffarelli had returned from Paris. When every one is deserting His Majesty she clings to him. She is a good woman. I am very fond of her.

June 29. Bernard gave me his reasons for not wishing to go; he thinks they apply to me. Batri, the secretary, receives a pension of fifteen hundred francs, but he says he will not go. Fain, who has always shown much friendship for me, gave me the same advice; so did Drouot. I do not know what has become of Fleury. Lariboisière has been faithful up to the last moment. Our uncertainty continues. Our passports for the United States have not come. M. de Lavalette has come from Paris. He tells me that he is glad for the Emperor's sake that I am to accompany him. The enemy is draw-

ing near. His Majesty sends Becker to Paris to ask the Provisional Government if he cannot put himself at the head of the troops assembled around Paris, and crush the Prussian corps, which, knowing his deposition, is boldly advancing. The Emperor offers to give his word of honor that as soon as this is over he will leave France and carry out his first design of going to America. The Provisional Government, which was of no importance as long as His Majesty remained at Malmaison, is very far from wishing to see him at the head of the forces. It refused his offer, thus sacrificing to its private ends the interests of the country, and preferring to see Paris pillaged by its enemies, rather than delivered by Napoleon. Becker having come back at a quarter to five, His Majesty decided to leave for Rochefort. In the morning, Résigny went to the police to get the passports. There was one among them for Labédoyère, who wanted to come, but was dissuaded by his friend Flahaut. The Minister of Marine had sent orders to Rochefort that two French frigates should be there ready to put to sea; these were placed at the orders of the Emperor.

He left at five o'clock in a common yellow calèche, with Bertrand, Becker, and Rovigo. He wore a coat of maroon cloth. The calèche drove out by the little gate of the park; His Majesty got into it in the little court to the left, on leaving the palace. The road he proposed to take led through Rambouillet, Vendôme, Châteaudun, Poitiers, Tours, Niort, and so on. I got into the *voiture coupé.* They gave me in charge a hundred thousand francs in gold. I took pistols from the stores of His Majesty, and divided the weapons among those in the carriages. I could have fired sixteen shots. Montaran gave me a repeating rifle in exchange for the English horse I had captured at Waterloo. Bertrand told us all before starting to be sure that we had rifles. He had a sharp quarrel with Ferdinand, the chief cook, who did not

choose to go, because he said he had never been paid what he was promised when he went to Elba. My carriage, and that of the *valets de chambre* took the same road as the carriages of the Emperor. The others went by way of Orleans, Limoges, and Saintes.

Before my departure, a man named Stupinski came and bothered me to take his wife in my carriage; I refused, though she was very pretty; but it did not seem proper in the situation in which we found ourselves. However, the Pole, by applying afterwards to the Grand Marshal, succeeded in obtaining permission not only for his wife, but for himself to travel in my coupé. It was at the moment when the carriages were to start, and I had to permit it. The persons who went by the other road were Montholon, Résigny, Planat, Autric, Las Cases, and Chiappe; and in a second line on the same route, came Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon. I made François, my servant, go with this carriage.

Monsieur Saint-Yon, who was bubbling over with ardor as long as His Majesty might have been of use to him, deserted him as soon as our departure was decided on. He had been to Paris with Autric. The Provisional Government had declared that those of us who remained in France would retain their grades and their positions. He quitted Autric at the barrier when they were returning to Malmaison, under pretext that they would not let him pass. I had advised him not to come, but he would not then listen to me.

Princess Hortense returned to Paris, and the same day I bade Madame Caffarelli farewell. When shall I see again that charming woman?

June 30. The Emperor, who travelled under the name of General Becker, reached Rambouillet. When my carriage approached the palace, a servant stopped it and told me that His Majesty wanted me, that the other carriage was to go on to the post-house, and that Mar-

chand also was wanted at the palace. I went to the château, where I found His Majesty very impatient to get news from Paris, which he was quitting with great regret. I found there Becker, Rovigo, and Bertrand. . . . . They gave us supper with His Majesty, who being greatly fatigued, lay in bed till eight o'clock the next morning. I related my journey with Stupinski, and spoke of the impropriety of taking a woman along with me, especially one dressed in man's clothes. The Emperor, on being consulted, decided that she and her husband need go no farther. Bertrand commissioned me to tell them this bad news, but I refused. Then he gave me a note for the Pole, telling me to hand him one or two napoleons.

I picked out in the library a number of books, which, after the departure of His Majesty, I put into my carriage. Then I gave Stupinski the note Bertrand had left for him. He was furious. When he became more calm I offered him an indemnity if he would go back to Paris. He refused me flatly. So I sent him to the devil. Hardly had I left the house before he stopped my carriage and asked me if I would please give him some small sum. I handed him one hundred francs.

July 1. His Majesty passed through Chateau-Renaud, where he was recognized by the innkeeper at the inn where we dined. At Vendôme the inhabitants did not seem to me well disposed. When the carriage that followed mine passed, some of them shouted, "*Vive le Roi!*" The Post Mistress, Madame Imbault, also recognized the Emperor, and showed me much kindness because of my attachment to His Majesty. She told me that she had lodged the Empress, and she thought that "the poor man" (thus she called the Emperor) was to be exiled to Valençay. I found she had a letter addressed to Montmorency, and I wrote upon its back: "Your old comrade Gourgaud says good-bye to Raoul de Montmorency." I reached Tours at half-past four o'clock in the morning.

His Majesty dined at Poitiers; from there he sent a courier to Rochefort; he reached Niort at eight o'clock in the evening, and received news that Rochefort was blockaded by the English. When I passed through Saint-Maixent in the evening, people crowded round my carriage; we took supper while waiting for fresh horses. The mayor came with a party of armed men to examine our passports, and settled all difficulties on that subject. The horses being ready, I got back into my carriage, saying that if any one tried to stop me on my way I should defend myself as I would against a highwayman. At last we got off.

July 2. I reached Niort at three o'clock in the morning. Two officers of gendarmerie, General Saulnier, and Colonel Bourgeois, came to the post-house in the faubourg, where a gendarme had arrested me. They recognized me, and conducted me, secretly, to the Grand Cerf tavern, where I heard that His Majesty was at the hotel of the Boule d'Or. I went to see if he was said. The Prefect, Monsieur Busche, asked an audience. He was received. The Emperor is undecided what to do. Monsieur Kerkadin, who commands all that is to be done in the port at Rochefort, arrived, and was admitted to the Emperor immediately. He says that there are two French frigates ready to sail, but that the roadstead of the Île d'Aix is blockaded. We send word to Paris. His Majesty takes up his quarters at the Prefect's house. I tell the Emperor that his brother Joseph has arrived. The officers of the Second Regiment of Hussars pay him a visit in a body. They offer to join him, beseeching him to put himself at the head of the army, and offering to march on Paris with him. His Majesty refuses. They are much cast down.

At half-past six His Majesty dines with the Prefect, Madame Bertrand, who has just arrived, Rovigo, Beker, Joseph, and Bertrand. A crowd surrounds the Prefect-

ure, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" After dinner a sort of council is held. The general opinion is that the Emperor should return to Orleans, where he will find the army. Lallemand, senior, arrives from Paris. At nine in the evening his Majesty dictates instructions to me, and sends me to Rochefort, that we may see what chances there are that we may be able to get away; also to see if the road by Maumusson is free, and also if we might not make use of an American ship about to sail, and go on board of her at sea, five or six leagues from land, by means of a good large sailing boat. His Majesty told me to make the journey in a carriage as before. Along the road there were pickets of twenty horsemen stationed at regular distances; they took me for His Majesty and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Journal from Arrival at Rochefort to Embarkation.

July 3, 1815. I reached Rochefort at six o'clock in the morning. I alighted at the Hôtel du Pacha and went at once to see M. de Bonnefoux, the Prefect Maritime, to whom I communicated my instructions.

The Emperor arrived at eight o'clock, and alighted at the Prefecture, where he found me with the Prefect. All the baggage was got together as rapidly as possible. I am to do duty as aide-de-camp to the Emperor. At one o'clock came Las Cases and Madame de Montholon, who had been stopped at Saintes and had run some risk there. My servant François, too, rejoined me.

July 4, 1815. I informed His Majesty at four o'clock in the morning that these carriages had come in. I breakfasted with the Emperor. Planat,[1] Autric,[2] and Sainte-

[1] Planat was an orderly officer on the staff of the Emperor, who wished to take him to St. Helena. Gourgaud was jealous of him. After the departure of the Emperor, Planat, Résigny, General Lallemand, and Savary Duc de Rovigo were sent to Malta, where they remained some time as prisoners. After Napoleon's death Planat entered the service of Prince Eugene.

[2] Autric, another orderly officer.

Catherine,[1] who had remained behind, rejoined us. We could see in the offing two or three frigates, and several other ships.

July 5. Arrival of Prince Joseph. All the baggage is put aboard the "Saale" and the "Méduse."[2] The Emperor consulted me concerning the organization of his household, and told me that Montholon and myself should be his aides-de-camp. He made me make a note of this organization. He asked me if I knew Monsieur de Las Cases, and what he might be useful for. His Majesty thought of making him his treasurer. I said that he would do well at the head of the Cabinet; that he was a man of much information, who might replace Monsieur de Bassano.

July 6. The same cruiser is in sight. I went to the port with Madame Bertrand. There is talk of my being sent to visit the "Bayadère," a corvette in the river Gironde.

July 7. Newspapers are received from Paris, which announce the speedy entrance of the English into the capital. Much apprehension. I reinforce the guard. I sleep at the palace.[3] M. de Las Cases insists that Napoleon will reign again, and that the Bourbons will not be received in France.

July 8. At six o'clock in the morning, His Majesty

[1] Sainte-Catherine, a relative of the Empress Josephine, and a page to the Emperor.

[2] Ponée, who commanded the French frigate "Méduse," offered to fight the "Bellerophon" single-handed, while the "Saale" (Captain Philibert) should pass out. But Philibert refused to play the glorious part assigned him. Then two young naval officers belonging to the brig "Épervier," and the corvette "Vulcain," offered to form the crew of the little sail-boat which should convey Napoleon to the United States. One was Lieutenant Genty, the other Ensign Doret. Both were scratched off the navy list in consequence. Doret was restored in 1830. He was made captain of a corvette, and was on board the "Oreste" at St. Helena when the expedition of the "Belle Poule" took place in 1840. There was also at the Île d'Aix a Danish brig, the "Magdeleine," which belonged to F. F. Frühl d'Oppendorff, and was commanded by his son-in-law, a young lieutenant, a Frenchman named Besson. He put the brig at the service of the Emperor. There was also the French corvette "La Bayadère" stationed in the Gironde. She was commanded by the brave Captain Baudin, son of a member of the Convention, who afterwards became an admiral.

[3] That is, at the Prefecture Maritime. In all the cities where Napoleon stopped during his journey, the place where he slept at once took the name of Palais Impérial.

sent me to the frigates in the roads. I consulted Captains Philibert and Ponée. They again assured me that in the daytime the wind came from the sea, and at night from the land, but that the change was not felt three leagues from shore; that the English had several vessels in the Gulf, and had stationed cruisers from Les Sables to the Gironde; in short, that there is very little hope we can get out to sea. I went back to Rochefort, which I reached at three o'clock in the afternoon. I found every face full of anxiety. Everybody, except the Emperor, was in the greatest alarm. Rovigo told me that His Majesty was going to embark at Fouras, in spite of the wind and the surf, and that I must not dissuade him. Nevertheless, I told the Emperor the truth. At four P. M., we set out. His Majesty was in the carriage of the Prefect. We embarked at Fouras in a boat belonging to the port—the Emperor, Beker,[1] Lallemand, Bertrand, Rovigo, and I—with more than ten rowers. Ten minutes after five of that day, Napoleon quitted France, amid the acclamations and regrets of all the people assembled on the shore. The sea was very rough. We ran in considerable danger. A few minutes after seven, His Majesty boarded the "Saale," and received the honors due his rank, omitting a salute, which I had told them they had better not fire. His Majesty saw the officers, and talked with Captain Philibert. We had supper. His Majesty made me come into his state-room, and asked my advice. Then he lay down on his bed, but made me stay there some time.

July 9. At one in the morning the wind changed to the north, and blew a gale till three o'clock. Then it grew calm, and the Emperor called for me at four o'clock. I told him about the wind. The "Épervier" cast anchor

[1] On June 25, 1815, by order of the Minister of War, acting under the Provisional Government, Beker was charged to keep watch over the Emperor. On June 26 Beker arrived at Malmaison. June 27 an order from the Provisional Government commanded him to hasten the departure of Napoleon.

in the roads at six o'clock. His Majesty went ashore on the Île d'Aix, inspected the batteries and the fortifications. The inhabitants of the island followed him, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Then he came back on board. At nine o'clock came the Prefect Maritime with papers. He held a consultation with Bertrand and Beker. We soon learned that the Provisional Government insisted that the Emperor must leave in twenty-four hours, either in a despatch boat, or with the two frigates, or with a flag of truce. At eleven o'clock we had breakfast. Everybody was sad and discouraged. His Majesty secluded himself. Opinion was divided. Some wanted the Emperor to go on board the "Bayadère," which lay off Bordeaux, or to embark at once on an American ship at anchor in the river, whilst the two frigates should go out to sea and draw off the attention of the English cruiser. Others advised that he should go in a very small boat, of the kind called *mouches*, which was at hand. Others thought the Emperor had better make a stand on the Île d'Aix, or go and join Clausel at Bordeaux. At last, in the evening, it was decided to send Las Cases and Rovigo to the English, to find out their opinion, to ask if our passports had arrived, and if we could depart. Las Cases, who spoke English well, was to make it supposed that he did not understand it, so that he might better find out the opinion of the people round him.

July 10. Return of Las Cases. The "Bellerophon" followed him with her sails set. We thought she was going to attack us; but no! she came to anchor nearer to us. She was sure that the Emperor was on board the "Saale."

July 11. Arrival of newspapers announcing that the King had entered Paris. The Emperor sends General Lallemand aboard the "Bayadère" in the Gironde.

July 12. During the night we send off all the baggage to the Île d'Aix. Everybody on board is very sad. At a quarter-past ten, His Majesty leaves in a boat for

the Île d'Aix, accompanied by General Beker, Bertrand, Planat, and myself. Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" uttered with all the energy of despair, rose from the "Saale" and the "Méduse." All else was deep silence. The Emperor was received with the same acclamations on his arrival in the island. He took up his quarters in the house of the general who was in command, but who at that time was absent. The English vessel, the "Bellerophon," came on with all sails set. She fired a salute; we thought it was in honor of the entrance of the allies into Paris. His Majesty asked me what I thought: had he better put to sea in a lugger (*chasse-marée*) or go on board the Danish brig which was at anchor near the island, or give himself up to the English? I answered that I dared not offer him my opinion, seeing that there were so many risks in each of these directions. But His Majesty pressed me, and I answered that I thought his best course would be to give himself up to the English nation,[1] among whom he had many admirers, rather than run the risk of leaving home on board a *chasse-marée*. It is probable such a boat would have been captured, and then his situation would have been far worse. The Emperor would have been confined in the Tower of London. Perhaps it would have been better to try to force a passage with the two frigates, or to reach the "Bayadère." Rovigo was inclined to try the *chasse-marée*. We made all preparations for leaving that night. Rovigo returned on board the "Saale."

July 13. During the night there was an alarm on board the frigates. Small English sail-boats fired shots.

[1] The advice of Gourgaud corresponded, as the event proved, with the secret feeling of the Emperor. Concerning Napoleon's admiration of the English, see an old document published in the "Carnet Historique et Littéraire" (March 13, 1898), "Une Soirée à Sainte-Hélène" (March 10, 1819), from notes taken by Montholon. "The English," said Napoleon, "are veritably people of a stamp superior to ours. . . . If I had had an army of Englishmen I might have conquered the world. I could have gone all over it, and my men would not have been demoralized. If I had been the man of England's choice, as I was that of France in 1815, I might have lost ten battles of Waterloo without losing one vote in the Legislature, one soldier from my ranks. I should have ended by winning the game."—*French Editor.*

His Majesty sent me to the lookout to see what it was about. They told me that there were two English frigates at anchor in the river near Bordeaux, one at Maumusson, and a ship and a frigate in the Basque Roads. At eight o'clock Savary, the Duc de Rovigo, arrived. He brought word that the officers who were to have formed the crew of the *chasse-marée* were beginning to lose heart. They said it would be very difficult to pass out if the English had their boats on the watch. His Majesty asked me my opinion. I tried to dissuade him from attempting to save himself in that manner. At nine o'clock General Lallemand returned from his visit to Bordeaux, and the corvette, etc. He held many mysterious talks with different persons. Bertrand, the Grand Marshal, told me that His Majesty had made up his mind to go to sea in the Danish ship, whose captain (Besson) had been a French naval officer of the Guard; that he had just bought at Rochelle a cargo of brandy to be loaded on his ship, in which there was a hiding-place; that he had all his papers, a passport, etc. There were only four sailors on board, and only four persons could accompany His Majesty. I replied that I would never quit France unless I did so to follow the Emperor, and if I left, it must be with him. I went up to the chamber of His Majesty, who told me with regret that he could take with him on board the Danish vessel only Bertrand, Lallemand, Rovigo, and Ali,[1] his

[1] Ali, alias Saint-Denis, was a native of Sens, and became one of the Emperor's household in 1806. He served in Germany and Spain. He also accompanied the Emperor to Holland in 1811. At the close of that year he became the Emperor's second Mameluke under the name of Ali, and served him as a *valet de chambre*. In the field he always carried the spy glass of the Emperor and a small bottle of brandy. In the year 1813 he received the rank of captain. After having been shut up in Mayence, he rejoined the Emperor at Elba, and was with him in the campaign of 1815. At St. Helena he was especially charged with the care of the books and of all dictations. During their captivity a daughter was born to him, who was still living in November, 1898; to whom Napoleon, on the day of her baptism, gave a gold chain, still preserved as a sacred relic in her family. Saint-Denis went back to St. Helena on the "Belle Poule." In his will, dated July 6, 1855, he left to the town of Sens a number of things that had belonged to the Emperor. Pons de l'Hérault, in his "Souvenirs de l'Ile d'Elbe," says of Saint-Denis: "He was a man of fidelity and devotion; the Emperor could entirely count on him. He was at St. Helena one of the daily witnesses of the persistent crimes by which the

valet—that he would much rather have taken me than Lallemand, but that Lallemand knew the country, and was besides a friend of the captain of the Danish vessel. He thinks it quite reasonable that I should not be willing to leave France unless I accompanied him; he told me that he was very much attached to me, that he had grown accustomed to me, but that his career was ended; that when he reached America he should live there as a private gentleman; that he should never return to France; that in America two or three months would be necessary to get news from Europe, and as much to make the return passage; therefore, such an enterprise as he had made from Elba would thenceforth be impossible. I answered that I feared nothing from the Bourbons, having nothing to reproach myself with; and that I did not adhere to His Majesty from interest or ambition, but because he was unfortunate; and that no one could suppose I was prompted by any motives except unlimited devotion to so great a man, when defeated and deserted. I repeated that he would, I thought, have done better to go to England; that that noble step would have been the most suitable for him; that he could not play the part of an adventurer; that history might some day reproach him for having abdicated, since he had not entirely sacrificed his hopes. He answered that my reasons were good; that it would be the wisest thing to do; that he felt sure of being well treated in England; that it was also the advice of Lavalette, but that good treatment in England would be somewhat humiliating for him. He was a man, and could not bear the idea of living among his most bitter enemies; that he could not conquer this repugnance; and besides, that history could not reproach him for having sought to preserve his liberty by going to the United States. I objected that if he were captured, he might suffer ill-

English government shortened the life of the Emperor. He devoted himself to worshipping with deep respect the memory of one who in his last moments gave him an imperishable testimony of his esteem."—*French Editor.*

treatment. He told me that he should be master of his fate, for in that case he could kill himself. "No," I objected, "His Majesty could not do that. At Mont Saint-Jean it might have been all right, but now it would never do. A gambler kills himself; a great man braves misfortune." The Emperor interrupted me by saying that last night he had had an idea of going aboard the English cruiser, and as he did so exclaiming, "Like Themistocles, not being willing to take part in the dismemberment of my country, I come to ask an asylum from you," but he had not been able to make up his mind. At this moment a little bird flew in through the window. I cried, "It is an omen of good fortune!" and caught it in my hand. But Napoleon said to me: "There are enough unhappy beings in the world. Set it at liberty." I obeyed, and the Emperor went on: "Let us watch the augury." The bird flew to the right, and I cried, "Sire! it is flying toward the English cruiser."

The Emperor resumed our conversation, and assured me that when he grew bored in the United States, he would take to his carriage, and travel over a thousand leagues, and that he did not think any one would suspect that he intended to return to Europe. Then he spoke of the Danish vessel, and said: "Bah! It could very well hold five of us, and you must come with me." I replied that Madame Bertrand would worry her husband by insisting she should die if he went away and left her." [1] His

[1] According to Montholon, Madame Bertrand, who was a creole and very exacting, made a slave of her husband. She was gracious, charming, and capricious. Madame de Montholon, in her "Souvenirs," says she was the daughter of an Englishman named Dillon, and was niece of Lord Dillon, and that she had been brought up in England. Through her mother she was a kinswoman of Josephine; that the Emperor himself had made her marriage with Bertrand, and had given her a marriage portion.

According to Stürmer, Madame Bertrand was sister-in-law of the Duc de Fitz James, and niece of Lady Jerningham, who had brought her up. On all this, without doubt, she founded her pretensions to nobility.

Captain Dillon, an Englishman and a near relation of Madame Bertrand, was received at St. Helena by Napoleon October 22, 1816.—*French Editor*

[2] Though Gourgaud does not say so, this speech convinced those around the Emperor that he was about to go to America. The mission of Las Cases and Lallemand was a blind intended to keep up the idea that Napoleon was on the point of going on board the English squadron.—*E. W. L.*

Majesty then said that at Rochefort, and at the Île d'Aix, he had proposed to Bertrand not to accompany him, but Bertrand had insisted upon coming. Then he told me to let Bertrand in. Our dinner was a very sad one. After it was done, Bertrand gave me two pairs of pistols to be given on the part of His Majesty to Captain Ponée and Captain Philibert. They thanked me, exclaiming: "Ah! you do not know where you are going! You do not know the English! Dissuade the Emperor from taking such a step!" I returned. All our luggage was taken on board the Danish ship when the night was darkest. I went to the corner of the island, near which the vessel was moored. Las Cases and Lallemand were sent to the frigate, and were thence to go, under a flag of truce, on board the English vessels. About midnight, our preparations for departure were suspended.

July 14. We saw our envoys with their tricolored flag approach the English vessel. Las Cases and Lallemand came back. His Majesty made us enter his room and asked us for our opinion. All of us, without exception, advised that we should go on board the English ships. Then I remained alone with His Majesty, who showed me the rough copy of a letter he had just written, and asked my advice as well as that of Lavalette. "Like Themistocles . . . ." He asked me what I thought of this letter to the Prince Regent. I said that it brought tears into my eyes. His Majesty added that it was I whom he had chosen to carry it, and gave me his instructions: I was to hire a country house, not to enter London in the daytime, and not to accept any proposal of his going to the colonies. Then he dictated to me a letter that Bertrand was to write to the English commodore, when he should send me with Las Cases on board his ship, as quartermaster to prepare his quarters. He dictated to me besides, a copy of the letter I was to carry. Then he sent for Bertrand, made him write the letters,

and gave me for myself the rough copy in his own hand of the one he was about to send to the Prince Regent.[1] As I went out I met Beker: I did not tell him I was going to England, but I begged him to see my mother[2] on his return to Paris, and to give her news of me. Madame de Montholon begged me to contrive in some way that she should go on board the same ship as His Majesty. I took Las Cases with me, and I embarked on a boat taking with me an usher, a page, and a footman. We were well received on board the "Bellerophon." Captain Maitland made Las Cases and me come into his cabin, where we found Captains Gambier and Sartorius commanders of two corvettes.[3] Las Cases still pretended that he knew no English.[4] Captain Maitland and the two officers did not seem to doubt that I should at once be forwarded to London. Las Cases was enchanted. He heard all that the English officers said: the letter to the Prince Regent had made a great impression on them. Las Cases advised me to write to the Emperor that he would certainly be well received in England. I objected, saying that I understood nothing of what was said around me; that he on the contrary had better write all that to Bertrand, when the boat went back; that as for me I should go aboard the corvette that they placed at my service. As night fell, Captain Sartorius took me, as well as my servant François, on board the "Slaney," a corvette with four guns and eight carronades.

July 15. At eight o'clock in the morning we fell in

[1] Needless to say that this precious document is reverently preserved among the archives of the Gourgaud family.—*French Editor.*

[2] What proves that after all Napoleon had doubts what fate might await him when he should have given himself up to the English, is that he said to Beker, who wished to accompany him on board the "Bellerophon": "I do not know what the English will do with me, but if they should not respond to the confidence I place in them, people would be sure to say that you delivered me up to them."—*French Editor.*

[3] Gambier commanded the "Myrmidon," and Sartorius the "Slaney."

[4] The English were afterwards indignant at this dissimulation of Las Cases, and it is possible that the opinion of him it created in England had something to do subsequently with his expulsion from St. Helena.

with the "Superb," the flagship of Admiral Hotham. Our captain went on board of her, but soon returned. At nine o'clock we had tea, at four dinner; at six they signalled an English frigate which had overhauled a Danish vessel. The wind being northwest, we tacked. An English sailor was flogged.

July 16, Sunday. We saw the schooner "Telegraph." I dined in the ward room with the officers, who were excessively polite to me. They do not play cards, nor even chess, on Sundays.

July 17. The wind shifted a little. During the night a vessel spoke us. In the morning another asked us where Napoleon was.

July 18. During the night the pilot lost his way.

July 19. Just as we thought ourselves near Ouessant, and were making ready to double the point, we found that we were south of the Île de Sein. We passed the Bec du Raz and the Black Rocks. In the evening the sea was rough; we had a storm.

July 20. We saw Ouessant. The wind was from the north and against us. At ten o'clock we saw a ship, the "Chatham," and a corvette; we made signals to them. At half-past two we passed Ouessant between the rocks.

July 21. Perfectly calm.

July 22. At six in the morning we sighted England. We reached Plymouth in the evening. At nine o'clock Captain Sartorius, who up to that time had led me to believe that he would take me up to London, lowered his boat, but refused to take me to speak to Admiral Keith. I reminded him that that was not what Captain Maitland had said to me. I protested against this deception, and I asked permission to go up to London and carry the letter of the Emperor to the Prince Regent. Refusal. I have been duped. I thought Captain Maitland a different man. Could I have deceived myself as to English generosity? Captain Sartorius has evidently no intention of

returning to his ship. He is going up to London; he has taken his trunk and his portmanteau with him.

July 23. The boat came back at midnight. It brought a note from Captain Sartorius to his First Lieutenant, containing an order to weigh anchor and go at once to Torbay. I protested again. They started at noon. We anchored at Torbay. Again I asked permission to go ashore. Refusal. I asked for a refusal in writing, which was not granted me. They hoisted a quarantine signal to prevent any communication with us. They placed four sentinels to prevent any boats from coming near us. They made one exception, however, for a boat which brought a newspaper.

July 24. The "Bellerophon" came to anchor at Torbay. I went on board of her shortly after, at eight o'clock. The Emperor, who was on board, made me come into his cabin. I told him all that had happened to me. He told me that Admiral Hotham had sent an officer who would make a change in the situation, and he asked me if I had kept the letter. "Yes, Sire." They brought in some newspapers. A great number of people, curious to see the Emperor, surrounded the "Bellerophon." Boats were put off to make them keep away. I noticed that Las Cases was wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had not had when we parted.

July 25. We got some papers from Exeter. Madame Bertrand, who had been on good terms with Captain Gambier, got angry with him because he did not choose to show her these papers. He behaved somewhat rudely.

July 26. At half-past one in the morning Sartorius returned from London. At three o'clock they put to sea. Nothing had transpired about his journey. We reached Plymouth at four o'clock. Maitland landed. During his absence the frigate "Liffey" anchored close to the "Bellerophon." The ship's boats, with officers on board

of them, made all the little craft with curious spectators keep away. Maitland announced that he should dine on shore with the Admiral. At nine o'clock he came back, seemed much embarrassed, and said nothing positively. Our position seemed no better. We all began to feel anxious as to whether His Majesty would be received. Las Cases had no doubt of it, nor of the reign of Napoleon II. He gave us a great eulogium on the subject of English liberty. He had a sharp dispute with Lallemand, who drove him off the field. During the night another frigate, the "Eurotas" (Captain Lillicrap) took up her position on our starboard. The Emperor told me to give the letter of which I was bearer to Maitland, who asked it to carry it to London. I then learned that Las Cases being in the boat which was carrying the Emperor on board the "Bellerophon," had asked him to name him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in order to make a better appearance on his landing in England. He had put on a naval captain's uniform, having been a midshipman before the Revolution. Vanity of vanities!

July 27. I asked Maitland why the frigates were moored so close to us. He gave me very poor reasons, and ended by saying it was by order from the Admiralty. I spoke of it to the Emperor, who replied that we must wait to hear from the commander of the "Superb." Maitland went on shore again, and on his return seemed less embarrassed. He told us that next day Admiral Keith would come on board. They would not fire a salute because they had fired none for His Majesty. Many boats, full of curious spectators, surrounded the ship; one among them was filled with musicians. They were less severe with them than on the day before.

July 28. At five o'clock Captain Maitland went ashore. They told me that I and Planat and Maingaud,[1] were to be transferred to the "Liffey." His Majesty

[1] A surgeon who had been with the Emperor since he left Malmaison.

sent for me. He had not heard of this, and assured me that it was very far from his intention that I should not stay with him. Bertrand pointed out to him that the lieutenant had orders during Maitland's absence to take me to the "Liffey." Maitland's return is expected. Many boats with ladies on board were seen going toward the "Eurotas," where a companion ladder had been put over the side. This made us all very anxious. We were afraid we might be sent on board one of these frigates. Maitland came back and announced that Admiral Keith would soon arrive, and that Planat and the others were on board the "Liffey." He made his way into the Emperor's cabin, but soon came out again. The Admiral came at a quarter to twelve, went in to see the Emperor, stayed there from twenty to twenty-five minutes, came out, went up to Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon, was very polite to them, and told them that everybody could stay on board; that it had only been proposed to put some on board other vessels that we might be more comfortable. We felt more reassured. Maitland went ashore again at two o'clock. I gave him a letter to be mailed to my mother. Las Cases seems to have got a gold Cross of the Legion of Honor which Marchand must have sold him. We are again made anxious by reports that are flying around us. In the evening Maitland returns, and seems gloomy.

July 29. It rains all day. Maitland goes ashore at five o'clock. He brings back papers which talk of sending us to St. Helena.

July 30, Sunday. Maitland goes ashore as usual. He brings back at two o'clock papers containing dreadful news. He informed us that an Under Secretary of State was about to visit us, who would bring us the decision of the English Government. Our depression was extreme. We noted the goings and comings of Maitland, who at last told us that Admiral Keith would not come till the next day. We grew more and more anxious. It is said

that His Majesty will be permitted to take with him only myself and four officers.

July 31. Maitland went ashore at six o'clock. He came back at ten and brought bad news. Admiral Keith and Bunbury, the Under Secretary of State, arrived at a quarter past eleven, and went in to His Majesty, with whom they stayed three-quarters of an hour. They had informed him that he must go to St. Helena with his officers, except Rovigo and Lallemand. The Emperor declared that he would not go; that his blood should rather stain the planks of the "Bellerophon"; that by coming among the English he had paid the greatest possible compliment to a nation whose present conduct would throw a veil of darkness over the future history of England. The Admiral begged him to write him a letter on this subject, and His Majesty wrote that he preferred death to St. Helena, and that he was not a prisoner of war. He told us afterwards that he would not go to St. Helena, to find an ignoble death there. "Yes, Sire!" we all cried, "very ignoble! Better be killed defending ourselves, or set fire to the powder magazine." Lallemand and Rovigo, who were present, wrote to the Admiral to invoke the protection of the English laws.[1] A sad dinner.

In the evening Madame Bertrand rushed like a mad woman into the Emperor's cabin, without being announced, and made a great row. Then she went back to her own quarters and made a terrible scene. She tried to cast herself into the sea. Lallemand, much moved, spoke to the English, and reproached them for their conduct. Maitland, on his part, wrote to Lord Melville. He said he was very sorry for what had happened. He could not have believed it. Lallemand and Rovigo[2] wrote to Lord Bathurst.

August 1. Maitland as usual went ashore. . . . .

[1] We know how that turned out. They were sent to Malta, and were long confined in Fort Manuel.—*French Editor.*

[2] Rovigo (Savary) was, as the English knew, the man responsible for the death of the Duc d'Enghien.—*E. W. L.*

August 2. The Emperor did not breakfast with us. Madame Bertrand on deck, got up a scene with me like a market woman, and insisted that her husband must fight me. She went so far as to tell him that anybody could see he was not born a gentleman. Maitland reported all this to the Emperor.

August 3. Maitland went ashore. Nothing important. Boats are all the time around the ship, with men and women, all wearing red carnations.

August 4. At two in the morning Maitland received orders to have everything ready to make sail. They weighed anchor. Very soon we learned that the Captain had received orders to go out of the roads; that His Majesty would not be permitted even to choose the officers who were to accompany him, but that Admiral Keith would select them. The Emperor then replied that he would not go. He did not breakfast with us, and desired to speak with the Admiral, who was expected on board; but who did not come. A corvette, the "Prometheus," was at the entrance of the harbor. We went out. The "Thunderer" and the "Eurotas" followed us. The Emperor did not leave his cabin. Some thought he had poisoned himself.

The Captain went on board the corvette where Keith was; he came back saying that Bertrand had also been excepted, but that the Admiral would take it on himself to let him go if he wished it. Great hesitation on the part of Bertrand and his wife. They seem inclined not to accompany the Emperor. His Majesty does not dine this day, and does not come out of his cabin. In the evening Montholon goes to see him. He seems better, and laughs at the anxiety of some people to see him die. He asks me about those who are to go with him. I write to my mother.

August 5. The same escort follows our vessel. The day is passed lying to, or cruising in the channel. The sea is rough. His Majesty is indisposed, and we are all

seasick. They say that Keith, Cockburn, and Hull are on board the "Thunderer," and that they have declared that His Majesty can take only three officers.

August 6. At eight o'clock a ship is seen in the offing. They think she is the "Northumberland." At eleven o'clock we are near her, and all make for Torbay, where we can anchor outside of the roads. The Emperor sends a list of the persons he wishes should accompany him. I am on it. My name is the fourth. Bertrand carries it to the Admiral, with His Majesty's orders to insist on having me. When he comes back he brings word that the English do not choose I should go, but the Emperor insists. Keith, Cockburn, and Bunbury come and interview His Majesty, who protests against the treatment he is made to suffer. He proposes to consider Las Cases as his secretary, and then I can make one of the three officers. The Admirals consult together and decide on nothing. They give us belts, each containing sixteen thousand francs. Montholon, urged by his wife, goes to the Emperor and advises him not to take Madame Bertrand. His Majesty's indecision increases. Will Bertrand go—or will he not go?

August 7. Las Cases goes at eight o'clock to see the Admiral. They make him take off his sword and tell all of us to give up our arms. We murmur at this, for it seems an increase of severity. His Majesty still hesitates about taking Bertrand, because of his wife, but they use their influence with him, and in the end he consents to take them.

Cockburn came at noon with a commissioner; he announced that we were about to be embarked on the "Northumberland." The commissioner looked after the transportation of our trunks, and examined them.[1] None of us chose to witness this proceeding, at which Cockburn was present; eighty thousand francs belonging to His

[1] While this was going on an Englishman, Mr. Guerry, sent some fruit to the Emperor.—*French Editor.*

Majesty was sequestrated. I begged the Admiral to let me have my servant. He refused, saying: "Just see these famous French officers; they cannot do without an attendant!"

At two o'clock His Majesty took leave of Rovigo and Lallemand. He refused to take back the belt that he had intrusted to the former, and gave to the latter all that was his on board the Danish ship, which was worth probably thirty thousand francs. He offered a snuff-box to Maitland, who declined it; gave a pair of pistols to the Captain of Marines, and the same to his lieutenant. We all embarked on board a launch. Bertrand, the Admiral, Montholon, Las Cases, myself, Madame Bertrand, Madame de Montholon, and finally the Emperor. When we reached the "Northumberland," the crew were all on deck. His Majesty bowed and said a few words to several of the officers. A boat full of spectators was run down by a cutter, and several persons perished. Before dinner the Emperor had some conversation with Mr. Littleton and Lord Lowther, members of Parliament.[1] At seven o'clock we all dined together. Then we played at *vingt-et-un* and went to bed at eleven o'clock.

August 8. The sea was rough. His Majesty was sick. I slept in the big cabin. Admiral Cockburn[2] and Bingham[3] were very polite, and talked much with me.

[1] On board the "Northumberland" when the Emperor arrived there were two other members of Parliament, Messrs. Stanley and Hutchinson, both belonging to Lord Castlereagh's party.

[2] Cockburn was the custodian of Napoleon until the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. He had a secretary named Glower, who wrote some reminiscences of the Emperor. "Cockburn could not understand the devotion and fidelity shown to the Emperor," says Madame de Montholon in a letter written July 14, 1816, "by the Bertrands, Gourgaud, and Montholon. These persons continued attached to him in a way no Englishman could understand or even witness without a profound feeling of disgust and contempt." And the Russian commissioner at St. Helena, Balmain, writing on September 8, 1816, speaks with surprise of the fascination Napoleon still retained over his followers. Such devotion, which strikes and astonishes foreigners, is natural in France.—*French Editor.*

[3] Sir George Bingham, Colonel of the Fifty-third Infantry, was made a General, April 15, 1816, and as such, under Sir Hudson Lowe, commanded the camp at Longwood. In May, 1819, he sent in his resignation, and returned to Europe.

The Voyage.

On August 9, 1815, the "Northumberland," [1] with her escort of smaller ships, shaped her course for St. Helena. The voyage lasted until October 14—two months and five days. The "Northumberland" [2] was not in good condition, and had to go into dock when she returned to England; her crew, like Kipling's "Rowers," were bitterly disappointed when, on entering Torbay after a long cruise in Southern seas, they found they were not to be paid off, were not even to land or take in fresh supplies of water and provisions.

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go,"

was the cry of their hearts, and there was mutiny on board during the whole voyage. It must have been an anxious time for the commander and his officers. Gourgaud kept his daily journal; but from this time it is chiefly a report of the ship's latitude and longitude, the state of the wind, and a record of the thermometer. Here and there, however, there are passages of interest, as:

August 10. His Majesty did not leave his cabin; he sent for me and said to me that he had better have stayed in Egypt, that he could have established himself there. Arabia, he said, needed a man. "With the French in reserve, and the Arabs as auxiliaries, I should have been master of the Orient. I should have taken possession of India."

August 15. His Majesty spoke to me of his other birthdays. Oh, how different! . . . . After dinner when, as usual, His Majesty left the table to go on deck with Bertrand and Las Cases, we drank his health. In the evening, as usual, we played *vingt-et-un.* The Emperor, who on other nights always lost, won that evening eighty napoleons. It was his birthday.

[1] The "Northumberland" was an 80-gun ship, carrying the pennant of Admiral Cockburn. She was commanded by Captain Ross, the Admiral's brother-in-law. Her attendants were the "Havanna," a frigate of 44 guns, Captain Hamilton; the "Weasel," a 36-gun frigate; the "Eurotas," the "Squirrel," and the "Peruvian"; also the "Griffin" (Captain Wright). Montholon, in his "Souvenirs," has given us conversations with this officer, who he says bears a historic name.—*French Editor.*

[2] The "Northumberland" was in bad condition throughout. When I was a little girl I was given a big piece of dry-rot that came out of her.—*E. W. L.*

August 17. One day is like another; the Emperor gets up at half-past eight, talks with one or two of us; gets dressed. At three o'clock he goes into the main cabin, and plays chess there with me or Montholon, until four o'clock; walks until five; at half-past five dinner; then walks till seven, and plays *vingt-et-un* till ten o'clock.

August 31. His Majesty wishes to learn English, and says he shall soon know it after taking a few lessons from Las Cases.

They did not land at Madeira, though the ship lay to off one of the outlying islands, and took in fruit, wine, and water. With so mutinous a crew the Admiral was probably more afraid of desertions among his men than of the escape of his captives.

September 8. Whilst I was in His Majesty's cabin he got me to measure his height. It was exactly five feet two inches and a half.[1] We talked of his return to France, and of Waterloo. In the evening the Emperor played whist with the Admiral.

September 17, Sunday. His Majesty worked with me at problems in mathematics. We extracted square roots and cube roots, and we solved equations of second and third degrees.

September 18. His Majesty talked to me about Lannes, Murat, Kleber, and Desaix, and assured me that the last was the best general he had ever known. He expressed great regret for the death of Lannes, for he knew how much I loved him. "Clausel and General Gérard," he said, "promised well. Bernadotte has no head; he is a true Gascon; he will not stay long where he is. His turn to go off will soon come."

September 19. Madame Bertrand has inflammation of the brain. She has been bled twice. The Emperor says she had better die. His Majesty tells me that among all the actresses of Paris he had connection with only one, Mademoiselle Georges, and that all the stories told about

[1] French measure.

little Saint-Aubin, are false. The prettiest women are the hardest to make love to.

To-day they cleaned the arms that they had forced us to give up. These are now kept under lock and key. Among them are two of the Emperor's swords—the sword of Aboukir, and that of the Champ de Mai. There are a repeating rifle and three other rifles, besides eight or ten pairs of pistols.

September 23. At eleven o'clock in the morning we crossed the Line at about 0° longitude, at the same time as the sun. At nine o'clock the sailors made ready for the usual ceremony. We all expected to be well soaked, but they were not hard on us. A sailor came forward and asked the Admiral who was on the poop, where General Bonaparte was. The Admiral replied that the General had once before crossed the Line. Two men in a car came forward, one dressed as Neptune, the other as Amphitrite. A band accompanied them. It was a real saturnalia. Persons on board who had not previously crossed the Line, presented themselves one after another. I followed General Bertrand. I gave them a napoleon and was not drenched. His Majesty sent for me to know how things were going on, and told me to give Neptune from him a hundred napoleons. I went and asked Bertrand for the money, but he thought it was too much. He hesitated to make the gift. The right time passed. We consulted the Admiral, who told us that if Neptune received five napoleons it would be enough. In the end Neptune got nothing, through the foolishness of Bertrand.

It is worthy of remark that the thermometer was that day 76° Fahrenheit, and only on two days while they were in the tropics did it reach 80°.

September 28. His Majesty sends for me to talk about Waterloo. "Ah! if it were only to be done over again!" he cried.

Two days later there was a little scene between Gourgaud and the Emperor, the forerunner of many others occasioned by Gourgaud's jealousy of Las Cases.

September 30. His Majesty sent for me. Las Cases had told him that yesterday I had said to the Admiral that Bonaparte was not General-in-chief on the 13th Vendémiaire, which is true. The Emperor scolded me sharply. He told me it was he who commanded, and besides, it was none of my business. *He* was the person to tell the Admiral what he chose, and that even if he did not say the truth, I was not to contradict him. "I did not know," I said, "that Your Majesty had spoken on the subject to the Admiral; he questioned me, and I said the truth." The Emperor grew still more angry, and advised me to have no further talk with the Admiral. If he questioned me I was to make no reply. He advised me to imitate Las Cases, and even went so far as to exclaim, "Some day you will pass over to the service of the English!" I replied, "Sire, if I refused to enter the Russian service in 1814, it was not that I might now take service with any foreigners. I prefer to be a soldier of France."

In the evening His Majesty sent for me. The book written by Las Cases, which he had not read, was not, I told him, a work of genius, but it might be useful.

October 3. I had some words with Las Cases, because he had told the Emperor what I said in a conversation I had with him about the death of Duc d'Enghien. He asked me why I came, and assured me that His Majesty would give me three hundred thousand francs with which I could build up a large fortune, if I would go back again. I retorted vigorously. "Las Cases," I said, "I shall never approve of the death of the Duke, or of that of Pichegru. . . . . If I am here, it is because I was attached to the personal service of His Majesty, whom I have followed everywhere for four years, except when he went to Elba. I saved his life once, and one always

loves those for whom one has done some great thing. Yet if I had thought he was coming back from Elba to bring misfortunes upon France, I would not have resumed my place in his service. But you, sir—you never knew the Emperor. He did not know you even by sight. . . . . Then what are the motives of your great devotion to him?" . . . .

I see around me many intrigues, much deception. *Pauvre Gourgaud, qu'allais-tu faire dans cette galère?*

October 7. At noon His Majesty dictated to me several pages about the campaign in Italy, and the siege of Toulon. Then the conversation turned on Madame Junot (the Duchesse d'Abrantès). Napoleon said: "She belonged to the police of Monsieur de Blacas in 1814, and was paid fifteen hundred francs a month for her services. Junot married her out of vainglory; he had a mania for the *noblesse*."

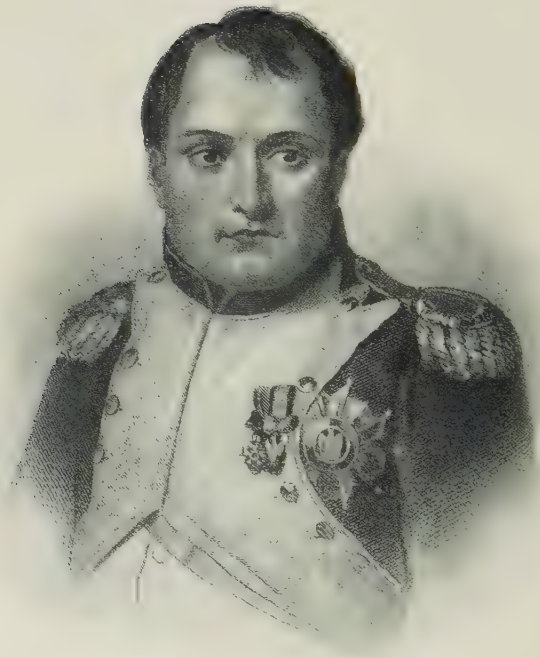
Las Cases asserts that the Emperor said to him, "Gourgaud will have no more talks with the Admiral. I have put a stop to them."

October 14, 1815. St. Helena is sighted.

October 15. We cast anchor at noon. I was in the Emperor's cabin as we approached the island. He said: "It seems no charming place to live in. I should have done better to stay in Egypt. I should now have been Emperor of the whole Orient."

A day or two after the Emperor lands, Gourgaud reports him as saying: "It is a horrible island, besides being our prison. You must all of you complain of it bitterly."

This they all did, except Gourgaud in letters written to his mother, to reassure and console her. These letters passed through the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe (who came out as Governor of the island, on the 15th of April, 1816) and Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary in the Cabinet of Lord Castlereagh. The tone of this correspondence gave them a favorable opinion of Gourgaud, which in the end served to facilitate a scheme of Napoleon's.



NAPOLEON

THE TALKS OF NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS—1769–1796.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—BRIENNE.—TOULON.—HIS LIFE AS AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.—THE REVOLUTION AND ITS LEADERS.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

"There are many Napoleons in Corsica; I preferred to call myself Bonaparte. Bonaparte is the same name as Buonarotti. I made a mistake when I would not let my relative, Fra Buonaventura, be canonized. . . . . At San Miniato one of my kinsmen who was a Capuchin, Brother Bonifacio Buonaparte,[1] died in the odor of sanctity. He was declared 'blessed.' When I entered Italy, the Capuchins earnestly besought me to have him canonized, but it would have cost a million francs. Afterwards, when the Pope came to Paris, he proposed the same thing. It would probably have brought over to me many of the clergy; but I consulted my Council, and they thought that it would seem ridiculous, like certain genealogies that had been proposed to me. So the blessed Boniface Bonaparte never became a saint."

The Emperor one day remarked that he liked the old French custom of leaving the bulk of a family fortune to the eldest son. In this way every family might possess one wealthy member, whom public opinion would oblige to push the fortunes of his younger brothers. The Bona-

[1] When the Bonaparte family became French subjects, they changed the Italian spelling of their name: Buonaparte became Bonaparte.—*E. W. L.*

parte family in Corsica had an annual income of about twelve thousand francs because their property for more than a century had not been subdivided.

The Emperor's grandfather, knowing the spendthrift habits of his son, left all his fortune to one of his brothers, the Archdeacon Lucien Bonaparte. "This," said His Majesty, "was fortunate for us; for my father, who liked to play the *grand seigneur*, would soon have spent everything. He was fond of making journeys to Paris, which always cost a great deal of money. He died at Montpellier at the age of thirty-five. Our great-uncle kept a fortune for us, which my father would have squandered. It was this granduncle, whose purse Pauline took from under his pillow when he was dying."

"My father had always been a man of pleasure, but in his last moments he could not draw too many priests and Capuchins around him. On his death-bed he was so devout that the people in Montpellier insisted he must be a saint. On the other hand, my uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, who died at the age of eighty-four, and who all his life had been a wise man and a brave man, would not let a priest come near him in his last moments. Fesch, however, insisted upon seeing him; but when he wanted to put on his stole,[1] my uncle, as soon as he saw him do it, told him angrily to let him die in peace. Nevertheless he spoke to us of religion up to the very last."

"My father, Charles Bonaparte, died of a cancer about 1785. My brother Louis was so absurd as to have his body removed from Montpellier, that he might erect a monument over his remains at Saint-Leu. My father and mother were very handsome people. My wet-nurse came to see me at the time of my coronation. My mother seemed quite jealous of her, but the Pope noticed her several times. My foster-sister, who was a clever woman,

[1] Preparatory to administering the last offices of religion.

married an officer, and one of her brothers, who was not far from my own age, became (though the son of a Corsican boatman) captain of a frigate in the English navy."

"Madame mère had thirteen children. I am the third. On August 15, 1769, she was on her way home from church, when she felt the pains of labor, and had only time to get into the house, when I was born, not on a bed, but on a heap of tapestry. My father died in 1785. If he had lived my mother might have had twenty children. Madame mère was a *maîtresse femme*. She had plenty of brains!"

"At one time in my reign there was a disposition to make out that I was descended from the Man in the Iron Mask. The Governor of Pignerol was named Bompars. They said he had married his daughter to his mysterious prisoner, the brother of Louis XIV., and had sent the pair to Corsica under the name of Bonaparte. I had only to say the word, and everybody would have believed the fable."

"When I was about to marry Marie Louise, her father, the Emperor, sent me a box of papers intended to prove that I was descended from the Dukes of Florence. I burst out laughing, and said to Metternich: 'Do you suppose I am going to waste my time over such foolishness? Suppose it were true, what good would it do me? The Dukes of Florence were inferior in rank to the Emperors of Germany. I will not place myself beneath my father-in-law. I think that as I am, I am as good as he. My nobility dates from Monte Notte.[1] Return him these papers.' Metternich was very much amused."

"I am not a Corsican. I was brought up in France. I am a Frenchman, and so are my brothers. I was born in 1769, when Corsica had been united to the kingdom of

[1] Napoleon's first victory, 1796.

France. Joseph is my elder brother, which caused some people to say that I was born in 1768. One day at Lyons, a *maire*, thinking he was paying me a compliment, said: 'It is surprising, Sire, that though you are not a Frenchman, you love France so well, and have done so much for her.' I felt as if he had struck me a blow! I turned my back on him."

"Those who write libels on me are pleased to call me a Corsican. They say that I am not a Frenchman! I am more of an Italian, or a Tuscan, than a Corsican. And yet my family has always held first rank in that island. Like Paoli, I had twenty-five or thirty cousins in Corsica. I am sure that many of the Corsicans who followed Murat into Calabria must have been my kinsmen." [1]

"My mother was a superb woman, a woman of ability and courage. Almost up to the time of my birth she followed the army that was contending against France in Corsica. The French generals took pity on her, and sent her word to go to her own house until after her confinement. In her own home she was received in triumph. By the time my mother was confined, Corsica had become French. During the Revolution, when Paoli had some idea of putting the island under the protection of the English, I opposed his project, and at last I broke with him. I was persuaded that the best thing Corsica could do was to become a province of France. I said to Paoli: 'I own that many crimes are now being committed in France, but that is the case in all revolutions. All that will end before long, and then we shall find that we make part of a great country.' Paoli would not believe me. I left him and I came to France after war had ruined our property in Corsica. When I first joined the army I was employed on a commission for the purchase of gunpowder;

[1] Two hundred Corsicans formed a band which followed Murat when, in 1815, he attempted to recover his kingdom of Naples.

then I came to Paris, whence they sent me to the siege of Toulon.

"It has been sometimes said that Paoli was my father. It was false. It could never have been."

"One of my ancestors in Florence wrote a comedy, 'La Veuve.' It was extremely indecent (*libre*). I saw the manuscript in the Imperial Library. The changes now going on in France will people America with French refugees, as Florence peopled Corsica with Tuscans."

Brienne.

"In 1814 I could not recognize Brienne, where I had spent my school-days. Everything seemed changed; even distances seemed shorter. The only thing that looked familiar to me was a tree under which, when I was a pupil, I read Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' "

The Emperor one day declared he could not finish reading "Clarissa Harlowe," and yet he remembered that when he was eighteen he had devoured it.

"That sets me to considering the difference between eighteen and forty-eight. It was the same thing when I revisited Brienne. What once appeared to me so vast, or so far off, seemed to have grown smaller and nearer. Lovelace was a scoundrel. He was forever holding out hopes that he would make the fortune of those who served him, but his income was only two thousand pounds. I calculated it for him. At eighteen I did not understand what bad places he frequented."

The Emperor told us that when in garrison at Valence and a lieutenant in the artillery, he was walking one day some distance from the town, when a man came up to him asking if he could tell him where to find Lieutenant Bonaparte; then, suddenly recognizing the man he sought,

he threw his arms about him. He was an ex-monk, one of the teachers at the military school of Brienne. He was a man who had always treated his young pupil with kindness and distinction. When asked what the lieutenant could do for him, Brother Élie (that was his name) answered that he would let him know by and by. Meantime young Bonaparte saw that he was well provided for at Valence, and at the end of three days was told that the funds of his convent had been divided between himself and his colleagues, and that he found himself in possession of thirty thousand francs in gold. Not knowing how to dispose of so much money, he had bethought him of his old pupil, whom he knew, he said, to be trustworthy, and of an honorable family. He therefore begged him to take the money, and to let him draw on it as he had need. After some hesitation Bonaparte accepted the trust, though the sum was an enormous one for a young man in his position. But he heard no more of Brother Élie until he was at Milan during his first campaign in Italy. Then Brother Élie came to see the General, not to reclaim his money, but to shake hands with him. The great man paid over to him more than the original sum; and that was the last he ever heard of Brother Élie.

The Emperor also told us that there had been at Brienne another *minime*, or monk teacher, Patrault by name. He was an excellent mathematician. He had instructed Pichegru; and the whole school highly esteemed him. It was he who had given the Cardinal the poison when he was sentenced to death. He had been made guardian to the daughters of Monsieur de Brienne, and three hundred thousand francs had been given him to bring them up in obscurity, and to find them good husbands in the peasant class, but he wished instead to marry them to his nephews.

"Monsieur de Brienne, when I was Consul, wanted to have his daughters back again, but Patrault would not

give them up. Finally I intervened, and restored the young ladies to Monsieur de Brienne. One of them, who but for me, would have become the wife of a peasant husband, became Madame de Canisy, and subsequently the Duchesse de Vicence.[1] I gave Patrault a place in the quartermaster's department, where he made five hundred thousand francs during my second Italian campaign. I had pretty much forgotten him, when one day at Malmaison, I received a letter from him requesting an audience. As I knew him to be a lover of intrigue, I thought at first he wanted to tell me about some plot, and was uneasy until I saw him. It was only, however, to say that he was ruined, and to ask me for a place. I told him to come back in two days' time. Then I wrote to Dubois to ask what he knew about him. He replied that he had lost his fortune by lending money for short periods. When he came back to see me I reproached him for this, telling him that I had made his fortune once, and that he ought to have taken better care of it. I never saw him again."

"I think the use of pistols in a duel is ignoble. The sword is the weapon of brave men. When I was a lieutenant in the artillery I fought a duel with a naval officer, who in company had said that all officers of artillery were sordid money-lenders (*fesses-mathieu*)."

"I read Père Bourgoing's book[2] in my youth, and what I remembered of it was of use to me in all my negotiations. Of battles he writes as a civilian. He speaks of the wind as if it played the same part in fights on land that it does in those at sea. Civilians can form no conception of a battle. Tilly and Wallenstein were better generals than Gustavus Adolphus."

[1] Caulaincourt was Duke of Vicenza.

[2] Bourgoing: a theologian who was one of the founders of the Congregation of the Oratoire. He lived at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth.—*E. W. L.*

"Maignet, who was Representative of the people at Marseilles, once asked me to give him a plan to strengthen the arsenal against any *coup de main*, and I drew a design with a crenelated wall. But shortly afterwards arrived a denunciation against the commission of artillery at Marseilles, who were, it was said, planning to construct a fortress to intimidate the patriots. A decree of the Convention summoned the commission to appear before its bar. Sugny, the Military Governor of Marseilles, came and informed me that I was the person implicated, and that I had better go up to Paris, and answer the charge. I replied that the decree referred to the Chief of Artillery at Marseilles, and not to me; that therefore he ought to go to Paris, and testify that he was not the man who had made the plan. He did so, and another decree was issued against *me*. But the younger Robespierre wrote to his brother in my behalf, and I was not molested."

The Emperor told us that when he was quite young he gained a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best paper in answer to the question: "What are the truths and principles that ought to be inculcated on men that they may enjoy happiness?" His paper gained him a gold medal, which he sold afterwards for fifty louis. He mentioned this one day before Talleyrand, who seemed to take no notice, but five or six days later he came to the Emperor, bringing him this paper, which he had obtained from the Academy at Lyons. "I asked him, as I took it: 'Have you read it?' 'No, Sire, I have just received it.' Then I flung it into the fire, and pushed it down with the tongs. Talleyrand became quite red in the face, but I did not wish to let any one see such a paper, written when I was very young. It might have exposed me to ridicule when I was Emperor."

"When I was a lieutenant, in a visit the corps paid to Monsieur du Teil (afterwards a general), I made a few

remarks, which pleased him so much, that he gave me the ordnance-yard to superintend. I should soon have been made a colonel, and then I would have tried to get an appointment on the staff of some marshal. I might have advised him and assisted him, and I should soon have become distinguished. The most important quality in a general is firmness. And firmness is a gift from heaven."

Toulon.

"I knew Junot first at the siege of Toulon. He was quarter-master in a battalion from the Côte d'Or. I needed some one who could write for me. I asked Gavais for such a man. Gavais, who was commandant at Fontainebleau in 1814, was in command of a battalion at Toulon. He sent me two men. Junot came first. I took him. He pleased me. That same day, being in my battery, I was getting him to write a letter, when a cannon ball covered us both with dust and gravel. Junot cried at once, '*Bien!* Here's sand enough for this letter!' He wrote a superb hand, and he stayed with me. The other man long after, was still a non-commissioned officer, while Junot had got splendid promotion. Such is fate. Junot was always a braggart, a terrible fellow for running after women. He liked to be surrounded by members of the old nobility. I ought never to have given him a command; in his latter days he wanted very much to be made a marshal. At Valoutina he was already mad."

"The itch is a terrible malady. I contracted it at the siege of Toulon. Two gunners who had it were killed in front of me, and I was covered with their blood. I was not properly treated, and I continued to suffer from it while in Italy, and in Egypt. When I came back from the East, Corvisart cured me by putting three blisters on my chest; this brought on a salutary crisis. Before that time I had been thin and sallow; since then I have always had good health."

During the siege of Toulon, the Convention wanted[1] to send to the Gulf of Piombino a squadron to disembark ten thousand troops who were to march on Rome. Bonaparte opposed the project, pointing out that the King of Naples would have sixty thousand men not far from there, that the French had no cavalry, and that the best place to land would be Monte Argentario, whence they could take up a position at Orbitello. He asked them, "How do you expect to avenge the death of Bassville? The Pope and the cardinals will escape from Rome; if you pillage, or outrage the women, you will frighten the partisans we now have in the States of the Church. Besides, men are men, and a population of two hundred thousand is not to be despised." In spite of this, Letourneur, who was the Representative from the Convention, persisted. He wanted to go to Rome, and his colleagues wanted to follow him.

"Old Thénard, who was a fierce aristocrat at heart, but terribly afraid of what might happen to himself, addressed the Representatives, and urged them to favor the expedition, being sure it would not succeed. The only way I could oppose it was by asking the sailors whether they would rather fight the English with or without a convoy of transports. They all answered, 'Without the convoy!' 'Then,' said I, 'let us beat the English first, and then, when you are masters of the sea, you can come back and take the convoy.' This advice prevailed. But the French squadron of fifteen ships was dispersed by the English, and the expedition never took place."

The Revolution and Its Leaders.

"Up to July 14, 1789, I would not have stayed the Revolution; the King had good sense; what he wanted was vigor. He was like my brother Joseph, who, when King of Spain, complained to me about Belliard, the Gov-

[1] In revenge for the murder of Bassville, the French ambassador in Rome.

ernor of Madrid. When I spoke to Belliard, he replied: 'It is true, Sire. I was in command. Every day I had to give my own orders and to arrange my own plans, for King Joseph did not think about plans or orders once a month.' "

"At the time of the oath of the Tennis Court, I think Louis XVI. might have arrested the Revolution, but though he had daring in reserve, he lacked decision at the right moment for action. He had more talent than most men. He knew it, and that was the reason why he persisted in wishing to govern France by himself. He ought, like Louis XIII., to have taken a competent prime minister, and to have let *him* act. Perhaps if Monsieur de Montmorin had governed France the Revolution might not have taken place."

"Necker was a man of talent. Monsieur de Calonne's support was among the rascals; Necker had that of honest men. But Monsieur Necker did much to bring on the Revolution. He was not noble, and not being in favor with the *noblesse*, he could not be of their party." [1]

"The Constituent Assembly made a constitution that was absurd, but I think that a constitution is not wanted in France. France is essentially a monarchical country—I mean that it does not need deliberative assemblies, although there always have been such in the provinces, the States General, and the parliaments, but no legislative assemblies. If any one wants to get up a revolution, his sure plan would be to create a parliament. At once two parties will be formed in it, and then passions and hatreds will be aroused between them."

[1] Napoleon said that when he was First Consul he was visited at Geneva by M. Necker, who talked as if he was by no means *au courant* in French affairs, "And," added the Emperor, "he wanted me to make him one of my ministers, for men never lose sight of ambition. Monsieur de Calonne also addressed a long memorial to me at Malmaison, full of erasures, immediately after his return to France. He, too, aspired to be a minister. In this paper he strongly advised the government to take no part in certain financial operations, which were merely speculative. The man was a fool!"

"The Constituent Assembly had better have taken the Duke of Orleans for King, and have at once changed the succession. Foreign powers would probably not have interfered. Some people might have said that to acquiesce in such a change of dynasty would have been dishonorable in the Duke of Orleans, but the splendor of royal robes can conceal anything. I declare I believe that if Louis XVI. had made his escape at Varennes, the Duke of Orleans would have been elected King, and the Revolution might have taken a very different course."

"Louis XVI., after his flight, deserved what happened to him! He had made us all swear to be faithful to the constitution, and then he deserted us!"

"The campaign of Dumouriez in Champagne was very fine, very bold. Dumouriez was the only great soldier who, during the Revolution, sprang from the ranks of the nobility. He would have made me a good minister. He had good sense and great talent. But in his Memoirs he talks nonsense when he tells us that he might have been made Duke of Brabant, when his military career had lasted only eight or ten months! It is possible that if it had lasted as many years, he might have become a man of high renown. With Lafayette it was different. All the other generals of that time—Kellerman, Beurnonville, and Valence—were mere nonentities; we found them so afterwards! Brunswick acted very foolishly during his campaign in Champagne. When a general invades a country he must not be afraid of giving battle. He must follow up his enemy until he can attack him. Brunswick ought not to have given the French time to breathe. Who at that time could have stopped the Prussian general?"

"I think the massacres of September may have produced a powerful effect on the men of the invading army. In one moment they saw a whole population rising up

against them. Everywhere there was blood and murder. It has been said that during the Revolution honor took refuge with the Republican armies, but I can declare from my own knowledge, that those who massacred in September were almost all soldiers, who, before going to the frontier, were resolved to leave no enemies behind them. It was Danton who made the project. He was a very extraordinary man; a man capable of anything. One cannot understand why he separated from Robespierre, or why he should have suffered himself to be guillotined. It seems as if the two millions he had appropriated in Belgium had changed his character. It was he who said, '*De l'audace! puis de l'audace! et encore de l'audace!*' ''

''Marat was naturally a clever man, but he was more or less mad. What gave the public great confidence in him was, that in 1790 he had prophesied what would happen in 1792. He kept up a lone fight against every man. He was a very singular being. Such abnormal persons are not seldom found in history. Whatever people may say of them they are not *despicable* characters. Few men have made their mark on the world as they have done.''

''Robespierre will never be well known in history. It is certain that Carrier, Fréron, and Tallien were more bloody-minded than he.

''Danton left many friends behind him, among them Talleyrand and Sémonville. He was a real party-chief, greatly beloved by his followers.''

''All I read in the 'Moniteur' confirms my opinion of Robespierre. The Constitutent Assembly drew up an absurd constitution. It was ridiculous to decree that the King might not do as he pleased with his own Guards, without asking the permission of the Assembly. The mayor of any little insignificant town under the constitution would have had more power than a marshal of France.''

"Robespierre was overthrown because he wished to become a moderator, and to arrest the Revolution. Cambacérès told me that the day before his death he made a magnificent speech to that effect, which had never been printed. Billaud and other Terrorists thought he was becoming too little of a Jacobin, and would certainly cut off their heads, so they leagued together against him, and excited the so-called 'honest men' to overthrow 'the tyrant,' but really that they might take his place and make the Reign of Terror worse than ever. But as soon as Robespierre fell, the popular explosion was so great that the Terrorists, do what they would, were powerless to get the upper hand again."

"Collot d'Herbois committed atrocious deeds at Lyons. One cannot conceive how he was able to have five or six thousand persons shot, and assuredly in such a city the execution of fifty or sixty leaders would have been more than was necessary.

"Carrier wrote to the Convention that the Loire was a beautiful gulf in which the Revolutionists might drown their enemies. Those men were far more sanguinary than Robespierre. Robespierre was a man of probity and strict morality. He committed a great blunder when he caused the death of Danton. He ought to have sent Chaumette and Hébert into exile, and not have condemned them to the scaffold; but in those days nothing was thought of but the guillotine. Danton's party was very numerous. It took its revenge by overthrowing Robespierre."

"Robespierre ought to have had himself proclaimed Dictator. But he would not have found that so easy as if he had been a general. Soldiers are not republicans. They are accustomed to obey; and are very willing to see citizens submit to authority.

"At the camp at Boulogne, in 1803, the soldiers wished to have me proclaimed Emperor. Armies are essentially monarchical, and you will see the same spirit gaining ground in England. On the 18th Fructidor[1] (September 4), if the Directory had been reconstructed, I would have marched on Lyons with fifteen thousand men, and have placed myself at the head of the Government. I could have rallied all parties round me."

"Marat was a singular man. He boasted in the Chamber of being guilty of the things for which other men tried to frame excuses. Charlotte Corday, I think, did a noble deed in defense of society."

"What I approved in Marat was his perfect frankness about himself. He was an original. He said what he thought. Single-handed he fought all men."

"In my opinion the Duke of Orleans never conspired against the King. There had always been an Orleans party in France because all dissatisfied members of the royal family instinctively turn their eyes toward that branch which is nearest the throne. It is the same thing now."

"Carrier was a perfect monster, a beast of prey. What atrocities he committed! How did it happen that no one murdered him? A taste for murder came from making a god of Marat, who was a madman,—and his coffin was placed in the Pantheon!"

"What Marat proposed to do, Carrier did. At Marseilles Fréron and Barras also committed atrocities. They arrested an old tradesman who was deaf and blind. They

[1] On the 15th Fructidor, while Napoleon was still with his victorious army in Italy, the majority of the Directors summoned Hoche to rid them of Barthélemy and Carnot, their two minority colleagues, and of fifty-three members of the Council, whom they accused of being anti-revolutionary. Napoleon, in spite of his victories, was not a favorite with the Directors at that period.—*E. W. L.*

said he was a conspirator. The poor wretch asked them: 'Do you want my fortune? Take it, but spare my life. I have eighteen millions. I give it all to you, provided you will leave me my life and half a million!' But they guillotined him.

"Men who had dined one day with Representatives of the Convention, were next day sent by their entertainers to the scaffold. There is a great difference between preaching the effusion of blood and shedding it. I was at Marseilles at that time, on business connected with the artillery; I saw it all.

"At Nantes there perished six thousand persons, and as many at Lyons and at Marseilles; but at Toulon comparatively few lives were taken. Only three hundred men were shot there—poor wretches!—because they had accepted employment from the English.

"Well! it was the deeds of Carrier, Fréron, and Barrère which were the prime cause of the overthrow of Robespierre. Carrier brought on the revolt in La Vendée by his iniquities. I can easily conceive why men hated the Convention.

"But we will not talk about such dreadful things. Nothing in all history equals those horrors. All the members of the Committee of Public Safety deserved to perish. Any man who sentences another man to death without hearing his defense deserves death himself. They condemned at one stroke thirty of their fellow-deputies. Blood calls for blood . . . . Pick up your book, Gourgaud, and go on with our reading."

"The Duke of Orleans found poor support from the mob, who have always looked on those who can dine with two courses as their enemies. It is the same thing with slaves; they are always the enemies of their masters, however kind those masters may have been to them. Roustan abandoned me because I had bought him."

"The Bourbon kings needed always a prime minister or a mistress. The Queen was the mistress of Louis XVI. If he had not persisted in thinking himself a man capable of governing, he might have taken a prime minister, and then perhaps the Revolution might not have broken out."

"Roederer did not vote for the King's death; on the contrary he gave excellent advice at the Tuileries. He has often told me that when the Queen was alone with the King she was frightened and wept, but as soon as she showed herself to the courtiers she took an air of dignity and *hauteur*. Marie Louise was like that. She, too, had German pride. The King, on the contrary, was always in full dress, with his steel sword at his side, and the powder falling out of his hair; it was piteous to look at him. He was incapable of inspiring energy in others."

"Louis XVI., when at Fontainebleau, would never review a regiment of dragoons, if it shouted: 'The King! The King!' because public opinion in those days did not like a sovereign to be a military man, nor even to care for his soldiers. And yet as a general thing the Bourbons were all brave. They cannot be reproached for lack of courage."

The Emperor blamed Sieyès for having voted for the death of Louis XVI. without explanation. "In his place," he added, "I should have said that, *with the deepest regret* I voted the death of the King."

"On a certain occasion the Deputies kept on their hats while the King was uncovered. When Louis XVI. saw this, with a gesture full of dignity, he put on his hat. Cambacérès told me afterwards that this act, and the manner of the King gave great pleasure to those who witnessed it, and some even cried Bravo!"

"Roederer has often told me that the Queen (Marie Antoinette) lost her head on the 10th of August. The only soldiers at the Tuileries that day were the Swiss. Unhappily they fired on a party from the sections who were coming to support the King—and then, all that afterwards happened took place."

"Roederer assured me that all that has been said of the firm courage of the Queen on the 10th of August, was false. She was like any other woman. In the King's cabinet she wept bitterly; she appeared to be frightened, and asked Roederer what had better be done. It was she who insisted that they ought to go to the Assembly; when she left the King's cabinet her tears were dried, and all who saw her beheld her dignified and courageous. As to Madame Elizabeth, I think she was, as Las Cases says, 'a devil,' as the Duchesse d'Angoulême now is, though in the provinces and in the newspapers she is called an angel of goodness."[1]

"I have been reading the Queen's trial. Chauveau-Lagarde would have done better to make no reply, and she herself made a noble answer on the subject of her son. It really seems as if they may have succeeded in destroying the child's mind, and that he may have spoken against his mother; agents of the court may have perverted his heart."

"In the affair of the Diamond Necklace the Queen was innocent, and that her innocence might be more publicly acknowledged, she wished that the Parliament of Paris should try the case. The result was that the public considered the Queen guilty. That caused a scandal, and threw discredit on the Court. Perhaps the fate of the King and Queen may be said to have been fixed from the day of that trial."

[1] Madame Elizabeth was devoted to her brothers, the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois. This led to disagreements between herself and the Queen, and probably her sympathies with these brothers and the *émigrés* led to the opinion here pronounced on her by Napoleon, who elsewhere spoke of her as "that saint who bore on earth the name of Elizabeth."—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER II.

NAPOLEON'S RISE TO FAME AND FORTUNE.

1795–1799.

THE DAY OF THE SECTIONS, 13 VENDÉMIAIRE (OCTOBER 4, 1795).—CAMPAIGN WITH THE ARMY OF ITALY, 1796, 1797.—EGYPT, 1798.—18 BRUMAIRE (NOVEMBER 9, 1799).

THE DAY OF THE SECTIONS, 13 VENDÉMIAIRE (OCTOBER 4, 1795).

"On the 13th Vendémiaire,[1] I was apprehensive that the populace might gain possession of the Louvre. As soon as I was in command I asked, 'Where is the artillery?' I was told that it was at Sablons under the charge of fifteen men. I sent for an officer of the Twenty-first Light Chasseurs. Murat arrived, and I despatched him

[1] By 1795 the French nation had grown disgusted with the rule of the Convention. Conventionalists themselves saw that some change must be attempted. They framed a new constitution called that of the year VIII., which was wholly unsatisfactory. There seemed no remedy but the dispersion of the Convention by force and a change of government. The National Guard of Paris, 30,000 strong, and the mob instigated by the Jacobins, whose power lay in the Sections (or as we might call them the wards) into which the city was divided, were joined by what remained of the party of the Royalists, who, although the triumph of the Sections would imply a renewal of Jacobinism, thought that anything which might lead to the overthrow of the Convention would be to their advantage. The men most powerful at that time in the Convention and in its *Conseil des Quarante* were Barras, Carnot, and Sieyès. They resolved to make resistance. General Menou marched with a column of regular troops to disarm and disperse a large body of the National Guard drawn up in the Rue Lepelletier; but, hampered by Representatives from the Convention who accompanied him, he retired without a conflict. When news of this reached the Convention, Barras said to Carnot, or Carnot said to Barras (which spoke first is uncertain), "We have the very man for this work. He is a little Corsican officer who will not stand on ceremony." It was the month of October, 1795. Napoleon had come to Paris in May earnestly soliciting employment, but had received nothing but repulses. He had grown so discouraged that it is said he was on the point of offering his services to the Turkish government, saying to his friends: "How strange it would be if I should one day become King of Jerusalem!"—*E. W. L.*

at a gallop to bring off the cannon. He was but just in time. The Sections were arriving to gain possession of them. Murat charged them at once. This was my first meeting with Murat. On the same occasion I first saw Lemarois. Muiron I had known at the siege of Toulon. On this occasion he commanded at the cul-de-sac Dauphin. I had five thousand men with me, but at such moments troops are apt to change sides.

"I was at the *Conseil des Quarante*, presided over by Cambacérès, when some one came in to announce the position taken by the Sections. The members of the *Conseil* trembled and were inclined to conciliate the mob. Sieyès came up to me and said: 'While these people are deliberating, the Sections will break in upon us. Go, General! Act according to your own judgment, and do not fear to fire.'

"I distributed muskets to the Representatives. They asked what for. When I answered, 'To defend yourselves,' they began to comprehend that they were in danger.

"That movement on the 13th Vendémiaire was in the hands of Royalist leaders. Danican was one of them. He sent us a message by a flag of truce. When the handkerchief was taken from the man's eyes, in presence of the *Quarante*, all the members begged him to represent the Republic favorably to his general. Their plan was, if we should be defeated, to retire on Tours."

"On the 13th Vendémiaire General Dupont, brother of the minister, was in command at the Hôtel de Noailles. He opened a passage to the Sections. The Terrorists fought like heroes!"

"After the 13th Vendémiaire there were bread riots in Paris. In one of these I found myself, with my chief of staff, passing along a street filled with rioters. An immensely stout woman stepped forward and began to abuse me, calling me an *épaulettier*. I turned to the mob and

asked them which of us two seemed to have the most right to complain of famine. At this the crowd burst into a hearty laugh and dispersed."

"The Parisians are a curious people! I never would organize a national guard. I called civilians out only occasionally. Paris gives laws to France. Few people appreciate the temerity of the Girondins, who tried to master Paris without the help of a military force."

"The day after the 13th Vendémiaire, I found Tallien and his friends at the Tuileries. They had come to make me complimentary speeches. I said to them: 'Gentlemen, yesterday you were poltroons—to-day you wish to be considered saviors of the Republic. What do you say now about the forty thousand National Guards who yesterday wished to murder you, and who shout to-day that they are all for you?' That was just like the French. They are weathercocks."

"After the 13th Vendémiaire Lemarois came one morning to tell me that Madame de Beauharnais, whose husband had been guillotined after having been a Republican general, had sent her son to speak to me. The lad was in my antechamber. Lemarois said he was a handsome boy. I told him to let him enter. The young fellow said that his mother wished to keep his father's sword, that we had just disarmed the Sections, and that this weapon had been found on one of the combatants. He begged me to have it given back to him. I granted his request, and sent Lemarois with him to the Section to get it. Next day Madame de Beauharnais came to see me, and left her name. A few days later she came again. Then I sent Lemarois to see her. He was well received. He reported that she was a beautiful and agreeable woman. She had a private residence, so I sent my card. Shortly after that she invited me to dinner. I met at her table

persons with whom she was on the most friendly terms, the Duc de Nivernois, Madame Tallien, Elleviou, and I think, Talma. She behaved charmingly. She placed me next to herself at table. She bantered me a little. I thought her a very charming woman, but somewhat of an *intrigante*. In my turn I asked her to dinner. I had Barras, too, that day. Things went on until at last we became fascinated with each other. Barras did me good service in that affair, for he advised me to marry her, assuring me that she belonged both to the Old Régime and to the New, so that the marriage would give me good standing in society. Her house was known to be the best in Paris, and I should cease to be called a Corsican. In short, by this step I should become thoroughly Frenchified. Hortense did not approve of the marriage, for in those days they called Republican generals *épaulettiers*. Eugene, on the contrary, favored my suit. He saw himself in imagination my aide-de-camp. Josephine was at that time a very charming woman. She was full of grace —a *woman* in every sense of the word. She always began by saying 'no' to everything, merely that she might gain time to consider her final answer; then she would say, 'Ah! yes, Monsieur.' She seldom told the truth, but there was something charming about her equivocations. I may say that she was the woman I have the most really loved. She knew me thoroughly. She never asked me to do anything for her children. She never begged me for money, but she made debts by the million. She had bad teeth, but was so careful of showing them that few people perceived them. She was the wife who would have gone with me to Elba."

"Barras[1] was a man of good family in Provence, who brought himself into prominence in the Convention by his loud voice. He never said more than one or two phrases,

[1] Barras became a count of the Empire, but received no other favors from the Emperor. He survived Napoleon eight years, dying in 1829.—*E. W. L.*

but they came like thunderclaps. He had the bearing of a fencing master, boastful and self-assured. He could be of great value in any popular movement. On the 13th Vendémiaire I had all the trouble in the world to get him to give me an order to fire on the rioters, and I was resolved if possible to get that order.

"Barras was a very immoral man. He was shameless in his debauchery. He stole openly, but he was the only one of the Directors who had good manners—who knew how to receive guests, and how to dispense hospitality. He had adopted a fashion of never taking part in any argument, of never expressing an opinion, and in this way, in whatever manner things turned out, he could always approve or disapprove the action of his colleagues. He had a certain revolutionary cunning, never expressing an opinion until after the event. He was utterly untrustworthy. He would cordially press the hands of those whom he would much rather have stabbed. Falseness and deception may, it is true, be sometimes useful to the leader of a faction. He was very ignorant. All he knew about history was the name and fame of Brutus; and that name he made sound like a trumpet call in the Convention. He always showed friendliness to me, though after my return from Egypt he would have been glad to get rid of me by sending me back to the East."[1]

[1] The Directors, in consideration of Napoleon's services on the 13th Vendémiaire, gave him command of the Army of Italy, then out of heart, disorganized, and accustomed to reverses.

This campaign in Italy, when Napoleon took the command, was most brilliant and successful. He joined his troops at Nice late in the month of March, 1795, and in less than a month he had won three battles (the first of which was the battle of Monte Notte), against forces superior to his own. He had reduced the Austrians to inaction; he had forced the King of Sardinia to make a disadvantageous peace, and had secured every important city in Lombardy and Piedmont, except Turin, Mantua, and Milan. After Beaulieu, the Austrian general, had suffered repeated defeats, the command of his forces was transferred to the veteran general Wurmser, who had no better fortune. By the close of 1796 not only the King of Sardinia, but the King of Naples, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and several of the minor potentates of Italy had been forced to sign treaties of peace with the French Republic.

On the Rhine, Moreau had made his masterly retreat through the Black Forest, while Jourdan, whom Napoleon always considered an incapable general, had been defeated. All through the autumn of 1796 Napoleon was push-

Campaign With the Army of Italy, 1796–1797.

"In the days of the Terror and the Revolution, France had no good generals. The Austrian general staff was better than ours. I am now writing the campaign of Schérer;[1] what a record of incapacity! Once in the Directory I heard Schérer talking about war; he did so with great fluency. I turned to Talleyrand, and said: 'I am not astonished that this man should be the eagle of Rewbell and Barras; he misleads them with false reasoning based on false facts cleverly put together, but he understands nothing about war.' When I superseded

ing the remains of Wurmser's army into the mountains of the Tyrol, ably assisted by Augereau and Massena. Late in the year Wurmser was replaced by a younger general, Marshal Alvinzi.

Of course this note cannot relate the story of the campaign, nor even tell of Lodi, Rivoli, Castiglione, or Arcola. The latter (fought Nov. 15, 1796) assured the fortunes of Napoleon. That success Napoleon said he gained in person with the help of only twenty-five brave followers, but he suffered the loss of the gallant Colonel Muiron, his one intimate personal friend.

In 1797 the fight was still kept up with Alvinzi, while Wurmser, who had held out bravely in the strong city of Mantua, had been forced to capitulate. By February, 1797, with the exception of Venice, Napoleon was master of all northern Italy. The imperial court at Vienna was paralyzed, and the Pope, who was threatened by General Victor, felt as if the days of Alaric the Goth had come again. But Napoleon showed no disposition to imitate the blood-thirsty Jacobin leaders, whom he abhorred. Even exiled French priests, who had sought refuge in the States of the Church, were treated with humanity and consideration. Peace was made with the Pope, and Napoleon prepared to march his victorious army to Vienna. He was now opposed to the Archduke Charles, who had obtained recent victories over the French armies on the Rhine, but after three days' fierce fighting on the banks of the Tagliamento, the Archduke received instructions from the Emperor to treat with the enemy. A provisional treaty was made at Leoben, April 18, 1797, twelve months and a few days after Napoleon had taken command of the disorganized and dispirited Army of Italy. Six months later the provisional treaty of Leoben was changed into the important but brief peace of Campo Formio. Meantime Napoleon had summoned his young wife to join him in Italy, and had established a small court near Milan, at Montebello.

It is singular that Napoleon does not seem to have discussed this brilliant campaign with Gourgaud. We can only bring together some few anecdotes he told that bear on it, and refer the reader to any good historical work on the subject.—*E. W. L.*

[1] Napoleon, on March 9, 1796, three days after his marriage, set out to supersede General Schérer. General Schérer died in 1804, having achieved no historical distinction, though he was at the head of the War Department from 1797 to 1799 under the Directory. Napoleon as a general of artillery had been a short time with the Army of Italy after the siege of Toulon, but his contempt for the Representatives of the Convention, and his new plan of campaign, had made him unpopular in Paris with the authorities.—*E. W. L.*

him in the Army of Italy it was bare of everything in the district of Nice. I ordered the magistrates to furnish the supplies it needed, or else I would let the soldiers pillage the farms and violate the women. The cavalry, which was on the Rhone, could not rejoin the main army for want of authority to procure forage on the march. I sent orders to the colonels of all these regiments, wherever they passed to requisition it, to show my order, and if it was not obeyed, to take what was needed by force. In this way I soon organized my army. Schérer, after his battle of Pastrengo, instead of recalling Moreau, who had victoriously pushed up to the walls of Verona, should have marched after him, and by giving him good support, he, too, would have achieved a victory. Instead of that he recalled Moreau, and began to retreat. His purpose being to establish himself on the Adige, he should have taken Verona and Lugano, and he would thus have obtained a good position, which ought to be the object in every movement. The Austrians ought to have placed themselves at some crucial point between the Mincio and the Adige, in the centre of the Quadrilateral, and to have fortified themselves, waiting till the Russians should come up, and if the French tried to cross the Adige they might have fallen on their flanks. Turenne would have done so, but they dared not make war after Turenne's fashion—in Schérer's day. Besides this, I declare, in spite of Dumas and other scribblers, that during the Revolution the art of war went backward rather than improved. Moreau did well during that campaign, because he was with his centre. He had about twenty thousand men under his orders—more he could not manage. I think I see him now, boastful and smoking his pipe, for he was only good for commanding a division. A general-in-chief should be quite another man. Moreau was, however, greatly superior to Jourdan. In 1800 Jourdan lost a whole month before

Ulm, where Kray was detaining him; he did not know what he wanted to do, and yet Ulm is the central point of Germany. During the wars of the Revolution the plan was to stretch out, to send columns to the right and left, which did no good. To tell you the truth, the thing that made me gain so many battles was that the evening before a fight, instead of giving orders to extend our lines, I tried to converge all our forces on the point I wanted to attack. I massed them there. I overcame all before me, for of course I aimed at some weak point. Before Wagram I recalled Bernadotte, who was forty leagues away, on the Danube. I collected all my forces. I had one hundred and sixty thousand men under my orders, while the Archduke Charles had left Prince John at Presburg.

"Berwick says that more men are required to defend the Alps than to attack them. That is nonsense. Are not the Alps a good line of defence? If a general has the most men, why should he stay on the defensive? Besides, if he massed his troops at Grenoble or Chambéry, he would be exactly in a position to crush the enemy as he descended from the mountains. Villars thought it was best to remain beyond the mountain range, and to fall on the enemy when he entered the last defile; and he was right. Feuquières was wrong when he blamed circumvallations. They are always necessary; they are indispensable. If the Duke of York had had circumvallations before Dunkirk he would never have lost the battle of Hondschoote. Feuquières writes that at Turin, Valenciennes, and Arras, the lines were forced, but those three places were exceptions. There are so many instances to the contrary! Should an army stay in its lines? That is another question, which cannot be answered positively, so much depends on circumstances, the strength of the lines, and the spirit of the soldiers. France was so ill-governed at that period that one faction after another formed itself

at the head of the state. One day Carrier was lauded to the skies; the next day he was guillotined."[1]

"When I was at the head of the Army of Italy, the Directory sent me two commissioners (*faiseurs d'affaires*). They came in search of me, and while I was marching on Leoben, I was told that they had laid hands on a contribution of six millions of francs that I had imposed. Forthwith I put into General Orders that two men, furnished with false letters from the Directory, had carried off six millions intended to pay the soldiery, and I ordered that they should be arrested and brought before a military commission. They had gone back to Paris, however. When they arrived there, as they brought many diamonds with them, they were well received by Barras and dined with him. When my Order to the Army was known at the Luxembourg, La Réveillière, who was a very honest man, persuaded the Directory to have them arrested, saying that the honor of the Directors was at stake.

"At Rastadt[2] Merlin and Jean de Bry (commissioners from France) had only fifty thousand francs, and they could hardly contrive to live, until I got there. The Grand Duke caused the best apartment to be given me, though Metternich had applied for it, saying that he was the representative of the Emperor Francis. Horses, carriages, everything, in short, was put at my disposal. I distributed presents, for I had brought considerable money from Italy. The two poor French representatives were quite amazed when they found I had so much, while they had so little. The Grand Duke treated me with distinction; perhaps that induced me afterwards to see that

[1] Perhaps these observations should more properly be placed under the head of the Art of War, but they were part of an animated speech Napoleon was making which began with strictures on the campaign conducted in 1795 by his predecessors in Italy.—*E. W. L.*

[2] A town in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where a congress was being held to arrange terms of peace between France and Austria.—*E. W. L.*

he was well treated. I soon perceived that I could not hold friendly relations with princes and representatives of the people at the same time, so I departed, leaving the two poor plenipotentiaries the greater part of the money that remained to me, and they were enchanted."

"General Laharpe commanded an advance guard of five thousand grenadiers, in which Lannes was chief of a battalion, at the passage of the Po. When the passage had been effected, I hurried to my grenadiers, for it was very important to take possession of Saorgio before the arrival of Beaulieu. I found their commander behind the fleet of boats, pale, with disordered features. I asked him where he was going. 'I am going to Piacenza; I am ill.' I told him I expected him to attack Saorgio. Well! he obeyed. But he, who was generally bold and brave, would not put himself at the head of his men on this occasion, but kept in the rear of the centre columns. He was evidently in some unusual state of mind. Saorgio was taken during the night, and Laharpe led the advance in a reconnaissance. As his party came back to Saorgio about two o'clock in the morning, our troops mistook them for the enemy. They fired on Laharpe and his escort. He was killed! I have also noticed that men who have retired from the army and return to active service almost invariably meet their fate in battle."[1]

"Yes,[2] I was happy when I became First Consul; happy at the time of my marriage, and happy at the birth of the King of Rome, but then I did not feel perfectly confident of the security of my position. Perhaps I was

[1] This anecdote was related during a conversation on presentiments and what are called ghost stories.—*E. W. L.*

[2] On one occasion a discussion arose among the members of the little court at Longwood on the question: At what period in his life was Napoleon most happy? Gourgaud said: "At the time of his marriage"; Madame de Montholon, "When he became First Consul"; Bertrand, "At the time of the birth of the King of Rome." Napoleon answered as above.

happiest at Tilsit. I had just surmounted many vicissitudes, many anxieties, at Eylau for instance; and I found myself victorious, dictating laws, having emperors and kings to pay me court! And yet perhaps I felt most happy after my victories in Italy. What enthusiasm was then shown for me! What cries of 'Long live the Liberator of Italy!' and all this when I was only twenty-five. From that moment I perceived what I might some day become. I saw the whole world passing beneath me just as if I had been borne up into the air."

Gourgaud records that one day at Longwood the talk fell on the time of the Treaty of Campo Formio, and on Comte de Cobentzel, the Austrian ambassador sent to negotiate that treaty. Gourgaud says that Napoleon always called him the White Bear of the North, for though he was amiable in society, he was roughly German in these diplomatic conferences. He was always saying to any proposition, "It cannot be. My master will never consent to it." He had on a side-table a little tray on which were displayed some teacups given to him by various sovereigns, especially Catherine of Russia, of whom he was always talking. The young French general, then General Bonaparte, annoyed at the rough tone and manner of this diplomatist, who, laying his great hand upon the treaty exclaimed, "This cannot be," said: "Comte de Cobentzel, have you given us your ultimatum? Well, then, before three months are over I shall break your monarchy in pieces, as I now break the china cups upon this table. Our negotiations are at an end." So saying he let the precious porcelains fall, and left the room. Next day the Treaty was signed. "The Emperor," says Gourgaud, "in telling us this anecdote, remarked: 'In those days I had all the stern pride of a Republican, and I despised the Austrians.'"

Egypt.

"When my army disembarked in Egypt it was ready to mutiny, seeing what a country it was—a country where there was no bread to eat, no wine to drink; a country where none of our customs were understood, where there were no forks, and no countesses to make love to, as in Italy. Before reaching Damanhour I asked Magallon, who had been French consul in those parts, if we should find provisions in that city. He answered in the negative. I had sent Desaix with a guard in advance to prepare me quarters. When we reached the place, I was conducted to a kind of barn. I sent for Desaix and reproached him for assigning me such a lodging. He assured me that it was the best he could do for me. I told him he was right to respect harems, but that the conquered must always lodge their conquerors. In the end, when I found that there was really no better place for me, I slept in my tent. The soldiers were indignant at the nature of the country, but the generals were the most dissatisfied, and—it is horrible to own it—I really think it was fortunate for us that our fleet was destroyed at Aboukir,[1] otherwise the army might have re-embarked.

"We hoped that Cairo might prove better than we had been told to expect, and it was not until the night of our arrival, when we had examined the cushions of Murad Bey, that we believed Magallon, who had laughed when I asked him if we should find handsome furniture and Lyons silks there. Cairo gave me at once eight millions worth of contributions. People knew nothing about Egypt in Paris. If I could have had the Mamelukes for my allies I should have been master of the Orient; Arabia was all ready to welcome a leader."

"In Egypt what most astonished the natives was our clothes, our hats especially. I at once changed several

[1] The battle of the Nile.

parts of our French costume. The sheiks always told me that if I wished to establish myself in Egypt as a patriarch, the French army must assume the turban, and turn Mohammedan. That was my own intention, but I would not take the step until I was sure it would succeed, else, like Menou, I should only have made myself ridiculous. I could have made my army do anything I pleased, it was so much attached to me. Any other general at the head of troops accustomed to all the delights of Italy, would have failed in that expedition. At the end of three days the army wanted to re-embark. I had great trouble about this on the march from Alexandria to Cairo. They had no bread, and the discontent was great. Some regiments even refused to continue the march. I was firm. I seized a negro general, Dumas, and I threatened to have him shot. Lannes, Berthier, and Davout were among the grumblers. Desaix alone thought as I did. Kleber was not there, but would probably have thought like Desaix. The army was particularly opposed to the *savants* and to Caffarelli; they said that I had suffered myself to be dragged into the expedition by the Directory, and that Caffarelli thought it a good joke, for he had one leg in France. In the end the soldiers changed their views about the *savants* and Caffarelli.[1]

"Crétin was an excellent engineer officer; though he was rather morose. He said what he thought very frankly, and when he talked with me was more ready to raise objections to my plans than to give them his approval."

"Perhaps the destruction of the fleet was an advantage to us, inasmuch as it took away for a time the wish the army had of returning to France. But yet had I had my ships, I should have been master of everything. The Mamelukes would have joined me; the loss of the fleet

[1] Killed at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. Chief of the engineer corps in Egypt.—*E. W. L.*

hindered all that! The Arabs only wanted a man to lead them; they looked on me as an extraordinary being, especially when they saw how my generals obeyed me. I took care to assure them that in the event of my death another man would take my place, and would command the same obedience, but that, perchance, that other general would not be so favorably disposed to them as I was.

"Caffarelli was a very brave man. When we crossed the Red Sea, I put him under the care of two guides,[1] who were excellent swimmers. The night was dark, the tide was rising. We had mistaken the light on a gunboat for the land, and we should have been lost if we had not got back promptly to the shore. I heard behind us about a hundred and sixty yards away, the shouts of Caffarelli. I thought his guides had deserted him. I hastened to the spot and found he was refusing to follow his guides, telling them to let him drown, that it was useless that for his sake such brave men as they should die. I was angry and struck him a blow in the face with my riding whip. But for this he would have been lost."

"When I was in Egypt I raised a company mounted on dromedaries, in squads of five, with two horses and eleven men to accompany them. They were to carry provisions for a month. Water can generally be found in the desert every four days. By this means I reduced the Arabs to submission, because I sent these dromedary men into the very heart of the desert to destroy their encampments. Immensity no longer proved a refuge for the Arabs. I could get at them anywhere. This dromedary corps was an experiment, to see if I could not by such means get into India. I wanted to bring fifteen thousand black men from Darfur, who if well officered, would have made excellent soldiers.[2] I would have had

[1] Caffarelli had lost a leg.

[2] The black soldiers in the recent campaign from Cairo to Khartoum proved this.—*E. W. L.*

sixty or seventy thousand men for the kernel of my army. In the desert I would have marched ten leagues a day in three columns *en échelons*, so that we might find sufficient water in the wells. I could have had as many dromedaries as I wanted. My sick, my ammunition, and my provisions would have been placed on these animals. I would have had no carriages on wheels, except such as were needed for the cannon. I would have concentrated my columns before entering inhabited places. I would thus have marched to the Indus, and have destroyed the power of the English in India. It would have been a march of three thousand miles. I would have made a long halt on the Euphrates and at other places, according to circumstances. I would have had rations prepared to be transported on the dromedaries—rice, flour, and coffee, enough to give a pound a day to each man."

"Sire, the English have one hundred and sixty thousand men in India," interrupted Gourgaud.

"But I would have allied myself with the Mahrattas. They would have furnished me with excellent cavalry. Besides, the sepoys are natives of India. The English very much dreaded my coming. That was why they took possession of Alexandria. But some day they will see what will happen to them from Russia. The Russians will not have so great a distance to march to enter India. They are already in Persia. Russia is the power likely to march the most safely and most swiftly to universal dominion."

"If I had stayed in the East I should have founded an empire, like Alexander. It was a most politic visit that he paid to the Temple of Ammon. I would have undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca, and have made prayers and genuflexions before the tomb of the Prophet; but I would not have done this if it had not been worth while. I would not have acted prematurely like that fool Menou."

"One day in May, 1817," says Gourgaud, "His Majesty spoke to me of Egypt. He thinks Bertrand did very wrong when he signed the sentence of impalement pronounced upon Soliman. He had not the right to inflict such punishment according to French law. 'If the punishment of the country had been milder than that of France, would you, or would you not, have applied it? You should be impaled yourself for that act in the infernal regions.' "

"Mohammed appeared at a moment when all men were anxious to be authorized to believe in but one God. It is possible that Arabia had before that been convulsed by civil wars, the only way to train men of courage. After Bender we find Mohammed a hero! A man can be only a man, but sometimes as a man he can accomplish great things. He is often like a spark among inflammable material. I do not think that Mohammed would at the present time succeed in Arabia. But in his own day his religion in ten years conquered half the known world, whilst it took three centuries for the religion of Christ firmly to establish itself. The religion of Christ is too subtle for Orientals; they want something more definite, less spiritual."

"Mohammed's case was like mine. I found all the elements ready at hand to found an empire. Europe was weary of anarchy. Men wanted to make an end of it. If I had not come, probably some one else would have done like me. France would have ended by conquering the world. I repeat, a man is only a man. His power is nothing if circumstances and public sentiment do not favor him. Do you suppose that it was Luther who brought about the Reformation? No; it was public opinion, which was in opposition to the Popes. Do you think it was Henry VIII. who broke with Rome? No; it was

the public sentiment of his nation which willed the separation. Ah! *mon Dieu*, in the days of Francis I. France came very near becoming a Protestant country. A council was held at Fontainebleau, and it was only the Constable de Montmorency who opposed the change. And then the national desire of France to rule in Italy had something to do with public opinion in favor of separation. Charles V. hesitated as to what course he should pursue, but, as sovereign of a country essentially Catholic, he did not dare to favor the Reformation. It offered kings a tempting chance to escape from under the sovereignty of the Popes, and to confiscate the wealth of the clergy."

"Ah! if I had stayed in Egypt I should have been at this moment Emperor of the Orient. But for Saint Jean d'Acre the whole population would have declared for me."

"I regret very much that I did not go to Jerusalem, but that would have put off my expedition to Acre two or three days, and time was precious. The favorite of the Pasha at Jerusalem was a former French *cantinière*. She wrote me that she would do everything in our favor that was in her power."

"Egypt is the country which now appears to have had the oldest civilization. Gaul, Germany, and Italy were not far behind. But I think that the human race came most probably out of India or China, which had a vast population, rather than from Egypt, which had only a few thousand inhabitants. All this leads me to think that the world is not so very old, at least as inhabited by man, and within one or two thousand years I am disposed to accept the chronology appended to the sacred writings. I think that man was formed by the heat of the sun acting upon mud. Herodotus tells us that in his time the slime of the Nile changed into rats, and that they could be seen in process of formation."

"'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet.' I said that to make myself popular among Orientals. At the time of my coronation one of the announcements in the programme was that I should partake of the Communion. When that was shown to the Pope, he declared that I could not communicate. It would be proper and praiseworthy, he said, to prepare myself for it, and even to make my confession, but that he could not advise me to communicate, as it was not an indispensable part of the coronation ceremony. He added, 'With gentleness and patience we shall yet bring him to become a good Catholic.'"

"I think it would be possible to send an expedition of five thousand men into Egypt with orders to inundate the country by cutting through two leagues of land near the Red Sea, which is fifteen feet higher than the level of the Nile."[1]

"If I had taken Acre,—and that was only prevented by three wretched little ships which were afraid of approaching the fortress,—I should have gone on to India. My intention was to take the turban at Aleppo. I was popular enough for that, and I should have found myself at the head of a fine army and two hundred thousand auxiliaries. The Orient only needed a man."

"I have been reading three volumes on India. What rascals those English are! If I had been able, while in Egypt, to pass over into India with a small body of troops, I could have chased them out of it. The East only needs a man. Whoever is master of Egypt is master of India."

"Russia might easily send twenty thousand regular soldiers and twenty thousand Cossacks to conquer India; but

[1] On this theory, that is, on the difference of water level between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, Lord Palmerton based his opposition to the Suez Canal.—*E. W. L.*

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

it would need generals of reputation to induce the tribes and nations they might meet upon their march to become their auxiliaries. Russia is on the way to acquire universal dominion, now that there is no longer any France, and the balance of power is broken. The English are fools in their diplomacy. In their place I should have stipulated in recent treaties to have the sole right to navigate the Indian and Chinese seas, and to carry on commerce with those people in Asia. It was absurd that Batavia should be left to the Dutch, the Isle of Bourbon [or Réunion] to the French. I am sure that Monsieur Dupuis already has established relations through that channel with the princes of India; I used to get my best information through the Île de France [the Mauritius]. In ten years' time the powers will have got nothing out of the present arrangement but jars. Nor should the Americans be allowed to navigate the China seas. What can they do against England? Now that there is no longer any France, the English, with thirty ships, could blockade all the coast of America. I never could understand why in 1814 they sent over an army of thirty thousand men. That force was too small to subdue the United States, too large if they wished to force the Americans to make peace. Had they maintained a strict blockade along the coast of the United States, the Americans would have been forced to agree to all that was required of them. They are nothing but shop-keepers; their glory is in their wealth. In my time they had agreed to charter their vessels to England, it was only when I declared that I should consider them as my enemies if they did so that they went to war in 1812.[1] They have no army, and only own a few frigates; in the first year of a war they would injure English commerce by privateers, which would soon

[1] As this passage is important, and seems somewhat obscure, it may be better to give Napoleon's words in French as well as in translation: "De mon temps, ils avaient consenti à conduire leurs vaisseaux en Angleterre, et ce n'est que sur ma déclaration que je les considérerais comme ennemis qu'ils ont fait la guerre."

be captured, and America could not endure a strict blockade three years. The English understand the system of blockading very well, the French are not so good at it. The United States are of no account. At present England might give law to the whole world, especially if she would recall her troops from the Continent, send Wellington to his estates,[1] and remain only a maritime power. Then she could do what she would."

"Kleber was always thinking about women and amusements in the capital. Glory in his eyes was only the road to enjoyment, but Desaix loved glory for glory's sake. At Acre Kleber would not come and inspect the breach nor give me his opinion, so that if the assault did not succeed he might be able to give it his disapproval. And yet I was obliged three times to order him not to mount to the assault. He wanted to march at the head of the troops. He was capable of the very greatest things when he had to choose between glory and dishonor. He had no talent for administration; and he disapproved my system of cajoling the sheiks at Cairo. He gave two hundred blows with a stick to the Sheik Sada, a descendant of the Prophet, and so he got himself assassinated; whilst I, who treated the sheiks with marked kindness, was thrice warned by them of plots formed against me in the name of religion. Kleber fought at Heliopolis because some people spoke lightly of him. It was Keith's letter which was the cause. He never consulted any one. Without intending it, he deceived the English by writing a letter to France, saying he had only five thousand men. His letter, being intercepted by the English, induced them to attempt their expedition. Sidney Smith behaved very well under the circumstances.

"Desaix was quite another man. If I had left him in Egypt I should have retained my conquest."

[1] Nothing ever convinced Napoleon that Wellington, after his success at Waterloo, would not aim at becoming, like himself, the world's great conqueror.—*E. W. L.*

Gourgaud says: "Yes, Kleber has a good reputation; his campaign was very fine upon the Rhine." The Emperor replies that he had all the faults and also the good qualities natural to a very tall man.[1]

18 Brumaire.

"A short time after my return from Egypt, Barras asked me to dine with him. We were only four at table, the Duc de Lauraguais, who was there as a kind of buffoon; a sort of prefect of the palais of the Luxembourg; and myself. In the middle of the dinner Barras said to me, 'The Republic is in a bad way. . . . . I want to retire and to give up public business. You, General, are fortunate in having nothing to do with politics. Your career is military. You are about to place yourself once more at the head of the Army of Italy, and to repair our reverses. The Republic is in so bad a state that nothing but a President can save it; and I see no one but General Hédouville who would suit us. What do you think?'[2]

"I answered with a manner calculated to convince him that I was not his dupe. He looked down, and muttered a few remarks that at once decided me. From his apartment in the Luxembourg, I went down to that of Sieyès, who told me that the Republic was at its last gasp, and that a change must be made. I told him I had made up my mind to act with him. That same evening, when I returned home, I found Fouché, Réal, and Roederer waiting for me. I told them about my dinner, and what had been said by Barras. Réal exclaimed, 'Ah! what a fool! What a fool!' Fouché, who was attached to Barras, hastened to reproach him for his want of tact, and the next morning at eight o'clock, before I was out of bed,

[1] Napoleon, who was of short stature, expressed this opinion of tall men on several occasions.

[2] Barras was inclined to accept the alliance of the Royalists. Sieyès, who had cast in his lot with the Republicans in 1789, was not in favor of making terms with the Bourbons. The Hédouville proposed by Barras (probably as a man of straw) was a general who never attained distinction.—*E. W. L.*

I was told that Barras had called to see me, about something very important. I said he might come in. He told me that he had come to speak to me about our conversation the evening before. That he had thought it over, and concluded that Hédouville was not a fit man for President, and that I alone could fill the position. In my turn I dissembled. I assured him that I should obey whomsoever the nation might select. As for myself, I was ill in bed, as he might see, suffering from a change of climate from dry to damp, and as he had told me the day before, my road was marked out for me. I should only seek to be placed at the head of the Army of Italy. He tried to bring me over to his own plans, saying, 'Now see; I will be whatever you decide; white if you will, black if you wish it.' But I had given my word to Sieyès. It was too late. Possibly, had it not been for that piece of stupid *finesse* on the part of Barras, at his dinner table, I might have gone in with him. For in truth he had shown me much kindness.

"Gohier, who loved good cheer, and was a simple-minded fellow, often came to my house. I did not know whether he considered himself of my party, but I knew that he paid court to my wife. Every day at four o'clock he came to my house. When I had fixed on the 18th Brumaire,[1] as my day, I thought I would set a trap for him. When a conspiracy is in progress one has the right to do anything. So I told Josephine she must flatter him by inviting him to breakfast with her on the 17th Brumaire at eight o'clock. I intended at that hour to make him, whether he would or not, get on horseback and accompany me. He was President of the Directory, and his

[1] At this date (Nov., 1799,) there were five Directors: Barras, Sieyès, Moulin, Gohier, and Roger-Ducos. After the success of General Bonaparte at Saint Cloud they all resigned, and left the field open for a new arrangement. On Napoleon's return from Egypt he is said to have exclaimed, apostrophizing the Directory: "What have you done with that fair France that I left so prosperous? For peace I find war; for the wealth of Italy taxation and poverty. Where are the 100,000 brave Frenchmen with whom I fought? Where are the companions of my glory? They are dead!"—*E. W. L.*

presence, I thought, might prove very useful. But he sent word that there seemed so much disturbance afoot in Paris, that he must remain in session with the other Directors, and that he would come to 'second breakfast' with us at eleven o'clock."

"When Barras saw Sieyès mount his horse, he laughed at him, saying: 'Who ever saw an abbé on horseback?' Half an hour later they came and told him that the Councils had assembled, and that Sieyès was with me. He then swore that if he could have known that, he would have fired a pistol shot at Sieyès through the window. Shortly after I sent Monsieur de Talleyrand to him to ask for his resignation.

"Moulin was a good man. He, too, came to my house every day. He thought that everything was going badly, that such a state of things could not last, and he asked me to give him plans for a new political campaign. As for Gohier, he thought everything all right. If he had good dinners, he cared little for anything else.

"Carnot[1] did some very abominable things during the Reign of Terror. He was a member of the Committee of Public Safety. You may see his name at the bottom of all their orders to shed blood. He showed great courage on the 9th Thermidor in defending Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. When he saw how people held him in horror on account of his connection with the Committee of Public Safety, he threw himself into the opposite party, until the 18th Fructidor. Barras detested him; he told him in presence of the whole Directory that he wanted to kill him, and flung an inkstand at his head. In short, he is a man without much ability, but he is honest. His work on the defence of strongholds is absurd. Such a treatise may do us much harm, for foreigners will hardly

[1] Carnot was expelled from the Directory on the 18th Fructidor. He went into exile, and for some months was believed to be dead.—*E. W. L.*

be able to imagine that the man who wrote it could have played a great part in our affairs." [1]

[1] It seems remarkable that Napoleon talked so little to Gourgaud about his appointment as Consul or the events of the 18th Brumaire. On the morning of the 17th, accompanied by a large concourse of officers on horseback and in uniform, he set out at an early hour, ostensibly to review three regiments of dragoons drawn up in the Champs Elysées.

At the same early hour the Council of the Ancients in session at the Tuileries passed two decrees: one giving command of all troops in and about Paris to General Bonaparte; the other ordering both bodies of the Legislature (that of the Ancients answering to our Senate, and that of the Five Hundred answering to our House of Representatives), to transfer their sittings to the Château at Saint Cloud. Then the next morning, after some slight parliamentary opposition, they were driven forth by soldiers, and their sitting was adjourned until the middle of February. Meantime a Provisional Consulate was appointed, the provisional consuls being Bonaparte, Sieyès and Ducos. A great revolution had been accomplished without the effusion of blood. At once the Provisional Consuls proceeded to pass measures tending to restore prosperity and tranquillity to France. Then the great soldier showed himself a great statesman and a great financier. Order was introduced into the system of finance; the collection and expenditure of the revenue was arranged on a better footing. Above all the heathenish worship of the goddess of reason was put an end to. Churches were reopened for divine service, and the credit of all this was wholly due to Napoleon, who had to oppose the "philosophic" principles of his colleagues.

The unfortunate *emigrés*, shipwrecked when escaping from France (known as the *naufragés de Calais*), were set at liberty instead of being detained in prison waiting for deliverance by the guillotine. Lafayette and other Revolutionists who were in exile were restored to their homes. Lazare Carnot was placed at the head of the War Department, and set to work at once to reorganize the army. Next, peace was concluded with the Chouans in La Vendée. The principal leaders submitted themselves to the new government, all but Georges Cadoudal who, however, had a private interview with the Chief Consul at the Tuileries, when nothing was accomplished.

A new Constitution was proclaimed, December 14, 1799, which placed all power in the hands of three Consuls: Bonaparte, First Consul; Cambacérès, Second Consul, and Lebrun, Third. Napoleon, in a speech, assured the people "The new government has been founded on the great principles in which the Revolution originated. Now, therefore, the Revolution is ended."—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER III.

CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO.

1799–1802.

NAPOLEON'S COLLEAGUES IN THE CONSULATE.—SECOND CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—ROYALISTS IN FRANCE.—PROJECTS OF ASSASSINATION.

NAPOLEON'S COLLEAGUES IN THE CONSULATE.

"Lebrun was an earnest defender of the Third Estate, and could not endure the old nobility. Nevertheless, according to documents found among his papers by Monsieur de Blacas, it was he who drew up the Constitution for the Senate in 1814. I spoke to him in 1815 about this, but not severely. He made amends for it by a beautiful speech. He must have accumulated a large fortune.

"Cambacérès, too, would have tried to make terms with the Bourbons, if he had not voted in the Convention for the death of the King. He was the opposite to Lebrun in his appreciation of the nobility, and was the defender-in-chief of all abuses. I did much less for him, for he was already well known, than I did for Lebrun. Cambacérès on the 13th Vendémiaire came very near being made a Director, but his competitors made a denunciation against him, and although it was false, and he proved himself entirely innocent, the accusation made him lose a large number of votes." [1]

[1] Lebrun, under the Empire, was made Duke of Piacenza and head of the Department of Finance. He died in 1824. Cambacérès became Arch-Chancellor of the Empire and President of the Senate. He was an experienced and sagacious lawyer, and was of great assistance to Napoleon. He died in 1824.—*E. W. L.*

Second Campaign in Italy.

"As I was making my way into Italy for my second campaign, and was climbing on foot the Mont Tarare, in company with Duroc, we met an old woman, who hated the Bourbons and who told us she wanted to see the First Consul. I answered, 'Bah!—tyrant for tyrant—they are just the same thing!' 'No! not so,' she replied. 'Louis XVI. was the King of the nobles; Bonaparte is the King of the people.'"[1]

"An unsuccessful attack made on Fort Bard before I arrived had discouraged the troops. Berthier had lost his head. Happily I arrived in time, and showed them how to pass the defile. If I could not have got our artillery through the pass it would have been very dangerous for me, but I should have kept on with the infantry, and should have joined Tureau, who had plenty of cannon, having Grenoble in his rear. At Stradella I came very near losing everything. Ott had attacked Lannes, and had established himself at Pavia. I drove him out. Some

[1] The First Consul, as soon as he had restored some order in France, hastened to join his forces in Italy. The army that two years before he had left victorious, well organized, and in high spirits, had been disheartened by repeated defeats and disasters. Austria, having resumed the war, had recovered Lombardy; Massena was closely besieged in Genoa; Suchet had been driven over the French frontier. Napoleon decided to pour his forces in four columns over the Alps, he himself accompanying the one under Lannes, which had the task of greatest difficulty.

This passage of the Great Saint Bernard forms one of the most wonderful acts in modern warfare. The guns were drawn up the mountain on sledges by hand, a hundred or more men to a gun. Napoleon himself walked beside his soldiers, encouraging their exertions. When the first mountain was crossed another tremendous difficulty presented itself. A narrow passage into the Vale of Aosta was defended by Fort Bard. Napoleon, hastily summoned to the spot, found his men in confusion. He climbed a steep cliff which overlooked the fortress and the little town through which his army and its artillery must pass. A single cannon was dragged to the top of this cliff up slippery goat-paths. Napoleon placed it himself, and pointed it with such skill that it silenced the fort's principal battery. As night fell, the French quietly gained possession of the town. They strewed its street with straw to deaden the noise they dared not make; they covered their guns with branches of trees, and dragged them safely through the town under the very guns of Fort Bard without exciting the suspicions of the Austrian garrison.

Of all this, marvellous as it seems when written in history, Napoleon to Gourgaud said not a word.—*E. W. L.*

thought I ought to wait for Melas at Stradella. I stayed there two days, but as he did not come I feared he might be falling back on Suchet, so I marched on, and detached Desaix to move on Rivalto. When I saw that the enemy was not occupying Marengo, I no longer doubted that he had recrossed the Bormida. It seems that during the night Melas, seeing that I was following him, and perceiving that he would be placed between two fires, resolved to give battle, and crossed the Bormida by three bridges, whose existence I was not aware of, but as I had possession of Marengo he was not able to deploy his forces. I had that morning recalled Desaix,[1] and during the battle I changed my line of operations, placing him on my right. The Austrians attacked my right *en masse*, attempting to recover their former line, but Desaix had arrived, and Kellerman charged. Melas, thinking he had won the battle, lay down very weary. His troops were driven in, and repassed the Bormida. It is a question whether Melas was right to capitulate instead of falling back on Genoa, where at worst he could have embarked his army. He abandoned his strongholds, but he saved his men; and it is soldiers who are most needed in warfare! Maybe he acted wisely; but in his place I do not think I should have done the same. Anyhow, the campaign, brilliant as it was, did not lead to peace, and Austria saved her army."

"When Melas evacuated Turin he left a garrison in the citadel. Tureau took the city and blockaded the citadel. It was intended that he should make a junction

[1] The first battle fought after Napoleon entered Italy was that of Montebello, in which Lannes distinguished himself, and subsequently he was made Duke of Montebello in recognition of his gallantry. Surmounting many obstacles, but tortured by many delays, Desaix, who had been recalled from Egypt, did not reach his friend and commander until the St. Bernard had been crossed. He was just in time to do great service in the battle of Marengo, fought June 13, 1800, four weeks and five days after Napoleon had left Paris to put himself at the head of his army. For a short time Napoleon and his troops were in great peril, when Desaix with a fresh column of five thousand grenadiers changed the fortune of the day. But Desaix fell dead at the first fire, shot through the head. By this one battle Napoleon regained all that had been lost in Italy by the unfortunate campaign in the preceding year.

with Chabran, who was trying to take Fort Bard; but his forces were so weak that all he could do was to invest the citadel. When Marengo was fought, Chabran had taken Bard, occupied Aosta and Chivasso, and guarded the left bank of the Po. The divisions of Mounier, Boudet, Vatrin, and Victor were at Marengo. Loison was besieging Pizzighetone, occupying Cremona, and observing Mantua. Moncey was coming down the St. Gothard with Lorge and Lapoype; each of these divisions had four thousand five hundred men. During the battle, Lapoype occupied Pavia and the right bank of the Po, so as to be able to deploy on the Ticino, if Melas tried to pass on the left bank so as to get out by way of Milan. Chabran and Lapoype might have formed a corps of twelve thousand to fifteen thousand men, which, under Moncey, would have guarded the left bank of the Ticino and would have given our army time to repass the Po, to get on the other bank of the Ticino, and hinder Melas from crossing it. At Marengo I had: Vatrin with five thousand men; Mounier with five thousand; the Consular Guard, one thousand; Boudet with six thousand; Victor with six thousand; and the cavalry, three thousand, which made about thirty thousand men. I had detached Tureau on Turin, with three thousand men; Chabran and Lapoype were on the left bank of the Po, with five thousand; Lorge was on the march with five thousand; Loison at Pizzighetone had six thousand: altogether about twenty thousand men. If I could have waited a fortnight I might have had under me fifty thousand men. But it was absolutely necessary to besiege the citadel of Turin, and that of Milan (three thousand men), Cremona and Arona (fifteen hundred). Lecchi took that in charge. Pizzighetone required twelve hundred men, and Piacenza eleven hundred. We had to watch Mantua and the corps that was coming up behind the Frioul, which grew larger day by day; in short, we had to occupy the left bank of the

Po, for the question was not merely to conquer Melas, but to capture him, and if these corps had not been at hand he might have crossed the Po at Valenza, have marched rapidly to the Ticino, crossed it, gained Cassano, and have been joined by the troops in his rear, before my army could have got back into the Milanese. The French army was not in its natural position; it had its rear on Mantua and on Austria. Its only line of retreat was by the left bank of the Po; it was therefore impossible to leave this line of communication undefended. In any ordinary case the general-in-chief on the eve of a battle ought to recall all his detachments. In this case it was not possible, without losing all the advantages of the campaign. If we had been defeated, we could not have been reproached for this fault, to which justly they would have attributed the loss of the battle. The advantage of the position occupied by my detached troops would then have been made manifest, since the main army would have owed its safety to them, and would have been able to wait for fresh reinforcements from Switzerland and France. Then we should have been in a position on the left bank of the Po. All Melas could have hoped to do was to fall back on Mantua, and to resume his natural position."

"Massena[1] might have held out ten days longer in Genoa. . . . . He had sixteen thousand men in garrison, and the inhabitants amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand. He could have got provisions if he had seized them from the inhabitants. A few old men and some women might have died of hunger, but then he would not have surrendered Genoa. If one thinks always of humanity—*only* of humanity—one should give up going to war. I don't know how war is to be conducted on the rose-

[1] Massena, shut up in Genoa, not knowing that help was near at hand, surrendered on most honorable terms to General Ott, the Austrian commander, and Lord Keith, the Admiral of the English fleet, which lay in the harbor, effectually preventing escape or supplies.—*E. W. L.*

water plan. The whole population of Genoa was not worth the sixteen thousand soldiers who were there, and who would have formed the framework of an army of forty-five thousand men. I don't understand either why Massena's defence of Genoa should be spoken of as a marvel; the place was well fortified. Massena was very wrong to leave it by sea. He had hoarded money, however, and was anxious to see it in safety. He ought to have marched by land, to have joined Suchet on the Var, and to have attacked the Austrians. Never speak to me of generals who care for money. That was what made me fight the battle of Eylau. Ney wanted to reach Elbing to put himself in funds."

Royalists in France.

"At all times the Royalists have exercised in France a great influence on public opinion. In the interview I had with Hyde de Neuville after the 18th Brumaire, he said to me: 'Look at Pichegru; we have made a great general of him since he joined our party. If you will declare for our cause, in the course of a few days you will see what is public opinion in the capital; the use of our *mots d'ordre* alone would rally round you the most fervent Royalists.'"[1]

Gourgaud remarked that Madame de Guiche was very charming and made a great impression on Parisian society; but as soon as she spoke of the Bourbons the First Consul knew her for their agent, and turned away. Josephine told her husband that if he would favor the Restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. would place a statue in the Place du Carrousel in which he should be represented as a

[1] Louis XVIII. (the Comte de Lille) addressed a letter to Bonaparte, which he persuaded Lebrun to present to him. He said: "You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I on the other hand can do nothing without you. Hasten then to point out what posts and dignities will satisfy you and your friends." The First Consul answered most courteously: "Your Royal Highness must not think of appearing in France. You could not do so without marching over 500,000 corpses."

About the same time the beautiful Duchesse de Guiche came to Paris and endeavored to interest Josephine, who was not unwilling, in the same cause.—*E. W. L.*

genius placing a crown upon the King's head. Napoleon stopped her by exclaiming, "And my body will be under the pedestal."

"A short time after Marengo Louis XVIII. wrote to me. The Abbé de Montesquiou gave the letter to the Chief Judge, who gave it to me. It was in these terms: 'Monsieur de Bonaparte has no connection with those who have governed France hitherto. But you have too much good judgment, Monsieur, to think that the present state of things can last. Say what place, what rank, you would like to occupy. I leave the choice entirely with you. I only desire the tranquillity of the French people. I will give them happiness, and you will give them glory.' "

The First Consul gave the Abbé de Montesquiou an order at once to leave Paris, with an answer that he could not desert those who had raised him to the chief magistracy, but that he would do all he could to justify the good opinion expressed of him by the Comte de Lille, whom he begged to let him know where he intended to take up his residence, to which place he might be assured the good wishes of the French people would follow him.

Projects of Assassination.

"I knew all the injustice of the arrest of Ceracchi[1] because the agents of Sotin's police were men who had followed me in Vendémiaire, when I commanded in Paris, and they told me about it. It was a project of assassina-

[1] Fanatics among the Jacobins, accustomed to look with favor on tyrannicide, began to form plans for the "taking off" of the First Consul. An Italian sculptor named Ceracchi, who had once made a bust of Napoleon when he was General Bonaparte, with the army in Italy, arranged a plan with several Jacobin confederates to surround and stab the First Consul in the lobby of the opera house. The plot was revealed to the police, and the conspirators were put in prison, where they associated with desperadoes of the Chouan faction. Together with them they planned to blow up the First Consul by an infernal machine. This plot, the means by which it was to be carried out as Napoleon went in a carriage to the opera, its ill success, and the destruction of harmless bystanders, was exactly paralleled in the attempt to blow up Napoleon III., 1858. Napoleon showed the utmost calm courage at the time, but seems ever after that to have had fears of assassination, even when in the custody of Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena.—*E. W. L.*

tion intended not to kill, but to create terror. I went to the Directory and reproached Sotin and the other Directors, with their conduct. I astonished them greatly. They made no reply. But afterwards they had much to say against me."

"No people has had more kings assassinated than the French, a nation by no means easy to govern. Very few Frenchmen, however, have attempted to assassinate me. The time when I incurred the most danger was at Schönbrunn, and the man was named Staps. I sent for him to come and speak with me. He was a great fanatic. He told me that he wanted to kill me to prevent more bloodshed. I asked why, then, he had not thought of killing the Emperor Francis. He replied that that was different; the Emperor was a fool whom another fool would succeed. He kept bringing in quotations from the Holy Scriptures. He was a cold, stolid fanatic, but he appeared to me a little moved when I asked him if he would attempt the same thing over again, provided I pardoned him? He hesitated, and then replied: 'No, I should think that I had done my duty, but that God did not intend I should succeed.' But as he said these words he did not seem to feel them. I kept him fasting twenty-four hours, and then I questioned him once more. He was just the same. He was shot.

I have always had a dread of madmen. One night I hired a box in the theatre, and went incognito with Duroc. A man came up to me. I thought he wanted to hand me a petition, but he cried: 'I am in love with the Empress!' I answered: 'You seem to have chosen an extraordinary confidant.' Duroc then recognized him as a madman who had escaped from the Bicêtre, and he was arrested. Madmen always talk of God or kings."

CHAPTER IV.

GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE UNDER THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES. — PREFECTS. — WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.— PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.—POLICE.—CABINET MINISTERS, FOUCHÉ AND TALLEYRAND.—PRIVATE SECRETARIES, BOURRIENNE, MÉNEVAL, FAIN.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

"I had great difficulty in getting a decree passed to prohibit the importation of cotton yarn. I held a Council on the subject, and except Chaptal, all were against it. They said that our factories for printing calicoes would suffer, and that we had better do things by degrees. Then and there I took up a pen and signed the decree, saying, 'It is decided.' They all thought it would be the ruin of our industries, and yet the success of our manufactures dates from that day. I looked on this affair as a battle; in every battle one runs risks, but in such questions, as in war, one has often to act with vigor.

"The domestic commerce of France amounts to several thousand million francs. The trade in grain alone is very great. It is difficult to establish cut and dried rules about the exportation of bread stuffs. The measures adopted to prevent exportation when wheat reaches a certain price do not answer the end expected. It is like the flow of water: when one makes dams to stop it, it is too late. One receives one day a letter from the prefect of some department, telling one that he has a supply of wheat sufficient for two years, and by the next post, one may

hear from another official that there is not enough wheat in his department to last three months. . . . . One requires much experience and much skill to know when to allow exportation, and when to prohibit it. I think I possessed that skill myself. It is unjust that bread should be sold cheap in Paris while it is dear in the country, but then the government is in the capital, and soldiers do not like to fire upon women with children on their backs, who come and howl before the bake-shops of the city. I asked Vanderberg to give me a scheme by which the price of a four-pound loaf might always be twelve sous. Store-houses for grain have their advantages and their disadvantages. Nevertheless I wished to establish them, because in times of scarcity more people die of hunger than is generally supposed. Insufficient nourishment ends in death. In France, one year in six is a year of scarcity."

Prefects.

"A prefect ought to take precedence of a brigadier-general. I never thought it necessary that prefects should be expected to give balls and fêtes. Each prefect ought to have a wife who can do the honors of his position in her own house, and socially rally all parties. I was wrong in not liking to change my prefects or my ministers. That is right up to a certain point. But when a man goes to sleep in his position, he ought to be superseded. Change gives a fresh impetus to all the springs."

Weights and Measures.

"I never have approved the system of weights and measures adopted by the Directory, and invented by Laplace. It is all based on the mètre and conveys no ideas to my mind. I can understand the twelfth part of an inch, but not the thousandth part of a mètre [millimètre]. The system created much dissatisfaction with the Directory. Laplace himself assured me that if, before

its adoption, all the objections I made to it had been pointed out to him, he would have recognized its defects and have given it up."

Paris and the Parisians.

"I am fond of the Parisians; I have always done everything I could for Paris. I ought to have done more for Italy, but I waited. Before I declared her independent, I hoped to have a second son. I would have made him King of Italy. I had one foot in Italy, the other in France; for I am descended from Italians. My family came from Tuscany two hundred years ago. Brother Bonifacio Buonaparte, a Capuchin, was blessed by the Church. I might have had him canonized. That would have rallied to me all the Capuchins; but how much ridicule it might have brought on me!"

"Paris ought to have been fortified, and must yet be fortified. At the present day armies are so large that the strong places on our frontier would not stop a victorious army, and it is a great stroke for an army, flushed with victory, to march on a capital, and take possession of it. But when Paris shall be fortified, the extent of its walls should be such that it need not fear bombardment. I always intended to do this. I meant to fortify Montmartre, or some point on the Seine, which Vincennes does not command like the *Arche de l'Étoile*. But I was always restrained by the fear that my fortifications would be unpopular with the Parisians, who would have been sure to see in my forts and strongholds so many Bastiles. I spoke to Fontaine[1] of my intentions, and the Arch of Triumph was to be so constructed as to have a platform on its top, furnished with many guns of long range. It would have flanked Montmartre, and would have served as a support to other works in the country around the

[1] Fontaine, an architect who had built the arch in the Place du Carrousel. —*E. W. L.*

capital. I should have liked to build at Montmartre a Temple to Victory. It would, like the Arch, have had a platform, on which we should have mounted cannon, and have secured that important point in the city's defence. A few batteries of twenty-four pounders below would have produced a good effect. In addition France ought to have a strongly fortified position on the Loire, somewhere near Tours. It is absurd to place all the depots, arsenals, and factories that make arms, on the frontier, exposed to be cut off as soon as an enemy enters on his campaign."

"I should have liked to make my capital at Lyons, but then I should have had to create everything, while Paris stands high already among the cities of France. I wanted my capital to excel by its splendor all other capitals in the world. I did everything—or planned to do everything—for Paris. I had a dispute with the Pope because I wanted him to take up his residence in Paris, where I was bent on fitting up the Archiepiscopal Palace for his abode. All the provinces of France are delightful to live in, but my own preference would be for Champagne, in the neighborhood of Brienne, probably because I lived there in my boyhood. Nice also lies in the midst of a beautiful country. I am very fond of the people of Lyons, and they return my regard. Neighbors of Italy, they know that I had placed the French frontier five hundred leagues away from them. I bought one hundred and thirty millions' worth of silks in Lyons and in Italy, and I wanted to start up their silk factories again. I have torn Josephine's embroidered dresses, that cost a hundred and fifty to two hundred louis, that she might replace them by others. Ah! if I could have governed France for forty years, I would have made her the most splendid empire that ever existed!"

"If another Revolution should take place in France, it would be brought about in Paris. Paris is France now. Paris has succeeded me!"

Police.

"It is more dangerous than useful, I think, to open private letters at the Post Office."

"The Police of Paris[1] causes more fear than it does harm. There is a great deal of charlatanism in its proceedings. It is very difficult to spy out what a man is doing every day. The Post Office can give excellent information, but I am not sure but that the good is balanced by the evil. Frenchmen are so singular that they often write things they do not think, and thereby those who inspect their letters are led astray. When one violates the privacy of letters one is often led to adopt unjust prejudices and false ideas. Lavalette was exactly the man for his place.[2] I also had Laforêt, who was Monsieur de Talleyrand's man. One cannot read every letter, but they opened those of the persons I pointed out to them, especially those of the ministers who stood near to me. Fouché and Talleyrand never wrote letters, but their friends and their employees did, and through these letters we could see what Fouché and Talleyrand thought. Monsieur Malouet wrote down all the discussions he had with Fouché, and by this means we could guess what had been Fouché's words. Foreign ministers or diplomatic agents, knowing that their mails were first sent to me, often wrote letters with the hope that I should read them. They said what they wanted me to know concerning Monsieur de Talleyrand One day Monsieur

[1] The Police in Paris are agents of the Government. They are detectives, political spies, employed in secret service. The men we call "police" are in France the gendarmes, who keep order in the streets, make arrests, and do what we consider police duty.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Lavalette was Postmaster General.

de Luchesini [the German Ambassador] wrote to his master in cipher that I had made an agreement with the Russian Emperor to partition Prussia. It was this that made the Prussian monarch declare war. Talleyrand did all he could to make people believe that packages of letters were sent to him from the Post Office, in order to prevent foreign ministers from saying any harm of him. One day Mademoiselle Raucourt wrote concerning him. 'When one wants him to speak one can get nothing out of him. He is tight as a tin box. But at the close of a *soirée*, in a little group of five or six friends, he can gossip like any old woman.' This was true. I joked Talleyrand about it, and he could not understand whence I got the idea. He was astonished when I told him it was in a letter from Raucourt, relating a trip they had made together to Fontainebleau.

"If I had had any reason to mistrust the Empress or Prince Eugene, Lavalette would not have aided me. He never spoke about them; he was entirely devoted to them.

"Madame de Bouillé was one of the ladies who acted as agents of the police. She sent me in reports every day. She is now [1817] in the service of the Duchesse de Berry, and I am certain she informs the King of everything that concerns her mistress. People of that sort are very contemptible.

"Reading letters taken from the Post Office needs a *bureau particulier*—a separate department. The men employed in it are unknown to one another. There is an engraver attached to it, who keeps all kinds of seals always ready.

"Letters in cipher, no matter in what language they may be, are always deciphered. All languages are translated. It would be impossible to invent a cipher which could not be found out by the help of forty pages of specimens of deciphered despatches, which cost me six hundred thousand francs!

"Louis XIV. invented the system; Louis XV. used it to find out the love affairs of his courtiers. I could not tell you exactly what service it did for me, but I am certain it did aid me a good deal, for one day when I reproached Fouché, telling him that his police knew nothing, he answered, 'Ah! if Your Majesty would only give me the position of examiner of the Post Office, I should know everything!'

"That was the way I learned all about the ridiculous intrigues of the Abbé de Pradt. The next morning at my levee I told him all I knew, and then I forgave him. I did wrong. But Heaven must have protected him. Anyhow, I afterwards found him useful as a spy among the clergy. Still I ought to have got rid of him. He was too fond of intrigue."

"One day Madame Lannes[1] came and told me that her husband was restless in his sleep; that he was always muttering about the Republic, about tyrants, and about consuls; that he looked anxious and excited, and was often visited by former Jacobins. I at once superseded him in command of my Guard. That was the real cause why he lost his reason, not the deficit of three hundred thousand francs in his accounts, as was supposed. I sent him as ambassador to Portugal, and replaced him by four captains who were entrusted with the command of the Guard."

"If I had to begin governing again I would not do precisely the same as I did then. I would look after things *en masse;* I would not bother myself about details. That is why I repeat that the reading of letters was less useful to me than to most sovereigns."

"It was making war on Russia that ruined me. That opens another question; but my system of governing was,

[1] Madame Lannes—the Duchesse de Montebello.

I think, good on the whole. I would adopt it again if I had the chance."

"I regret now that I did not walk about Paris incognito. I might possibly have been recognized, but I could have put on a wig. I went out once with Duroc, at two o'clock in the morning. The lamps at the Gate of the Palace had gone out. The next day I reproached the Prefect of Police for this neglect. He could not imagine how I had found it out."

"Junot married his wife for the glory of being allied with the nobility. He had a mania for nobles." [1]

Cabinet Ministers—Fouché, Talleyrand.[2]

The Emperor told us that when he was First Consul he was informed that a man had come to Paris from Vienna, and had had a secret interview with Fouché. He sent for the man and said: "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, tell me all you know, or I will have you shot."

The emissary, much alarmed, said that he had given Fouché a sort of passport, by which he might send an agent to Basle to confer with Metternich. By help of this document a trustworthy agent to Metternich was despatched instead. Bonaparte had already had four conversations with the emissary of Metternich, and knew all that was to be known of the affair. Fouché, two days later, came in the evening to see the First Consul, looking much disconcerted. He said he had seen an agent from

[1] The mother of Madame Junot, the Duchesse d'Abrantès, was descended from the Princes of Trebizond. Her daughter says that Napoleon, when a young officer of artillery, wished to marry her mother, He always seems to have indulged a hope of becoming some day master of the East, and may have thought this alliance would be a stroke of policy.—*E. W. L.*

[2] As Napoleon had Fouché for his Minister of Police, and Talleyrand for his Minister of Foreign Affairs, both under the Consulate and the Empire, all that he said of them while in his service and of their subsequent career has been included in this chapter.—*E. W. L.*

Metternich, but had not paid much attention to him, being occupied at the moment, and he could not tell what had become of him. Bonaparte answered: "I am willing to believe you. But if a person I have myself sent to Metternich is arrested, you will be arrested too."

The Emperor told us that when he was First Consul he woke one night strangely disturbed. He found lying on his table a report from the police, saying that a man named Traisnel who was a surgeon, had just reached Paris, and had been arrested as a Chouan. The First Consul knew the man, and gave orders to have him tried at once. He was condemned to death, but was reprieved in hopes that by a promise of pardon he might be induced to speak. The fear of death opened his mouth. He confessed that Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru were in Paris. The police went to the lodging of Pichegru's brother, and arrested him. He cried at once: "What for? I have done nothing! It cannot be thought a crime to have given hospitality to my brother?" All the other Chouans in Paris were arrested, one after another. Monsieur d'Ozier hanged himself in prison. They cut him down. Réal was sent for, and d'Ozier's first words as he began to revive (Réal heard them) were: "You rascal of a Moreau! You made us come to Paris by saying that you had a party, and that all was ready! And you have nobody! You have been the ruin of us all, and perhaps also of one of our princes!"[1] After that, suspicion turned on Moreau; but first, for the sake of public opinion, it was necessary to arrest Pichegru. He was betrayed by one of his friends for one hundred thousand crowns. The police got into his bedchamber, and overturned a small table on which pistols were lying, ready to his hand. Georges, too, was betrayed, I think by a literary man. "It was infamous on the part of the man who

[1] The Comte d'Artois, who was off the coast of Brittany waiting for the success of the conspiracy.—*E. W. L.*

betrayed Pichegru, for he was his friend," said His Majesty. Moreau was arrested. As soon as they took him to the Temple he asked to read the charge against him, and when he saw that he was suspected of intelligence with Georges and Pichegru, he became faint. His wife came to see Josephine, half upbraiding, half coaxing her. Josephine told her that pardon could be hoped for only if her husband would make a sincere confession. "Had he written to me," said Napoleon, "I would have stopped proceedings against him. I have been blamed for not having had him brought before a military commission. He was tried in a civil court for criminal conspiracy."

"Fouché says that he means to write his memoirs, but he will never do it. He can, by dint of careful corrections, turn out a letter like the one he addressed to Wellington, but he could not write a historical work. He has not logic enough for such an undertaking. He is a man fit only for base intrigues. He often told me that small means were not to be disdained. He undertook the defence of Murat, in 1814, even after he had declared war against France, but in return he made Murat give three thousand francs a month to Montrond, and to many others, which cost the King of Naples three hundred thousand francs in one year. During the elections he sent his agents into the departments to collect votes. After having committed all sorts of horrors during the Revolution, he tried to make his deeds forgotten by doing services for various parties.

"He tormented me constantly to make him a duke, and when he became Duke of Otranto he wanted to be a prince, because Talleyrand was one. It was that he might succeed in this, that he entered, through Ouvrard,[1] and without my knowledge, into secret negotiations with

[1] Ouvrard, the financier. See Nolté's "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres."

England. He wanted to say to me some fine morning: 'You wished for an understanding with the English government. I have brought it about without saying anything to you.' "

"Fouché gave out that he was constantly in opposition to me in the Cabinet; whereas, in reality, of all my ministers he was the one who the least often opposed me. He rarely spoke at the Council board. He is a man of very little talent, and utterly without moral sense; good only to carry on small intrigues.[1] He has a large fortune, and the best thing that could now happen to him would be never to be spoken of again. Louis XVIII. did a wise thing when he got rid of him. . . . . He took him in the first instance for the sake of policy, and because he might be useful to him, but he ought afterwards to have had him hanged. That is the way in politics! Governments keep their promises only when they are forced to do so, or when it will be to their advantage."

"I had not read in the 'Moniteur' all the things Fouché had done, when I took him for my minister. In 1815 I wanted to give a guarantee to the Jacobins. Bassano, Caulaincourt, and Davout eulogized him, and persuaded me to take him. Besides, there was not much choice, and events were going on so rapidly. I made a great mistake. I am not Louis XVIII., but I felt great repugnance at having much to do with such a man. The King ought to have had him hanged. Talleyrand is another bad man, but he is quite different from Fouché. He long wanted to be my Finance Minister. He knew all about

[1] If we are surprised that Napoleon, knowing perfectly the character of such men as Fouché and Talleyrand, took them into his Cabinet and sought their advice, we must remember what he said in 1799 when he accepted their services: "Fouché, and Fouché alone, is able to conduct the ministry of police. We cannot create men, we must take such as we find." And of Talleyrand: "He is the ablest minister for foreign affairs in our choice. It shall be my care that he exerts his abilities."—*E. W. L.*

stock-jobbing, but he never would have done at the head of that department; he is too lazy. That position needed a man with plenty of work in him, like Mollien."

"I did wrong to keep Fouché. After I saw that he was not dealing honestly with me, I ought to have dismissed him at once. I did say to him on one occasion, 'You may as well send home your baggage.' I ought to have given his place to Réal,[1] who was devoted to me."

The Emperor said that Talleyrand never betrayed him like Fouché; in 1814 he was not a cabinet minister. Talleyrand was a very different man from the Duc d'Otrante, who was a Figaro and a rascal. The Prince of Benevento had the confidence of his master; Fouché never had. In 1815 Fouché got up an intrigue with Metternich.

"That was why I sent Fleury to the Congress of Vienna instead. I ought to have had the Duc d'Otrante shot, but Lafitte prevented me. Talleyrand will maintain himself in power. He is a man of the Revolution, a married priest, husband of a disreputable woman, who was Delessert's mistress, and who used to appear nude at his supper parties. But he comes of a great family, and that will cover anything. That is the advantage of being born one of the *noblesse*. A woman who had played a quarter of the pranks Madame de Montmorency has played, would have been deemed too disreputable to be received in good society, but Madame de Montmorency is a *grande dame*. So the world goes. Fouché, by rights, ought to have come to a bad end. It is true that his end has not yet come."[2]

"Ah! financiers and bankers are sometimes very useful. They manage to know everything. Lafitte came to see me one day, and told me that a man had just come

[1] Réal was Chief of Police under the minister. He died in the United States in exile while Napoleon was at St. Helena.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Fouché died in exile in 1820, some months before Napoleon.

from Vienna, bringing a letter of credit on Fouché. He thought it a suspicious circumstance." [1]

"Talleyrand got money out of everything, and he really has great talent for stock-jobbing. I am certain that he sold documents to the English, not important ones, but secondary letters which he sent to Pitt. It had been intimated to him that for each of these he would be paid one thousand louis. The Prince of Benevento [Talleyrand] is not a man of transcendent merit. He hates work; but he knows how to hold his tongue. He rarely gives advice, but can make others talk. If you overwhelm a man with your own views, or your counsel, you must have a certain regard for him; now Talleyrand never cared for anything but his own personal interests. The thing that might be of the greatest service to the State he put aside, if it would not contribute to his advantage. One might say of him that he was utterly without moral consciousness. I never knew any one so entirely indifferent to right and wrong. He is able to let none of his thoughts appear in his face; and he knows when to hold his tongue. The Prince of Benevento has another advantage; he can sit up and keep awake till three o'clock in the morning, which is a great advantage to a man who has much to do with public affairs. He can, at that hour, give an audience, and talk as usual to people, who would have no idea he had not been in his bed all night. Talleyrand drew up the report concerning the situation of the Republic in the year VIII. [1799]. That report was well done, and will be useful to any one engaged in writing history. In short, I think that Talleyrand is the best man living to hold the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs under the French king. He sees much company, and can make people talk. He is a proud man, like all the Perigords. All he wanted was a clever woman for a wife, not such a

[1] It related to an intrigue going on at Basle during the hundred days between Napoleon's escape from Elba and his abdication after Waterloo.

one as he married. . . . . I never consented to his marriage, and what is more, I did not know all that Lebrun told me afterwards about her antecedents. I had thought of making him a cardinal, which would have suited him admirably. If he persisted in wishing for a wife, he might at least have chosen an honest woman. But he is far above the common run of men. He knows exactly how and when to change his party, and in short, I think Louis XVIII. has done wrong to dismiss him.[1] He understood the Revolution perfectly; and it must have been a great advantage to the King to have at hand a Grand Chamberlain who could answer all his questions on this subject. Richelieu,[2] who does not know France, could give him no information. Talleyrand must have perceived that public opinion was so strong against him that the only way to save himself was to join the party of the ultras. I repeat that the King has made a blunder. . . . . Since he has thrown Talleyrand out of office he ought to send him away from Paris."

"What makes me think that there can be no God who metes out punishment, is that good people are so often unhappy and rascals prosperous. You will see that Talleyrand will die in his bed."[3]

Private Secretaries—Bourrienne, Méneval, Fain.

"One day I found Bourrienne weeping hot tears in my cabinet. I pressed him with questions. He at last owned

[1] Spoken in March, 1817.

[2] The Duc de Richelieu, Louis XVIII.'s prime minister.

[3] Deep and true was the grief felt for the loss of Talleyrand in his own household; many and bitter have been the things said of his character and his career. He himself summed up his life in some words written shortly before his death, which read like another verse in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "Eighty-three years have rolled away! How many cares, how many anxieties! How many hatreds have I inspired, how many exasperating complications have I known! And all this with no other result than great moral and physical exhaustion, and a deep feeling of discouragement as to what may happen in the future—disgust, too, as I think over the past."—*France in the Nineteenth Century.*

that he had made a very heavy loss—he had lost money by the failure of a great business enterprise. He had entered into partnership with some contractors, and he begged me to lend him a million francs. At once I gave him his dismissal instead. If it had to be done over again I would do it again. He is a man of talent, he speaks German well, but he loves intrigue, and is a thief. So much of a thief that I am not sure he would not steal a casket of diamonds lying on a chimneypiece. Twenty millions would not satisfy him and keep him from stealing. Whenever I dictated orders to him which spoke of millions his face lighted up. He enjoyed it. Our parting was very unlucky for me, for he was useful. He wrote a beautiful hand. He was active and indefatigable; was a patriot and did not like the Bourbons; but he was too dishonest! He had begun to think himself of too much importance. He gave *soirées* and acted like a prime minister. . . . . Perhaps I ought to have given him the Cross he wished for so much; he might have had himself proposed by one of the ministers, and then it would have been easy for me to let him receive it without question, like so many others.

"Meneval was a mere clerk who hardly knew how to spell.

"Fain[1] was beginning to act as if he felt himself of importance; but he had been trained in official *bureaux*."

[1] Baron Fain accompanied the Emperor to Elba, but strongly advised his friend Gourgaud not to share Napoleon's exile to St. Helena.—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER V.

BONAPARTE CONSUL.

1799–1804.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.—THE CONCORDAT.—THE CONSPIRACY OF PICHEGRU, MOREAU, AND GEORGES CADOUDAL.—TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.—SAINT DOMINGO.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

"The Legion of Honor was a good institution. The officers made an outcry when they saw the soldiers obtain the same distinction as themselves, but their discontent made no impression upon me. The soldiers, wherever I commanded, were accustomed to be victorious; besides that, one reason they loved me was that they knew that I protected them from the injustice of their colonels, who were always trying to bring forward young men whom they favored, in place of tried old soldiers. It is all very well to say that a young man has more impetuosity than a veteran, but an old soldier who has lived through many battles has more steadiness and experience than a young one." [1]

THE CONCORDAT.

"At the time of the Concordat Macdonald, Delmas, and others conspired against me, and said I was re-establishing the power of the priests. It was very surprising how much they detested them. The Concordat was the

[1] The institution of the Legion of Honor took place in the summer of 1802. It was a brilliant stroke of policy, but it was not popular with men of the Revolution. It has survived both them and their opinions, for the burning of the Palace of the Legion of Honor by the Communards in 1871 was not done as a protest against the Institution, but in a wanton spirit of destruction.—*E. W. L.*

thing I found it hardest to carry out successfully. Madame de Staël assembled the principal generals at her house, and told them that they had only twenty-four hours in which to decide how to do something to prevent me from carrying out my scheme of re-establishing the power of the clergy. That if they did nothing to prevent me I should soon have forty thousand priests under my orders; that I should make no account of the generals, and should get rid of them; that I must be made to change my plans; and that some of them must ask an audience with me to set forth their views and wishes."

"I made the Concordat[1] to consolidate things by a new agreement, and to rally round me the true Catholics.

"I wanted to have the Pope with me, and then I should have been master of things ecclesiastical in France, as much as if I had been Head of the Church. The Pope would have done everything I asked of him, and I should have found no difficulty with the sincerely religious party in France. It would have been supposed that the Pope did everything, and it was for him I spent millions in magnificently fitting up the Archiepiscopal Palace in Paris. My design was that after my death all Italy should be united into one kingdom, of which my second son should

[1] As soon as Napoleon was in power he ordered the churches to be opened and permitted the offices of religion to be resumed. On September 18, 1802, peace was signed between the Pope and the French Government. The Concordat, which was its basis, was the work of Napoleon himself. It was a compromise not wholly satisfactory to the ultramontane party, but its conditions had been accepted by the Pope and were the best they were likely to obtain. In 1816 Louis XVIII. abrogated this Concordat and made new terms with the Vatican. But the Napoleonic Concordat was afterwards restored, and in a great measure governs the ecclesiastical relations of France with Rome to the present day. Its terms were chiefly these:

I. The Catholic religion is recognized as the national faith.

II. France shall be divided into new dioceses.

III. The Government shall nominate bishops. The Pope shall confirm them.

IV. All bishops shall be required to swear allegiance to the Government, and prayers shall be introduced into their ritual for the Consuls.

V. The bishops, whom the Government shall approve, shall appoint the parish priests.

VI. The Government shall make proper provision for the prelates and clergy.—*E. W. L.*

be the sovereign. It is absurd for the Pope to exercise political power over the subjects of another ruler. The Popes have done so very often. They have even undertaken to give away kingdoms.

"In China the sovereign is worshipped as a god. That I think is how it ought to be."

The Conspiracy of Pichegru, Moreau, and Georges Cadoudal.

"What I can never forgive Pichegru[1] is his conduct in 1797, at the commencement of his intrigues with the enemy, when he sold the lives of his soldiers, and so conducted his manœuvres that he knew his troops must be defeated. When he reached Mayence he told Kleber that he had brought few men with him because he had left behind a large force to protect the Upper Rhine. 'Faugh!' replied Kleber, 'you should only have left plenty of field hospitals.

"Madame Moreau caused the ruin of her husband, a kind-hearted man, but weak. She carried her impertinence so far when I was First Consul as to attempt to take precedence of Madame Bonaparte when Talleyrand was giving her his hand at a fête he was making for me. He gave Madame Moreau a slight kick or two, to make her step back, but as she paid no attention to this,

[1] A brief note may here be desirable to sketch the career of General Pichegru. He was twenty-eight years old when the Revolution broke out. His parents were of the peasant class; he had been educated by the monks who called themselves Minimes, and subsequently (probably on their recommendation) he was admitted to the Military School at Brienne, where his proficiency in mathematics caused him to be employed as a pupil-teacher. Napoleon Bonaparte was one of his scholars. He enlisted as a private after leaving Brienne. He went with his regiment to the war in America and rose rapidly to be a non-commissioned officer. Soon after the Revolution broke out he received a commission. In 1792 he was a general; in 1793 he was one of the most brilliant military chiefs in the Army of the Republic, publicly commended by Robespierre, and by Collot d' Herbois. His field of operations was in Holland. He defeated the English under the Duke of York, and the French *émigré* army under Condé. Moreau and Jourdan were generals of distinction under him. But in 1795 he began to listen to arguments and overtures from the head of the Army of Condé. He was in Paris on the 13th Fructidor (September 4, 1797), and on his return to his army he entered into close relations

he was forced to have her put aside by some of those young men who, with ribbons on their arms, were acting in the fête as ushers. You cannot conceive of that woman's impertinence. One day she came to call on Josephine, and as she could not be received at once, she went away, slamming the doors behind her as she departed, and calling loudly that she was not a person to be kept waiting! . . . . I had done a great deal for Moreau; I had placed him at the head of a magnificent army, while I was only in command of a few conscripts; I had made him a present of a pair of superb pistols; in short, I had treated him generously in every way. I knew that he had put four millions of francs into his pocket, but I never said anything about it. He told me himself that he did not feel capable of being a commander-in-chief, and that he would rather be second in command than first. He often came to see me about this, and ended by thinking I was right. We used often to dine together.

"Twice I forgave him his rash talk, and that of Madame Moreau. At last, as the thing went on, I said to Lanjuinais that if Moreau did not change the attitude he was taking toward me, I should have to change mine toward him; and that the law must be the same for both of us. 'Do not you think so, Lanjuinais?' 'Yes, First Consul; there is nothing more to be said about it.' At

with the enemy. His correspondence fell into the hands of the Directory. Some say his papers were captured in Venice, where government officials arrested a French *émigré* nobleman, living there, as he supposed, in safety. The Doge sent the papers as a peace offering to General Bonaparte, who was threatening his city. Part of the correspondence had, however, fallen into the hands of Moreau, who, partly from sympathy with the new views of his old general, and partly from personal consideration for him, withheld them for some months from the Directory. But suspicion had already invaded the minds of the Directors, and Pichegru with other Royalists was arrested and sent to the malarious swamps of Cayenne. Thence Pichegru and seven companions escaped in a boat to the capital of the Dutch settlement of Surinam. Pichegru soon found his way to London, where he no longer made any secret of his Bourbon sympathies. He was consulted by the Princes and by the British Government. At last, in the summer of 1804, he was landed from a British ship of war on the coast of France. The ship was commanded by Captain Wright, an English naval officer who had distinguished himself at Acre under Sir Sidney Smith. We may learn Pichegru's subsequent history from Napoleon's talk with Gourgaud.—*E. W. L.*

last his actions and his speeches in the hearing of other men became such that I would no longer keep up any intercourse with him. I forbade Josephine, who was afraid of his wife and his mother-in-law, to receive them; and I met them myself only in large public gatherings. Moreau had placed himself in open hostility to me. I let him alone to ruin himself; I drew out of the affair, thinking, 'Moreau will break his head against the walls of the Tuileries.' He found fault with everything; above all with my Guard; and that made quarrels between him and Bessières.

"I let things come to a head until Lajolais, who had heard him assert in his ill-humor that nothing could be easier than to overthrow me and take possession of my place and power, and say other things of the same kind, communicated his sentiments to Pichegru and Georges. One would have thought Lajolais was running the conspiracy. Pichegru and Georges came to Paris; they had an interview with Moreau at dusk in the Place de la Madeleine. Moreau came by the Rue Royale, and Pichegru met him from the boulevard. He embraced Moreau and told him he had come to the capital to overthrow the First Consul. Georges remained apart. Pichegru brought him forward, and introduced him to Moreau, who not having expected that the things he had said before Lajolais, would be taken so seriously, was much embarrassed. Georges asked him on what he might depend. Moreau replied: 'Let us first overthrow Bonaparte; then everybody will be for me. I shall be named First Consul, with Pichegru Second Consul, and you will be all right.' Georges exclaimed that he had expected more than that. He wanted to be Third Consul. At these words Moreau declared that if it were known that he, Moreau, held any communication with a Chouan, all the army would be against him, and the whole thing would fail. The first thing to be done was to kill the First Consul, and then everybody

EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE

would declare for Moreau. Georges asked him to name three men of mark among those who he considered would be with him. To this Moreau replied: 'So long as Bonaparte is living, I cannot arrange matters for anybody, but when Bonaparte is dead, I shall have all France and the army with me.' Then ensued mutual reproaches. 'You made us come here, and now you can do nothing!' Georges even cried, 'If I must choose between two blues, I prefer Bonaparte to you!' Then they separated.

"However, Moreau said to Pichegru that he should be glad to see him at his own house, and even told him how he might reach him secretly. But as to Georges, he said he wished never to see him again. Moreau received Pichegru several times after that in his own library. He tried to collect about thirty of his friends who were men of determination, and he made up his dispute with Bernadotte, with whom he had quarreled about twenty days before. I was told all this by Desirée,[1] who informed me that her husband could not sleep at night. If he slumbered he dreamed and talked about Moreau and conspiracies. Moreau had been to their house, she said, three times the evening before, and she was afraid her husband might get mixed up in some dangerous affair. She had ordered her servants not to admit Moreau, and had come at once to give me warning. I could not have had a better spy; after that came the quarrel, and the capture of Hotier.

"Réal wanted me to imprison Moreau at once. I would not consent to this before knowing if Pichegru and Georges were still in Paris. I took a notion to arrest Pichegru's brother, a former monk, and to get some information out of him. This plan succeeded. He had rooms on the fourth floor of a house on the Place Ven-

[1] Desirée Clary, Bernadotte's wife, was the sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. Early in Napoleon's career she had been engaged to be married to him, but the affair was broken off when they were on the eve of being married.—*E. W. L.*

dôme. Amazed at his arrest, he cried, 'I have done nothing! Is it a crime to entertain one's brother?' Réal questioned him, and made certain that Pichegru was in Paris, and that a great conspiracy was being formed. He hastened to Malmaison, showed me the interrogations, and laid before me a warrant for the arrest of Moreau; I signed it. Henri, who belonged to the gendarmerie, made the arrest, as Moreau was returning from his country house at Grosbois.

"Moreau appeared quite unconcerned, and laughed frequently, as they drove into Paris, but when he reached the Temple, and learned that he was charged with secret correspondence with Georges and Pichegru, in a matter which concerned the integrity of the Republic, he sat down and changed color, as if he would have fainted. If he had written to me then, all would have been forgotten. But his wife came, and instead of throwing herself at my feet, and telling me that guilty or not guilty, she implored me to set her husband at liberty, she made loud protestations of his innocence, declared that his arrest was unjust, and that if he were tried it would be shown that he was innocent. In short, instead of appeasing me, she exasperated me beyond control.

"I charged Regnier to see Moreau, to get him to own his relations with Pichegru, and to express his regret to me. Instead of that, Moreau persisted in saying that he did not know at all what Regnier wanted of him.

"It was most important for me to secure the arrest of Georges and Pichegru. The police were on the track of the latter when his best friend, who had once been his aide-de-camp, came and offered to deliver him up for three hundred thousand francs. He was to sup at his house that evening with Rolland, the brother of a captain in the navy. I promised the three hundred thousand francs, giving a draft No. II. on Estève, not payable until after the arrest. During supper Pichegru said: 'Now don't

you suppose that if Macdonald and I presented ourselves on the parade ground with all our plumes, we should carry all the troops with us?' The Judas answered: 'Do not deceive yourselves; not a cat would budge.' At midnight the traitor gave my agents a key to the chamber where his friend was to sleep, giving them at the same time its description. Pichegru had beside him on a small table, a wax candle and his pistols. Comminge knocked over the table. The general tried to recover his weapons, but was seized by seven or eight picked gendarmes, who were obliged to gag him and to take him naked to the Prefecture of Police. Réal there told him that he must see that all resistance was useless, and that it would only result in personal ill-treatment, an indignity to such a man. At length he decided to submit: 'True,' he said, 'I will put on my clothes.'

"Georges was given up by Leridan for one hundred thousand francs. He wanted to quit the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, where he found out that they were searching for him. Leridan warned the police that he was going to drive him to the Faubourg Saint-Jacques in a cabriolet, of which he gave a description. The agents followed the cabriolet, and Cadoudal, finding that several of his friends in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques had been arrested, tried to turn back, and reach Chaillot. It was then that he was taken."

"I consulted others concerning the trial of Moreau. Lebrun and Cambacérès[1] thought he had better be tried by a military commission, composed of officers from the reserve. I did not think so; I had him brought before a criminal court, and had afterwards good reason to repent of my decision. One of the judges, Lecourbe, under the influence of party feeling, went so far as to declare that he did not believe Georges to be guilty of conspiracy. In

[1] The other consuls.

the end, by one sole vote—that of Guillemin, who was an imbecile—Moreau was pronounced guilty.[1] If he had been acquitted, I was advised to have him shot on the spot by my own gendarmes, to avert a revolution. That was what I might have brought upon myself by my folly in having him tried by civil judges."

Gourgaud and Bertrand discuss some statements in the book of Warden. Bertrand says:

"Pichegru was not murdered. Nor do I think he was put secretly to death, in order that so great a general might not perish on the scaffold. No; he had lost his honor, there was nothing more to be feared from him. His treason was clear. Why should he have been murdered?"

Napoleon said: "The only man I ever condemned to death for political reasons was Georges. I pardoned Polignac. I am sorry I did so."

"If I had been killed, Moreau would have been named Consul in my place, but Georges said that blue for blue be preferred me to him. I saw Georges at the Tuileries at the time of the pacification of La Vendée. I tried all means to bring him over to the party of submission. He was a fanatic, and I softened him without convincing him. At the end of half an hour I was where I had been at the beginning. He wanted to keep his armed bands together. I told him that there could not be a state within a state, and that old Châtillon under similar circumstances had wept, but yielded the point, crying, 'The real question

[1] Moreau was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and to pay the costs of the suit. The sentence of imprisonment was subsequently changed to exile. He came to the United States, where he purchased a handsome estate near Philadelphia. In July, 1813, he listened to entreaties from the Emperor Alexander and his allies; returned to Europe and joined the allied army before Dresden. During the battle, while sitting on horseback conversing with the Emperor Alexander, and watching the fortune of the day, a cannon-ball shattered his legs, and he died in less than a month after his return to Europe from America.—*E. W. L.*

is, What will be most for the good of France, and be most likely to re-establish tranquillity?' D'Autichamps said almost the same thing."

"Moreau was very wrong to bear arms against France in 1813. He was a brave man. I had great pleasure in talking with him until, under the influence of his wife and mother-in-law, who were creoles, he ceased to visit me; and I said to Talleyrand, 'He will not respond to my offers of friendship, he will knock his head against the walls of the Tuileries.' "

"The Chouans in their depositions said that Georges had held conferences with some person whom he treated with the greatest respect, and to whom he always spoke uncovered. The police thought it must have been the Duc d'Enghien. It was Pichegru."

"Pichegru was a man of honor. Anger and *ennui* must have led him to commit suicide. I should have pardoned him. He did very wrong. Look at Rivière, and at the Polignacs! I pardoned them. They are now great noblemen. Fortune has favored them in every way. Time brings about great changes. It is only fools who commit suicide." [1]

Montholon had been trying to find the date of Captain Wright's death.[2] Napoleon says: "I would have sworn it was during the trial of Moreau and Pichegru. I

[1] Pichegru was found dead in his bed with a black silk handkerchief tightened by a tourniquet round his throat. So far as the public knew, there were no signs of a struggle. Gourgaud did not believe in the suicide theory. He thought the death of Pichegru was the act of the police, who judged it would create scandal and embarrassment to bring so great a general to trial and the scaffold. Savary was Minister of Police at this time and Réal under him. Both were unscrupulous and what Napoleon called "*faiseurs*" — men who lived to act for themselves.—*E. W. L.*

[2] The mysterious death of Captain Wright, R. N., when a prisoner in the Temple, took place about the same time as that of Pichegru, and excited intense indignation in England. Wright's ship had been captured by a superior force shortly after he landed Pichegru at Calais. Then Captain Wright, though a prisoner of war, was held to be a member of the conspiracy. If "le

have lost my memory. How careful one ought to be of what one says! Now, people in England are going to cry out that I had Wright murdered. I thought that he had died at the time of the trial of the other conspirators because he dreaded being called as a witness against them. I suppose those fools, the police, did not want to bring him to trial. *Ma foi!* We must just say that Las Cases was talking nonsense. Fool that he was!"

There was another Captain Wright, commander of the Griffin, which was one of the English fleet that escorted the "Northumberland" to St. Helena.

Trial and Execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

"Public opinion was much agitated after the death of the Duc d'Enghien. It was Talleyrand who in a cabinet meeting made me feel the danger of having, three leagues from our frontier, a prince who was head of a political conspiracy in Paris. Talleyrand maintained that the Bourbon princes having begun the attack on me by the Infernal Machine, I had a right to carry off the Duc d'Enghien and to have him tried."

Yielding to these arguments of Talleyrand, the First Consul ordered Ordener to cross the Rhine, and to carry off the Prince. Caulaincourt at the same time was sent to Carlsruhe to present the Prince of Baden with a note from Talleyrand, excusing the violation of his frontier.

Capitaine Voigt" is French spelling for his name in Gourgaud's journal, Savary (the Duc de Rovigo) protested he had nothing to do with his death.

At this time Mr. Nathaniel Amory, of Boston, afterwards my uncle by marriage, a fair-haired, florid man, was in Paris, and was mistaken by the police for a spy and an Englishman. He was suddenly arrested, taken to the Temple, and placed in the next cell to Captain Wright. They managed to open communication with each other. Captain Wright did not complain of especial ill-treatment, only of loneliness, weariness, separation from his family, and the loss of his prospects in his profession. Persistent offers had been made to him if he would enter the French naval service. As suddenly and mysteriously as Mr. Amory had been arrested came his release. His washerwoman, who washed also for Washington Irving, asked Mr. Irving what could have become of the other American gentleman, whose name she did not know. "N. A." on his shirts identified him, and the American minister procured his release.—*E. W. L.*

"I never committed any assassination. The Duc d'Enghien was tried as an *émigré* holding intelligence with the enemies of France, and for conspiracy.

"Talleyrand once advised me to take advantage of an offer that was made me by certain smugglers, who for a million of francs apiece, proposed to rid me of all members of the house of Bourbon. He said I had the right to fight them with the same weapons they were employing against me.

"I ought to say that Louis XVIII. was the only one of his family who never countenanced any project of assassinating me. But all the others tried it. Possibly for the sake of France I did wrong to reject the proposition of Talleyrand."

"We talked," says Gourgaud, "of Caulaincourt, the Duc de Vicence, and of the Duc d'Enghien. Were I in the Duc de Bourbon's place, I would certainly be avenged for the fate of my son. . . . . But it was not Caulaincourt who was responsible for the death of the Prince."

"Sire," said Gourgaud, "men reproach Talleyrand with having influenced what they call a crime on the part of Your Majesty."

"What! the d'Enghien affair? [1] The King of France

[1] The Duc d'Enghien was a prince of the blood, heir of the house of Condé. He was the only son of the Duc de Bourbon, who in early life had eloped with his own bride, a princess of Orleans. Their marriage was not happy, and after a year the young couple were estranged. The Duc d'Enghien emigrated with his family and distinguished himself by his gallantry and humanity in what was called the Army of Condé — that is, the band of noble *émigrés* raised by his father. He had never been on French soil since he quitted it with his family. In the early months of 1804 he was living at Ettenheim, a castle in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and if some of his movements were a little secret and mysterious it was because of his early attachment to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, then living within a few leagues of his castle on the frontier. On March 14, 1804, by orders from Caulaincourt, Colonel Ordener, with a force of French soldiers and gendarmes, appeared at Ettenheim, arrested the Prince and carried him to Strasburg, the nearest French stronghold. He is sometimes said to have written a letter to the First Consul from Strasburg, which was never delivered. There is no evidence of such a letter, but at Vincennes he did write a few words on the margin of the paper which contained his sentence. This Talleyrand or Savary took care should

will never blame me for that. What is one man, after all? Ah! the King will never quarrel with Talleyrand about that! Louis XVIII. is a man of sense, and a sharp politician. Talleyrand will die in his bed."

"Our conversations at St. Helena, reported in English papers and gathered from the book of Las Cases, do Talleyrand wrong. The English newspapers say that Madame Bertrand said she was sure that it was Talleyrand who was the cause of the death of the Duc d'Enghien." [1]

Saint Domingo.

"The Saint Domingo business was a great piece of folly on my part. If I had succeeded, all it would have done would have been to enrich the de Noailles and the La Rochefoucaulds. I think that Josephine, a creole herself, had some influence in inducing me to undertake the expedition; but a wife who shares her husband's bed has always a certain influence over him. It was the greatest error that in all my government I ever committed. I ought to have treated with the black leaders, as I would have done with the authorities in a province. I should

not be seen by the First Consul, who was in a state of great excitement, until after the execution, which immediately followed the sentence. The young Prince was shot, March 24, 1804, at 6 o'clock in the morning, beside the moat at Vincennes. The individual most responsible for the indecent haste of the trial before a military commission, and for the hasty execution, was Savary, Duc de Rovigo. The story is a very sad one. At St. Helena any mention of it always seemed to give pain to Napoleon, though he deprecated the blame that the world then and ever since has cast upon him. The outspoken Gourgaud could not refrain from saying at St. Helena: "I never can forgive the death of the Duc d' Enghien." Strange to say, the fate of this young Prince made little impression on the Bourbons. When they were restored, Talleyrand and Caulaincourt entered into the service of Louis XVIII. Savary went into exile. Louis XVIII., as Napoleon hints, was quite capable of thinking that the removal of the most brilliant scion of his race might have been to his advantage.—*E. W. L.*

[1] "Bertrand says," adds Gourgaud, "that Murat was the person who most strenuously advised the immediate execution of the Duc d' Enghien. He argued that if Napoleon waited till the next day he would pardon him, and he urged the matter until he succeeded in bringing over the First Consul to his own views. Josephine did very differently. Napoleon, when all was over, regretted the execution, and for several days seemed extremely

have nominated negro officers in regiments composed of soldiers of their own race, and have let Toussaint L'Ouverture remain as Viceroy. I should not have sent French troops there. I ought to have left the blacks to govern themselves, though I might have sent them a few French officials,—a treasurer, for example,—and I ought to have let these men know that it would please me if they married colored wives. Thus the negroes, not finding themselves over-awed by whites, would have acquired confidence in my system. The colony would have decreed the suppression of slavery. It is true that I might have lost Martinique, for the blacks there would have been free; but these changes would have been accepted without disorder. I had a plan for that, a plan that would have attached the slaves to the soil. Vincent, a colonel of engineers, was the only man who ever spoke sensibly to me about this expedition. He tried to dissuade me from it by showing me why it would be far better to treat with the negroes than to try to destroy them. All that he prophesied took place. The Bourbons ought now to make an effort to recover this beautiful colony, which brought into France one hundred and eighty millions a year. In three years they must expect to lose a hundred thousand men, but with their present system that may be to their advantage. They will get rid of all the officers and soldiers of my old army, and may get repossession of a very fine colony. What may stop them will be the money question. They would have to allow one hundred and twenty millions for the start, and after that sixty millions a year."

unhappy. "I think," says Gourgaud, "that affair will always do much harm to the Emperor, especially as the Prince was arrested on foreign territory."

Gourgaud also records that the Emperor was much annoyed by Las Cases having retained his journal, which had been seized by the agents of Sir Hudson Lowe and restored to him. Montholon thought the Emperor regretted this because there might have been passages in it relating to the death of the Duc d'Enghien, to the Bourbon Princes, the Infernal Machine, the conspiracy, and other matters, in which names would have been mentioned by Las Cases, which the Emperor would rather have had suppressed.—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER VI.

NAPOLEON EMPEROR.

AUSTERLITZ, DECEMBER 2, 1805.—JENA, MARCH 14, 1806.—EYLAU, FEBRUARY 8, 1807.—FRIEDLAND, JUNE 14, 1807.—THE CONFERENCE AT TILSIT, JULY 7, 1807.

Napoleon, in his familiar talks with Gourgaud, makes no allusion to the period of his life in which he was made Emperor. It seems as if he always thought of himself as born in the purple, and Emperor of the French people, rather than on a roll of tapestry representing the achievements of Achilles. Nor does he allude to the Peace of Amiens, a brief truce in his war with England, signed March 27, 1802. One of its conditions was that England should restore Malta to the Knights of St. John; in which case it would have fallen an easy prey to France in case of a renewal of the war. Napoleon was willing to comply with all the stipulations which bound France to give up certain colonies in the West Indies, but insisted that the English government must, on their part, give up Malta. Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, after a stormy scene with Napoleon at one of his levees, left Paris, May 13, 1803, and war was declared by both countries the next day. Napoleon, who was greatly annoyed by the caricatures and insults to his person, published in the English journals, felt bitter resentment not only against the English government, but against the English people, and showed it by giving orders for the arrest of all travelling Englishmen or English residents in France and their detention as prisoners at Verdun. My grandfather Captain James Wormeley was in France at the time, not far from Calais. He escaped by hastening to the coast and paying a fisherman a hundred pounds to put him across the Channel.

In March, 1804, occurred the trial and execution of the Duc d'Enghien; in April the arrest of Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau; in May, the trial of these and other conspirators. Immediately afterwards the French Chamber (then called the *Tribunat*) advised that the First Consul should be invited to take

upon himself the style and title of Emperor of the French people. This proposal was submitted to a *plébiscite*. Out of thirty million people (two-thirds probably being non-voters, women, and children) between three and four million signed Yes to the document; only between three and four thousand voted No!

Anticipating this result, and well knowing the sentiments of the Army, where all men desired to see him Emperor, Napoleon, before the official return of the vote, assumed the title and dignity of an Emperor. He made seventeen of his generals Marshals of France, and conferred court offices and civil positions upon others. There was no popular enthusiasm in Paris, or in the Departments, upon his accession, but great joy in the Army, especially in the camp at Boulogne, where an army lay awaiting the opportunity to be set across the Channel, to conquer and to devastate the "right little, tight little island," whose white cliffs on every clear day could be seen from the heights above their camping-ground.

There are probably not many people living who feel, as I do, a sort of personal connection with this period of English history. My father was always talking of those days and singing Thomas Dibdin's song, which was on the lips of every Englishman as long as invasion was threatened. I wish I could remember all its stirring verses. I recollect but one of them.

The Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
And swore, if it ever came nigh land
It wouldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take its full swing of the Island!
O! the right little, tight little Island!
The Dons would have plundered the Island!
But snug in her hive, Queen Bess was alive,
And buzz was the word of the Island!

And then its enthusiastic conclusion,

Frenchman, devil, or Don, we'll let them come on!
And show them some sport in the Island!

At the risk of being forced to apologize for my garrulity, I add another family reminiscence.

The great army at Boulogne lay waiting until Villeneuve, with his fleet from the West Indies, should arrive and prevent any English man-of-war from entering what was called the Chops of the Channel. But Villeneuve was encountered on July 22, 1805, off Brest, by Sir Robert Calder. My father was signal lieutenant on board the flag-ship. The action was a very brilliant one.

Villeneuve was defeated. He was driven into Brest, some of his ships were taken, and his squadron dispersed. His plan of guarding the entrance to the British Channel was defeated, and Napoleon's rage and indignation were extreme. But the British Board of Admiralty were disappointed. They thought that any British fleet, however inferior to the French,[1] ought to have captured or sunk every ship of the enemy. Sir Robert Calder was ordered home to be tried by a court martial. When the order arrived he had joined Nelson off Trafalgar. Nelson was indignant at the injustice shown to a gallant and *victorious* officer. The order of the Admiralty was to send Sir Robert home in a frigate; but Nelson swore he would be no party to an indignity shown to such an officer; Sir Robert, he said, should go home in the "Prince of Wales," his own flag-ship, though it would cost him the best three-decker in his fleet when he was on the eve of a battle. So the flag-ship, with its signal lieutenant, sailed for England, and my father lost the chance, which he regretted all his life, of being present at the battle of Trafalgar.

On December 2, 1804, Napoleon and Josephine appeared in great splendor at Notre Dame to be crowned by the Pope. Josephine, always uneasy lest Napoleon should open the question of divorce, well knowing that their marriage had been made only by civil contract, implored her husband to make their union more safe by an ecclesiastical ceremony, and two nights before the Coronation they were privately married by the Pope, in the Chapel of the Tuileries. All of us who have seen David's great picture of the Coronation of Napoleon, which hangs in the Gallery at Versailles, can almost feel as if we had witnessed the ceremony. But, as I said, Napoleon makes only slight allusions to it in his talks with Gourgaud.

The Emperor and Empress made a visit together to the camp at Boulogne, where they were received with wild enthusiasm. Everything was ready for the invasion of England, which, if successful – and they never doubted its success—was to leave Napoleon master of the civilized world.

The Death of the Duc d'Enghien meantime excited great horror in the courts of Russia, Austria, Prussia, England, and Sweden; and while other countries sent polite congratulations to Napoleon on his accession, Russia, Sweden, and England held aloof. England indeed was already at war with France, since the

[1] Sir Robert Calder had fifteen sail of the line and two frigates under his command. The French force was twenty sail of the line, three fifty-gun ships, and four frigates.

rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and was carrying on naval operations against her in the West Indies and the Mediterranean. Austria wavered; she had not yet recovered from the campaign of Marengo. Prussia also was unwilling to join "the Allied Powers," as the enemies of Napoleon were afterwards called. But Austria's indecision was put an end to by the Coronation of Napoleon, at Milan (May 26, 1805), as King of Italy. She had not resisted the formation of her former possessions in Italy into the Ligurian Republic, but to have Lombardy made a vassal kingdom of France was an insult and an injury which called for a renewal of hostilities. Prussia was bitterly resentful at the invasion of Hanover (part of the German Empire, though its Elector was an English Prince) and she was not reassured when told that it was only to be held as a hostage for the evacuation of Malta. But the King, dreading war, for which he was unprepared, vacillated, and did not make up his mind to act until the opportunity for that year had escaped him.

Napoleon, after the defeat of Villeneuve, felt that it was no use at that time to attempt the invasion of England; he broke up his camp at Boulogne, and in all haste moved his Army of England across the Rhine. He put his men into diligences, chaises, ambulances, anything in short that would transport them rapidly to a new field of action. Six French divisions, each under a general of distinction, crossed the Rhine, converging from different points upon Vienna. Meantime General Mack, who commanded the Austrian Army, abandoned the line of defence which prudence would have pointed out to him, behind the river Inn, and gathered his soldiers around Ulm, a town of considerable military importance, where Napoleon, coming up with the main army, supported by other divisions, forced him (October 20, 1805) to surrender.[1]

"What caused the surrender of Mack was that his eighty thousand men were all in the houses at Ulm. The rain had put everything into confusion; no one seemed to

[1] On the day after Mack surrendered at Ulm (October 21, 1805) was fought the battle of Trafalgar. Napoleon received the news the night he triumphantly occupied the Emperor of Austria's palace of Schönbrunn in Vienna.

Napoleon remained only a few days in Vienna. Had he known that Schönbrunn would be the scene of the sad life and death of his only son, the hour of his triumph might have been full of sad reflections. He hurried forward with high hopes into Moravia, where his army found itself face to face with the armies of the Emperor of Austria and the Czar of Russia.

On the last night of November, 1805, he slept at Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the next morning, with several of his generals, he rode over the country around the village of Austerlitz, remarking to those about him that

have the command. The Archduke Ferdinand would not obey Mack; I sent him word that I would not assault the place, but I should take it by famine. I knew the state of his army, and I told him what I knew. He thought the Russians were on the Inn; I assured him they were not, and it was for that reason I was willing to besiege him. The affair at Elchingen had demoralized the Austrians. Mack owned to me afterwards that his troops had been in very great disorder."

"Nelson is a brave man. If Villeneuve at Aboukir (the battle of the Nile) and Dumanoir at Trafalgar had had a little of his blood, the French would have been conquerors. I ought to have had Dumanoir's head cut off."

Napoleon valued men of action more than engineer officers or constructors.

"Do not you all think more highly of Nelson than of the best engineers who construct fortifications? Nelson had what a mere engineer officer can never acquire. It is a gift of nature. I grant you that a good engineer or a constructor may be a very useful man, but I never liked to reward him like a man who had risked his life and shed his blood. For instance, I was very unwilling to make Évain a general of artillery. I cannot bear an officer who has gained his rank step by step in a bureau. Yet I know that there must occasionally be generals who never fired a shot. But to promote them goes against me."

"What was my most brilliant battle?" asked the Em-

they would do well to observe everything, as the field before them would soon be a scene of conflict.

On December 2, 1805, the "sun of Austerlitz" rose with extraordinary brilliancy, and the day was hailed by the French soldiers as the anniversary of their Emperor's coronation. The battle that they that day fought has been called the Battle of the Emperors, three of whom were present and in command. For Napoleon it was a complete success. Besides the carnage, which was terrible, 20,000 prisoners were taken by the French, forty pieces of artillery, and all the standards of the Russian Imperial Guard.

It led immediately to peace negotiations with Austria in which Napoleon obtained everything he asked for, and an armistice was concluded with the Russian Emperor, who withdrew his army within his own frontier.—*E. W. L.*

peror of his fellow-exiles. Gourgaud replied, "Austerlitz." "Perhaps so, but Borodino (the Moskwa) was superbly fought, at so great a distance, too, from home! At Austerlitz my army was the very best I ever had. Splendid soldiers, and it was a superb battle! Great results acquired in the presence of three emperors. If the Prussians had joined the Austrians and Russians it might have been embarrassing for me. After that time my armies deteriorated, although at Jena I still had fine troops. The Prussians missed their opportunity in 1805, and committed a great error the next year in declaring war against me."

Napoleon made Eugene Beauharnais Viceroy of the new kingdom of Italy; Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Naples; Louis Bonaparte King of Holland; Jerome King of Westphalia; Murat Grand Duke of Berg. Elisa Bonaparte (Princess Bacciochi) had the principalities of Lucca, Massa-Carrara, and Garfagnana, which she governed well and wisely; while Pauline Borghese had Guastalla.[1]

After Austerlitz Napoleon went back to Paris, and flushed with victory, his first thought was to bestow kingdoms, principalities, and dukedoms on his followers. Kingdoms he gave to members of his own family, not one of whom (with the exception of his sister Elisa, Madame Bacciochi) proved a right ruler in the right place. With the principalities and dukedoms he gave large estates in the conquered countries, thus creating a foreign nobility of Frenchmen, which might be useful to him at some future day.

[1] Other princes, without sovereign rights, were:
Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento.
Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo.
Berthier, Duke of Neufchâtel and Prince of Wagram.
Davout, Duke of Auerstadt and Prince of Eckmühl.
Ney, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of the Moskwa.

Junot, Duke of Abrantès.	Macdonald, Duke of Taranto.
Marat, Duke of Bassano.	Marmont, Duke of Ragusa.
Bessières, Duke of Istria.	Mortier, Duke of Treviso.
Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza.	Oudinot, Duke of Reggio.
Duroc, Duke de Friuli.	Savary, Duke of Rovigo.
Fouché, Duke of Otranto.	Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.
Kellermann, Duke of Valmy.	Suchet, Duke of Albufera.
Lannes, Duke of Montebello.	Augereau, Duke of Castiglione.
Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic.	Clarke, Duc de Feltre.

These titles were not all conferred in 1805, but they are here placed in one list, as such a record is hard to find elsewhere.—*E. W. L.*

Besides the establishment of vassal kingdoms throughout Western Europe, which made Napoleon in fact Emperor of the Occident, he had plans that included the destruction of the Holy Roman Empire, which had lasted for more than one thousand years. He forced the Emperor of Austria, by the Treaty signed at Presburg immediately after Austerlitz, to relinquish his authority as Emperor of Germany, and held out hopes to the head of the House of Hohenzollern that he should be Emperor of Germany in Francis Joseph's stead. This hope, which for some months beguiled the King of Prussia into inactivity, had to wait for its accomplishment until France was humbled in 1871, under the Second Empire.

In pursuance of his system of destroying the power and prestige of the old German Empire, Napoleon formed what he called the Confederation of the Rhine—a league of the lesser German princes on the frontier of France, and of this Confederation he called himself the "Protector". At the same time he bitterly opposed the formation of a Northern Confederacy headed by Prussia, which was designed to oppose further aggressions.

These things made the diplomatic relations of France and Prussia very much strained. About this time occurred a visit of the Czar Alexander to Berlin, in order to induce the King of Prussia to join the coalition forming against France, namely, England, Russia, and Sweden. And the letter intercepted in the French post-office, written by the Prussian ambassador in cipher to his master, informed him that there was reason to think that Napoleon and the Czar were plotting to break up the Kingdom of Prussia.

Napoleon had in fact a project for the dismemberment of Prussia, and was ready to take any opportunity of dethroning its reigning family.

War broke out again early in October, 1806. Napoleon was already over the Rhine in the states of the Rhenish Confederacy, and the King of Prussia, without waiting for the arrival of a Russian army which was marching to join him, advanced to attack the French, while another Prussian corps entered Saxony, where the king was Napoleon's ally. In less than a fortnight Napoleon had turned the flank of the King of Prussia's army, had taken Naumburg, where the king had deposited all his ammunition and stores, and with a terrific explosion had blown up his magazines. A few days later Davout fought the King of Prussia at Auerstadt, while Napoleon with his main army prepared to fight the great battle of Jena. It took place on October 14, 1806, and Napoleon

arrived in Berlin about ten days afterwards. In three weeks he had driven the King of Prussia from his capital to Königsburg, and had taken all his strongholds, except Königsburg and Dantzic, while at Jena and Auerstadt he had annihilated the Prussian armies.

During his brief stay at Berlin Napoleon promulgated what are called the Berlin Decrees: these were orders issued to all "peoples, nations, and languages," under the imperial government, or in alliance with France, to enforce what was called the Continental Blockade; that is, to prohibit all commercial intercourse with England, her allies, or her colonies. Anything manufactured or grown in England, or in any English colony, any article of commerce that had passed through English ports, or those of her allies or colonies, if seized, was to be publicly destroyed. In French memoirs and French novels there are graphic descriptions of great bonfires on the sands near Dieppe and Honfleur, where government officials were busy feeding the flames with English goods, keeping bystanders aloof, who watched the destruction of what would have been to them comfort and affluence. The Continental Blockade was the most cherished scheme of Napoleon. It originated in his own brain. By it he hoped to discourage and defeat England. He could not succeed in his scheme of invasion; he could not rival her as a sea power; but he would cut off her commerce, and with it, he persuaded himself, all her resources.

But these decrees aimed at the power of England created for the first time great popular discontent with the imperial government in France. Every private citizen found his domestic comfort invaded by these orders, while repeated conscriptions bore heavily on all classes and all homes.

At the same time Napoleon committed the great blunder (perhaps I should say *crime*) of exciting hopes he did not mean to gratify, among the Polish people. He held out the most enticing prospects to them. His appeals and addresses encouraged them to feel certain that he would restore their ancient kingdom. Their young men flocked into his army, looking to Napoleon as their liberator and avenger, and responding with passionate enthusiasm to the questions he asked of them in his bulletins: "Shall the Polish throne be re-established, and shall the great nation secure for it respect and independence? Shall she recall it to life from the grave? God only, who directs all human affairs, can solve this mystery."

On November 28, 1806, Napoleon entered Poland, and found himself received with rapture and delight by the whole population.

Their old national dress reappeared. Hope and exultation beamed in every countenance. They did not know that Poland must be sacrificed if Napoleon's grandest scheme of personal ambition was to be carried out. In his youth he had dreamed of being another Alexander, a great conqueror, the Emperor of the East. Time and events had changed his views. He had become the sovereign of Western Europe. He might divide the world with an Emperor of the East. He had great confidence in the ultimate preponderance and sovereignty of Russia.

But if this scheme were to succeed, it would never do to leave a turbulent little independent kingdom, the natural enemy of Russia, on her frontier. It was better to incorporate Poland with the great power, whose sovereign would hold her down with a firm hand.

The Russian army under Benningsen, a skillful general, gave considerable trouble to Napoleon's marshals and generals; and during this winter the French first encountered dreadful hardships from ice and snow during their marches. The drawn battle of Eylau was fought in a snowstorm, and the French encamped at night in deep snow on the field of battle, while the enemy marched off, having captured twelve of their standards. The result of this fight was a bitter disappointment to Napoleon.

Dantzic surrendered in May, by which time Napoleon was at the head of an army of two hundred and eighty thousand men, though many of them had been raised by premature conscriptions. Then followed the battle of Friedland, in 1807, in which Benningsen, the Russian general, was outmanœuvred and defeated.

The Emperor Alexander, overawed by the genius of Napoleon, and unacquainted with his ultimate designs, apprehensive that the kingdom of Poland was about to be restored, now sincerely desired peace. An armistice was entered into, and on a raft moored in the river Niemen, near the town of Tilsit, the two emperors met each other, shortly after which they adjourned to the town, and the Treaty of Tilsit was concluded. An almost boy-like friendship was then entered into between Alexander and Napoleon.

Napoleon rightly placed at Tilsit the apogee of his prosperity. After that the brightness of his star began slowly to fade. To be complete master of the Western (European) world, he had yet to conquer Spain, Portugal, and England. England he thought had no generals fitted to oppose him, or even the Marshals he had trained in the art of war.

Of Napoleon's relations with Spain in 1807 and 1808, I have given a full account in "Spain in the Nineteenth Century." He had a good deal to say about Spain in his talks with Gourgaud. Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Spain against his own will. The dethroned and exiled Charles IV. was living at Amboise. His son, Ferdinand VII., was in honorable captivity at Valençay, Talleyrand's almost princely property. Massena, Soult, and Junot were Napoleon's principal generals in the Peninsula. So closed the year 1808, and another war was declared in 1809.

"Montholon," says Gourgaud, "gathered from the instructions he received when he was an ambassador in Italy that His Majesty aspired to make himself Emperor of Germany, and then to be crowned Emperor of the West. The establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine aimed at this result. At Erfurt it was a thing agreed upon, but Alexander wanted Constantinople, which Napoleon would not consent he should have."

"In France we must increase the power of our infantry to resist cavalry, so that we need never fear an invasion by Tartars or Cossacks. I drew up my army on the plateau of Jena because Augereau could come up with me on the road to the left, as well as Ney. Soult was on the right. Davout and Bernadotte were at Naumburg.

"If Lannes had been defeated the Guard could have held out long enough to give Soult and Augereau time to join me. Bernadotte wanted to head the column, instead of Davout, and being angry at not having obtained what he asked, he broke off from his colleague, and tried to pass between Soult and the defiles. He did not succeed in this manœuvre, and Davout, with only his own corps of thirty thousand men, made head against the King of Prussia. What threw the enemy into terrible confusion was the double crowd of fugitives who met each other, some coming along the road from Neuburg, some flying from Jena toward Weimar. The Duke of Brunswick was a very poor general. I made a mistake when I thought better of him and fancied he could do something. He had detached Blücher and the Duke of Weimar to a considerable distance, and it was his purpose to cross the

Rhine. The Prussians have poor soldiers! I ought to have had Bernadotte shot; I am sorry I did not; but he came to Berthier full of grief and remorse. . . . . I explained the battle of Jena to Alexander and to the Duke of Weimar; they knew nothing about it." [1]

"Jena was a magnificent battle, because it was the one event of a successful campaign, all my movements being connected with it. I ought not to have crossed the Vistula. It was the taking of Magdeburg that induced me to enter Poland. I did wrong. It led to terrible wars. But the idea of the re-establishment of Poland was a noble one. At Friedland my army was not so good as at Jena; there were too many new recruits. But where I erred most fatally was at Tilsit. I ought to have dethroned the King of Prussia. I hesitated a moment. I was sure that Alexander would not have opposed it, provided I had not taken the King's dominions for myself. I might have declared that the House of Hohenzollern had ceased to reign, because at the time of the definitive treaty that would have seemed quite natural. A little Hohenzollern who was figuring on Berthier's staff, asked me to place him on that throne. I would have done so had he been of the same branch of the Hohenzollerns as the great Frederick, but his family for three hundred years had been separated from the elder branch, and I thought of the protestations that would certainly be made by the King of Prussia."

"After Jena the Prussians ought to have fallen back on Magdeburg, and have defended Wittenburg and Torgau. They did badly throughout the war. I never saw men so completely beaten. At Ligny they were

[1] The Prussian army, on the evening before the battle, mustered 150,000 men. The next day its routed divisions were roaming about the country, falling one after another into the enemy's hands. The Duke of Brunswick (the general who had invaded France in 1792) was wounded at Jena, and died of his wounds. He was the father of the duke who fell at Waterloo.—*E. W. L.*

twice as many as we were. Brunswick usurped his reputation. Because he had carried on a little partisan war in France in 1792 he was exalted into a hero. Boufflers and other wits of the time were his friends. They praised him in the *salons;* they created his reputation. He was only a court general. His behavior in Champagne was very foolish. If Davout had not captured the bridge at Wittenburg the results that followed the battle of Jena would not have been so great. . . . . Now, alas! we can no longer boast. We, too, have met reverses."

"Kosciusko was a poor creature. One never could do anything with him. I never saw him."

"I never signed any treaty about Poland. Caulaincourt at Tilsit drew up one, but it was never signed."

"The Queen of Prussia was a much superior woman to the Queen of Bavaria; but she came to Tilsit too late. The king would not summon her until he saw he could get nothing from me; but everything by the time she came had been settled. I went to call on her, but she received me in the tragic style, like Chimène in *The Cid:* 'Sire! Justice! Justice! Magdeburg!' She went on in this way, and greatly embarrassed me. At last to make her stop I begged her to sit down, knowing that nothing is so likely to cut short a tragic scene, for when one is seated its continuance turns it into comedy. She wore a most beautiful pearl necklace. I felicitated her upon it. All she would say was, 'Ah! my beautiful pearls.' We dined together, the King, Alexander, the Queen, I, etc. During the whole repast she would speak of nothing but Magdeburg. After dinner the King and the Emperor left me alone with her. She still pressed me. I offered her a rose which happened to be there. 'Yes,' she said, 'but with Magdeburg!' 'Eh! Madame,' I replied, 'it is I who am offering the rose to you, not you to me.'

When they were all gone, I sent for Talleyrand and ordered him to summon the other ministers, as I wanted the treaty signed that very evening, otherwise I said I should resume the campaign. I wanted Magdeburg to be a protection to my ally, the King of Saxony.

"The King of Prussia was a real booby. Every time he came to see me to talk over important affairs, he never managed to say anything on the subject. He went off about shakos, buttons, skin haversacks, and a lot of other nonsense, while I did not know a word about such trifling military details."

"Alexander always wore upon his heart a portrait of the two children he had had by the Princess Nariskine. The Empress is a foolish woman, much to blame for having borne no children. They say Prince Czartoryski was in love with her." [1]

"Alexander begged me to detain the King of Prussia at Tilsit while he went into the country with the Queen. The King could not leave until I had paid him a farewell visit. I made him wait eight or ten hours. He sent me word that he would excuse my visit, but I returned for answer that I was anxious to see him. I firmly believe that the relations of Alexander with the Queen were merely those of friendly intimacy; all right, all honorable; but the King was a bore. When I wanted to converse with Alexander I was obliged to make plans, so as not to have him on my back all the time. The 'Manuscript from St. Helena' says truly, that I committed a great political

[1] It is a little remarkable that not one of the sovereigns who met to confer on the affairs of Europe at Tilsit had a son and heir. Napoleon and Alexander had no legitimate children; the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had no sons. Of all the other sovereigns of Europe at that date the same thing might be said. The Prince Regent in England had no child but Princess Charlotte. Ferdinand of Spain never had a son. The King of Sardinia was childless. Joseph Bonaparte had only daughters. Sweden had to choose a successor for its king among Napoleon's marshals. The Duc d'Angoulême, heir of Louis XVIII., had no sons.—*E. W. L.*

blunder when I suffered that dynasty to continue to reign in Prussia. Yes; I ought to have changed it—and I could."

"The Queen of Prussia was a cultivated and superior woman. She often interrupted me as we talked. One day in the presence of Alexander she tormented me to give her Magdeburg; she wished that I should bind myself by a promise. I kept on refusing her gallantly and politely; there was a rose on the chimneypiece; I took it up and offered it to her. She drew back her hand, saying, 'On condition that it be with Magdeburg.' I replied at once, 'But, Madame, it is I who am offering you the rose.' After this I escorted her to her carriage. She asked for Duroc, whom she liked, and she began to cry, saying, 'I have been cruelly deceived.' "

"The Emperor Alexander may talk about religion, but he is at heart a materialist! At Tilsit I had many conversations with him on the subject." [1]

"In order to kill Paul the conspirators persuaded Alexander that his father had given orders for his arrest. Peter III. was assassinated because he had alienated the priests and the common people."

"Alexander at Tilsit flattered and cajoled the French generals. He was sly and deceitful. He cannot command armies, and therefore is an embarrassment when with his troops, because generals do not like to go against the will of their emperor."

[1] At Tilsit Alexander had not fallen under the influence of Madame de Krüdener, of which I have told in "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century."—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER VII.

CAMPAIGNS OF 1809 IN SPAIN AND AUSTRIA.

Affairs in Spain.—Battles of Essling and Wagram.

Affairs in Spain.

"I have been reading in the 'Moniteur' the letters written to me by the King of Spain and Ferdinand. *Ma foi!* when I saw that the son was bent on dethroning the father, and the mother maintained that her child was not the son of the King, I said, 'Let us drive them all out. Let there be no more Bourbons on the face of the earth!'[1] After the campaign in Russia I made a great mistake in not sending Ferdinand back to Spain; that would have reinforced me with one hundred and eighty thousand good soldiers. If I had had those men during the campaign of Lutzen what might not have been done with them! Metternich, during the conferences in Prague, said to the Emperor of Austria, 'Look out! Bonaparte will withdraw his army from Spain.' Until Vittoria Metternich was always saying: 'It is a pity the French armies in Spain are retreating. They will be sent to Germany.'

[1] The treaty of Tilsit was signed July 7, 1807, seven months after the opening of the campaign, and there was peace for a while among the great continental sovereigns. War with England was carried on, but it was chiefly war upon the seas. Napoleon was bent upon subjugating Spain and Portugal, which were in close alliance with the English, and all English sympathy went to assist the patriotic struggle in the Peninsula. Napoleon had never expected such determined resistance as was offered to his armies by the insurrectionists in Spain. Hitherto he had conducted his campaigns with pitched battles and with large armies on both sides. The experience of warfare with a whole population, its men familiar with their rivers, crags, and mountain passes, was new to him and to his generals. Up to this time, when he occupied the capital and palace of a sovereign, both conqueror and conquered considered the war virtually at an end. The occupation of Madrid by Murat and his French troops did no more to subdue the insurrection in Spain than the capture of Pretoria did the Boers. The first French army sent into Southern Spain was commanded

"Don't you see that misfortunes follow fast upon each other, and that when one is unfortunate all things turn out ill? If that battle of Vittoria had happened earlier, I should have signed the treaty of peace, but it happened just at the moment when I could not do so. When the Allies saw that I had lost that battle, my guns, and my baggage, and that the English were entering France, they thought I was lost. The French people behaved extremely ill to me at that time. The Romans, after Cannæ redoubled their efforts, but then every one was in dread of murder, rapine, and pillage. That is real war. But in these modern times warfare is all rose-water."

"I made a great mistake at the time of the Spanish war. What I ought to have done was to adopt some young girl, and give her in marriage to Ferdinand, who asked me again and again to do so. People said to me, 'What makes you hesitate? Because he is a Bourbon? He is such a fool that he does not know the difference between Monsieur de Montmorin and Monsieur de Bassano. He likes neither the French people nor the French nobility. He will always need your support because of his colonies.' When he was at Valençay he wrote to me several times to ask me to give him one of Joseph's daughters. I committed a great mistake in putting that

by General Dupont, who was forced to surrender to a Spanish force with all his army. His men were sent to the rocky island of Cabrera, where their sufferings were terrible. Often provisions could not reach them from the mainland. Of all this—and how my father, Captain Ralph Randolph Wormeley, then in command of the Minorca, was sent by Admiral Sir Charles Cotton to report on the condition of things on the island (Sir Charles had no diplomatic excuse for interfering with the treatment of French prisoners by the Spaniards), how he relieved their necessities, and Sir Charles Cotton paved the way for their exchange—I have told in "Spain in the Nineteenth Century." Also of the extraordinary proceedings at Bayonne, where all the royal personages of Spain threw themselves at the feet of Napoleon.

Napoleon in his talks with Gourgaud, did not make many observations about the war in Spain, but he had much to say about the famous battles in his campaign against Austria in 1809. He had poured troops over the Pyrenees to effect the subjugation of the Peninsula, and Austria, thinking it a good time to avenge her defeat at Austerlitz, collected her armies and roused the miscellaneous populations in her empire to rise against the French, who in many instances had left garrisons and troops in the countries they had conquered. —*E. W. L.*

fool of a Joseph on the Spanish throne. I proposed to Ferdinand at Valençay to send him back to Spain. But he would not return to his own country, except on condition that I would promise never to make war on him. I would not do that; I wanted the Spaniards. In three years I could have regenerated them. I did wrong to keep Ferdinand so long in France. In the end I signed a treaty with him, by which he bound himself to marry Joseph's daughter when I should have made peace. It was the campaign in Spain which hindered me from negotiating for peace with the English."

"Spain needed a very different king from my brother Joseph. Blacke said it required a man three times more firm than I am. We are not severe enough in France toward governors of strong places who capitulate, or admirals who surrender. The English are more harsh, and they do well."

"Compare the sieges in Spain with those of the Russians. Think of Ossakoff filling the trenches with the corpses of his soldiers! I would never have put more than two hundred men into Badajos. . . . . Breaches should never be attacked with too many men at a time. If there are too many it will cause loss and confusion."

"Massena in Portugal began by doing a foolish thing; he ought to have turned the position at Busaco—he who knew perfectly how to make war among mountains. But he had a personal spite against Wellington, who he said was a *polisson*,[1] a man whom he had promised me he would take prisoner! At the Moskwa I made an attack on the Russian army's strong position, but then I wanted to bring on a battle. Massena might have attacked the lines of Torres Vedras the very day that he arrived before them. It is true that would have been extremely prompt. It is only right, as a rule, first to

[1] A cowardly scoundrel.

reconnoitre the position one is going to attack, but I cannot believe that lines eight leagues in extent could not have been forced at some point. He remained a whole month before them, doing nothing, just because he wanted to have things all his own way. Ah! Massena—Massena! He ought to have blushed to retreat before a general he considered a *polisson*. Afterwards he took up a position at Santarem, and did everything he could to establish on the Tagus a connection with Soult. That, too, was a piece of folly! That position at Santarem Wellington could have easily turned. Reynier wrote me that he feared something bad might come of it, and was in a state of continual alarm. It is certain that had I been Wellington, I should have made myself master of Massena's bad position, which he maintained only to save his own pride. Afterwards, in March, he decided to evacuate Portugal. Then, why did he not fall back on Coimbra? He might have maintained himself there. Massena is brave on a battle-field, but is a poor general."

"Soult might have captured the whole English army at Roncesvalles. He failed to do so. He was a man good in counsel, but weak in execution. He was not as good as Prince Charles. We have no very good generals. The Austrian staff officers are better than ours."

"His Majesty," says Gourgaud, "assured me that if he had remained in Spain[1] he could have subdued the

[1] On January 22, 1809, Napoleon arrived in Paris, having hastened back from Spain, riding post-horses, attended by a single aide-de-camp, whose horse and his own horse he was seen flogging with a postillion's heavy whip along the roads. He was anxious to avoid another war with Austria, and came home with this speed to superintend negotiations. But war had been decided on by Austria, and it was declared on the 3d of April. On April 21 was fought the battle of Landshut, the Archduke Charles losing 9,000 men, thirty guns, and all his baggage. A few days later was fought the battle of Eckmühl, in which Davout particularly distinguished himself. The defeated Austrians sought refuge in Ratisbon. That city was stormed by Napoleon, who was wounded in the foot, to the great consternation of his soldiers. He hardly waited to have the wound dressed, and then rode along their lines to assure them of his safety.

On May 10 Vienna again received Napoleon as her conqueror, and he again made his headquarters in the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn. The Arch-

Peninsula. He thought he ought to have stayed there a month longer, and have driven Sir John Moore into the sea. The English would have been discouraged, and would not have ventured on the Continent again, and he added, 'Austria is the cause that I am here.' "

"As to the Continental Blockade, England in everything shows herself insatiable; and when she manufactures more than she can find a market for, there will be a glut. The people will have grown accustomed to low prices, and when the merchants find no outlet for their goods, they will revolt. I have taught nations on the Continent to do without England. They will act henceforth on what I have taught them."

Battles of Essling and Wagram.

"It was a splendid movement that I made at Landshut in 1809. Berthier had lost his head when I reached the seat of war. Piré came and told me that Davout was surrounded and was about to be lost. I might have pursued the Austrians into Bohemia, but then they would have retreated on Prague. Besides, I had no object in this war; Austria had made war on me. I did indeed think of separating the three crowns, but then again I considered that it was well to leave a great power intact to oppose Russia, if necessary. But for Essling I might have demolished the Austrian monarchy, but Essling cost me dear, and I gave up the plan. When I reached

duke Charles collected another army and confronted his enemy on the opposite bank of the Danube. Between them was the wide and rapid river with its island of Lobau. On May 21, 1809, the drawn battle of Essling was fought, both sides claiming a victory. There was then a six weeks' pause. The Archduke, weakened by losses, did not take the offensive.

On July 6 was fought the famous battle of Wagram. At its close there remained in the hands of Napoleon twenty thousand prisoners and all the Archduke's artillery and baggage. After this an armistice was concluded, and peace was signed in October. Its terms were more favorable to Austria than could have been expected, but Napoleon had already conceived the plan of a divorce and was contemplating a second marriage. He had hoped at Tilsit to induce Alexander to give him one of the Grand Duchesses, but her mother so strongly opposed the match that the project was abandoned. His final choice fell on the Emperor of Austria's young daughter, the Archduchess Marie Louise, and in every way it was a disastrous marriage.—*E. W. L.*

Vienna I feared lest Prince Charles, who was on the left bank of the Danube, might have advanced on Lintz, which would have obliged me to quit the capital. I wanted to have a bridge over the Danube so as to follow him up if he made that move."

Gourgaud remarks, "But, Sire, if he had crossed at Lintz he might have marched on Vienna."

"Yes, that would have been going forward and back, but in such cases one must be guided by circumstances. That was why when I reached Vienna I wanted to take possession of the island of Lobau. It was like besieging the Danube. Once on the island, there was only one arm of the river to cross, not wider than the Seine. I made a mistake in not putting my whole army across to the island more rapidly. But a great flood came. I do not think the bridge was destroyed by the enemy, but by the sudden flood. Lasalle warned me that the whole force of the enemy was there. When I had examined the field of battle, as I had not enough soldiers to guard Enzendorf, Essling, and Aspern, I at first thought of taking up a position behind Essling on the Danube, but then I saw that the position at Essling was too important to be abandoned. I hoped by the twenty-second to have Davout to line the road between Essling and Enzendorf. In the night between the twenty-first and twenty-second, I had a great notion of passing over again to the island, but the disorder reigning on the bridge convinced me that it would be impossible. The wine was drawn; we had to drink it. It was a mistake not to have thrown another bridge over the lesser branch, still no one can say that Essling was a lost battle. The enemy lost so many men that he dared not renew the attack. Each side was busy licking its wounds. I ought not to have put back the bridge, and I ought to have placed ten thousand men in the wood.

"When the battle of Wagram took place I was afraid that Prince Charles would attack Lintz. That worried

me very much. My bridges were only half made, I had a new one constructed where I had had one at the time of the battle of Essling, to draw the enemy to that point. The Austrians thought that the mouse meant to come out where she went in. They constructed ever so many redoubts. When I crossed over I endeavored to make a great stir, so as to prevent the Austrians from forming in line of battle, for they never manœuvre well or promptly when they are attacked upon the march. Davout made too great a detour. Bernadotte did not do well with his Saxons, and the Austrians took up their position. Their line was more extended than mine. I had left a space between my left and the Danube, but I had great masses in reserve. I wished to force their left and to protect my own. They, however, outflanked my left, passing through the gap, but my reserves made a change of front to the left, and the right wing of the enemy was in danger of being driven into the river. Schwartzenberg told me afterwards that it was this movement more than the effect of the artillery of the Guard which obliged them to retreat. In doing this they opposed a great mass of artillery to mine, many French were killed, and fewer Austrians. I knew that the Archduke John was coming up. That evening there was an alarm. I was in bed, but I got up and mounted my horse. I ought to have repulsed them more quickly, but that scoundrel Marmont had done badly at Znaim and I had to consent to make peace.

"It was my marriage with the Archduchess that led me to make war on Russia. Prussia wanted to aggrandize herself, and I thought myself sure of her support, and that of Austria. I really had no other allies. I was too much in a hurry. I ought to have stayed a year on the Niemen and in Prussia, resting and reorganizing my army; by that time I could have eaten up Prussia. My troops were much fatigued by the long marches they had made to reach the Russian frontier."

CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

NAPOLEON'S TWO EMPRESSES.—HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.—HIS STEPSON AND STEPDAUGHTER.—HIS SON NAPOLEON, KING OF ROME AND DUC DE REICHSTADT.

NAPOLEON'S TWO EMPRESSES.

"His Majesty," says Gourgaud, "was very gay, and talked to-day of his two Empresses. Josephine and Marie Louise, he said, were very different. The latter was passivity itself. Eugene and Hortense were not like their mother."

His Majesty declared that he preferred fair women to dark women. "When I heard Marie Louise was fair I was very glad."

"When I met Marie Louise on the road to Fontainebleau I stopped her carriage. I did not want her to know who I was, but the Queen of Naples, who was sitting beside her, called out, 'There is the Emperor!' I sprang into the travelling carriage, and embraced Marie. The poor girl had learned a long speech by heart, which she was to kneel and say to me. She had just been rehearsing it. I had asked Metternich and the Bishop of Nantes if I should be justified in passing the night under the same roof with her. They said, 'Certainly,' and that, having been married by proxy, she was my Empress and no longer an Archduchess. I asked her what they had told her before she left Vienna. 'When you find yourself alone with the Emperor Napoleon, you must do exactly what he tells you. You must obey him in every-

thing that he requires of you.' She was a charming young girl. . . . . I made a great mistake in placing Madame de Montebello[1] at the head of her household. I did it to please the Army, and it was not necessary. Marie Louise liked my new nobility better than the old *noblesse.* Archdukes and archduchesses consider themselves so great that all nobles are on the same level in their eyes. Madame de Beauvau in Madame de Montebello's place would have done much better. Madame de Montebello dishonored herself by not remaining with Marie Louise after she left France. I wanted to give her Narbonne as her *chevalier d'honneur;* he was very desirous to have the place, and would have filled it admirably. He would have reported everything to me. But Marie would not consent. She did not like Madame de Montebello. She never told falsehoods. She was very reserved, and showed no open dislike even to those she detested. At Vienna they had taught her to act graciously, even to ministers that she could not endure. When she wanted money she asked me for it, and was delighted when I gave her ten thousand francs. That charmed me; for she was very discreet. Anything might have been confided to her. She was a closed box in the matter of secrets. She was not very fond of her father. I did wrong to let Isabey give her drawing lessons. When I entered the room while the lessons were going on, he seemed embarrassed. He was a fanatic. Prudhon would have been better. People of that sort are all spies.

"I think, although I loved Marie Louise very sincerely, that I loved Josephine better. That was natural; we had risen together; and she was a true wife; the wife I had chosen. She was full of grace, graceful even in the way she prepared herself for bed; graceful in undressing herself. I should have liked an Albano to see her then, that he might have painted her. Marie was as sincere as Joseph-

[1] The widow of Marshal Lannes.

ine was diplomatic. Josephine always began by saying 'No,' that she might have time for consideration. She made debts and expected me to pay them. Once a month she made resolutions to economize, and would pour out everything she had on her heart to me. She was a true Parisienne. I never should have parted from her if she could have borne me a son; but, *ma foi*. . . . ."

"Assuredly but for my marriage with Marie I never should have made war on Russia; but I felt certain of the support of Austria, and I was wrong, for Austria is the natural enemy of France."

"Cardinal Fesch is opinionated. He has little learning, and is a zealous Papist; but he has an excellent heart. He would go through flames for me, and that is why I have confided to him my papers. One day Marie consulted the Bishop of Nantes, to know if she might eat meat on fast-days.

" 'Do you mean at the table of His Majesty?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'In that case you can. You ought to do what the Emperor does, and give rise to no scandals. Even supposing His Majesty does wrong in eating meat, you had better imitate him; that will do less harm than if a refusal on your part led to a scandal, a disagreement, or a quarrel.'

"Marie told me all this. Well! Fesch would have said, 'Throw your plate at his head, rather than eat meat on fast-days.' One could talk with the Bishop of Nantes. I asked him once if dogs might not have souls. He replied that there might be some place prepared for them in another world, for that there were some dogs and some horses that had marvellous intelligence. . . . .

"Marie always liked to be without a fire, and she insisted on having five or six lighted candles all night in her room. She was afraid of ghosts."

"Josephine wished to marry Hortense to Monsieur de

Gontaut-Biron, but his family feared lest the Terrorists might again get the upper hand, and as at that time the Jacobins were very bitter against me, the Gontaut family was not willing to run the risk of incurring their enmity."

"Fouché had the impertinence, unauthorized by me, to speak to Josephine about divorce. As if I had had any need of his assistance! When I made up my mind, I said to the Empress: 'You have children; I have none. You must feel the necessity that lies upon me of strengthening my dynasty. To do that I must be divorced and marry again. That will be to the advantage of your children. You cannot alter my resolve, though you may weep. Reasons of State go before everything. You must submit with a good grace, for whether you will or no, I am determined.' "

"Josephine never would acknowledge her age. According to her calculation, Eugene must have been born twelve years old!"

"When I told Josephine I wanted a divorce, she did everything that tears could do to dissuade me.[1] I told her that if fifty thousand men had to die for the good of their country, I should certainly grieve for their fate, but should feel that reasons of State must be my first consideration. Then, in spite of Josephine's tears, I said to her: 'Will you submit willingly, or must I use force? My mind is made up.' Josephine the next day sent me word that she consented. But when we sat down to table, she gave a scream and fainted. Mademoiselle d'Albert had to carry her away."[2]

[1] Marchand, Napoleon's valet, told Gourgaud that Josephine used to say that the only way to manage Napoleon was by pertinacity.

[2] "Madame Bertrand is kind-hearted," says Gourgaud; "I think she is the only person at Longwood who has humane instincts and a feeling heart. She told me: 'It was I who told the Emperor that the Empress Josephine was dead. When he met me on his arrival at Elba he made me get into his carriage to tell him the last news from Paris. I told him of the death of the Empress Josephine. His face did not change; he only exclaimed: "Ah! she is happy now!" ' "

"It was my having wedded a princess of Austria that ruined me. How could I have supposed that Austria would act as she has done?"

"When a man is fifty years old he can seldom be in love. Berthier could, but my heart is turned to bronze. I never was *in love*, except perhaps with Josephine—*a little*. And I was twenty-seven years old when I first knew her. I had a sincere affection for Marie Louise. But I am a little like Gassion, who said he did not think life was worth giving to others."

"If I lost the Empress I would not marry again. . . . . I amazed the Bishop of Nantes by quoting to him whole passages from the writings of Saint Bernard, which are in the 'Lives of the Saints.' . . . . The enthusiasm of those saints carried them away."

"Madame d'Arenberg[1] is a creole. She wished me to make her Queen of Spain, but I never would have consented to give such a wife to the King. I had much regard for the d'Arenberg family. They were like sovereigns in Brussels and Belgium. But I became disgusted and dissatisfied with Madame d'Arenberg, and gave up seeing her. At the time of my divorce Lucien's daughter came to Paris. She stayed with Madame d'Arenberg, and found fault with everything; she has a biting tongue. I asked Caroline why Lucien's daughter came to Paris. After some pressing I found out that all the family were intriguing to make me marry her. I strongly opposed this idea. She is my niece. I said I should feel I was committing incest.

"I at first thought of choosing some Parisian lady for my wife. I looked over a list of five or six women. But almost everybody I consulted advised an alliance with Austria, except Fouché and Cambacérès, who were afraid,

[1] *Née* Tascher, a native of Martinique and niece of Josephine.

because of their own conduct in the days of the Revolution. In the end they saw they had had no cause for apprehension."

Before Napoleon's second marriage the Queen of Naples besides Pauline and Hortense tried to teach him to waltz, that he might dance with the Empress, but he never could learn. Eugene danced well.

"I wish I had made Narbonne the Empress's *chevalier d'honneur*. She did not like Beauharnais, who had the place, but made fun of him. She would never have agreed, however, that I should displace him for Narbonne. I ought to have done it, however. Narbonne was a man of ability and much judgment. At Smolensk some one asked him what he thought of the expedition into Russia; he answered, 'It is the ruin of the Empire.' At Dresden he urged me to make peace, though he felt certain Austria did not really wish for it. I should have done well to follow his advice. I ought to have made him my Minister for Foreign Affairs, instead of Caulaincourt, who was a man of no ability, incapable of diplomatic correspondence, and too much occupied with details to make a good minister."

"Marie Louise was innocence itself, incapable of deception; she was opposite in that to Josephine. She loved me. She always wanted to be with me. If she had been well advised, and had not had around her *cette canaille* de Montebello, and that wretch Corvisart, she would have come with me to Elba; but they reminded her that her aunt had been guillotined in France, and circumstances were too much for her. Since then her father has placed in her service that scoundrel Neipperg!" [1]

[1] "Every one," says Gourgaud, "is blaming the Empress for amusing herself with Neipperg, while the Emperor is here at St. Helena, and they are asking, 'Is that Neipperg a handsome fellow?'" In spite of these reports Napoleon took every opportunity (and the zealous care of Sir Hudson Lowe made them very few) of sending presents and messages to the Empress.

HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS
Queen of Holland

"The Empress Marie Louise has much more ability than the Emperor of Austria, her father. She could not bear her stepmother, the Empress Beatrix, who used to write her long letters, eight to ten pages at a time; such letters as an old woman might write to a young one. It was mere pretension and pedantry. Beatrix, however, was much more intelligent than the Emperor Francis. His people will be very well pleased at his present marriage, with Princess Augusta of Saxony, because they feared the influence Marie Louise might exert over her father."

"Princess Augusta of Saxony is thirty-five; she may bear children to the Emperor of Austria. She was brought up with the idea that she might become Queen of Poland. She likes the French and the Poles. Her relations are good people. Do you say that she and Marie Louise may possibly influence the Emperor Francis in our fate, and that we— Ah! sovereigns and princes are moved only by fear."

"Duty was always the line of Marie Louise's conduct. She fancied that Josephine was an old woman, so I said to Josephine: 'She thinks you are old. If she were to see you, she would weep, and I should be forced to send you away. It is not as it was in the time of Henri IV., when you, dear,[1] would have been expected to hold up the train of her robe.' "

Napoleon's Brothers and Sisters.

The Emperor spoke of the Corsicans as brave, but always ready to give a dagger thrust for nothing. He said they were a kind-hearted people, but ferocious. "My family were of the first rank in Corsica, where I still have many relations."[2]

[1] I have added the word *dear*, because otherwise the reader would miss the tenderness in this speech, shown by its loving *tutoiment*.—*E. W. L.*

[2] The children of Charles Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolino were all baptized in Corsica, and received Italian names:

"Murat will probably join Joseph in America.[1] Joseph has money. As for me, I have been too constantly occupied in State affairs to attend much to my own, and to think of making money."

"Joseph will marry his daughters to French officers now in America, and will give them each a million. He has put away plenty of money. His father-in-law told him confidentially that I was sure to be killed. I dare say he has twenty-five million francs. He cannot marry his daughters to American men of business. . . . . Regnault[2] is *de la canaille.* Lallemand is a good officer.[3]

"This news[4] gives me no satisfaction. Joseph has talent, but he hates work. He knows nothing of the art of war, though he thinks he does. He does not know if a redoubt is strong, nor how to attack it. He knows nothing. He likes to enjoy himself. He must have a large fortune, possibly twenty millions. He would therefore make a great mistake if he mixed himself up with any revolution. To do that with success a man must be more unscrupulous than he is; have more brains, and not be afraid of cutting off people's heads. He is a great deal too soft-hearted; nevertheless he has plenty of ambition. He believes in his own ability. A crown is a great temp-

Giuseppe (Joseph); Napoleone (Napoleon); Luciano (Lucien); Luigi (Louis); Geronimo (Jerome); Mariana (who became Elisa); Parletta (who became Marie Pauline); Annunciada (who became Caroline, Queen of Naples).

There must have been five other children who died in infancy, for Napoleon says his mother had had thirteen children and was left a widow at thirty.—*E. W. L.*

[1] About two months after reaching St. Helena, news arrived that Prince Joseph had reached America. The Emperor, on hearing it, remained thoughtful for some time, then expressed satisfaction. Joseph had followed the Emperor to Rochefort, had offered to take his place and pass himself off for his brother, while the Emperor should escape by embarking on a ship Joseph had engaged to take him to America.

[2] A French officer then in exile in America.

[3] Both these ladies married their cousins. Zenaïde married the son of Lucien; Charlotte, the younger, married Napoleon Louis, elder brother of the Emperor Napoleon III. He died soon after their marriage.

[4] About two months after reaching St. Helena news came that a deputation of Spanish-American revolutionists had invited Prince Joseph to put himself at their head.—*E. W. L.*

tation. He could employ the French officers now in the United States, and perhaps it may suit England to separate Spanish America from its parent state.

"Still—a Frenchman in that country! That seems too much for me! If I hear he has succeeded, I shall say I am very glad. But to know that he is about to take his chance in such an enterprise gives me pain. Anyhow, here—we cannot know the truth about what is now passing in the rest of the world."

"With the army I generally travelled in a carriage during the day with a good, thick pelisse on, because night is the time when a commander-in-chief should work. If he fatigues himself uselessly during the day, he will be too tired to work in the evening. At Vittoria we were defeated because Joseph slept too long. If I had slept the night before Eckmühl I could never have executed that superb manœuvre, the finest I ever made. With fifty thousand men I there defeated one hundred and twenty-five thousand. I multiplied myself by my activity. I woke up Lannes by kicking him repeatedly; he was so sound asleep. Ah! *mon Dieu!* perhaps the rain on the seventeenth of June had more to do than is supposed with the loss of Waterloo. If I had not been so weary, I should have been on horseback all night. Events that seem very small often have very great results."

Speaking of the capture of Paris by the Allies in 1814, Gourgaud says he thought that when Prince Joseph with the Empress quitted Paris so abruptly, he did it in hopes that the capture of Paris would force His Majesty to make peace.

"No! he knew very well that Paris being taken all was lost.[1] He had seen a corps of cavalry coming up on

[1] Gourgaud says: "The heights around Paris, which ought to have been fortified, were not. Everywhere want of preparation was evident. There were batteries of six-pound guns supplied with balls for eight pounders. Your Majesty's brother Joseph went off without leaving any orders. An aide-de-camp of Marmont's rode after him, hoping to get some, but failed to come up with him. I think he wanted thus to force Your Majesty to make peace."

the left, and was afraid of being cut off. Joseph is not a soldier, and has no soldierly courage. He would stay under fire, but be all the time tightening his belt; for he is constitutionally timid. The Empress would have remained in Paris, but would not have given orders. I did very wrong to make Joseph a king, especially of Spain, a country that needed a firm and vigorous sovereign. But at Madrid Joseph was always thinking about women. He is clever, but he accounts himself a soldier, and has no knowledge of the art of war. He has done me a great deal of harm, and will do me more if he join the revolutionists in South America. He is not the proper man to head a revolution. When I was First Consul my brothers had no households, but people paid court to them, because of me! Lafayette and Mathieu de Montmorency were always at Joseph's. When he was King of Naples he asked me to give them to him for chamberlains, and tormented me to do so. I left him free to ask them, but they slipped out of his hands. My brothers have done me a great deal of harm."

"Great private fortunes are made in India, and great riches come from that source into England. It was so with France during the war with Spain. Joseph worried me to make the custom-houses prevent money from coming out of his Kingdom, or else to send it back to his Treasury, which would have required proof of whence it came. I pointed out to him that the generals would then invest their booty in diamonds, or send their money to England, which might lead to their betraying us. Spain would lose as much as ever, and we should gain nothing."

"There comes a time when a man gets tired of everything; more or less wealth does nothing to affect his happiness, provided he has what is necessary for his wants. Prince Louis has two hundred thousand francs income;

well, in alms and charities he spends a hundred and fifty thousand. Do not you think that his is a noble existence? I repeat, money and honors will not make men happy."

The Emperor declared that he never should have thought Madame de Lavalette capable of such a deed as was reported of her.[1] He thought her a little fool. He had prevented her marriage with his brother Louis Bonaparte, because she was the daughter of *émigrés*. Perhaps he did wrong. Afterwards he was very reluctant to marry Louis to Hortense. He would have preferred that his brother had married a young lady in good society in Paris, and that his step-daughter should marry the heir of some great old French family. That would have been much better, but at the time of their marriage they were not great enough to succeed in doing this, and were obliged to marry each other.

We talked of Prince Louis. Montholon said that when he left Gratz he was deeply regretted. He had done much good there. He had given two country houses to his friends.

The Emperor said: "Louis was a booby. And yet I brought him up myself! He cannot be older than Gour-

[1] Madame de Lavalette was the niece of Josephine by marriage, Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, cousin and intimate friend of Hortense. They had been pupils together at the famous school of Madame Campan. Lavalette had been Postmaster General under Napoleon. In 1815, after the departure of the King for Ghent, he retained his place and did great service for the cause of his old master. For this he was condemned to death at the same time as Ney and Labédoyère. Two days before the date fixed for his execution his wife had permission to dine with him. She came in a sedan chair, with her little girl and a governess. When she left in the evening she was supported by the child and governess, with her handkerchief to her face, apparently weeping bitterly. The keeper of the prison, going soon after to Lavalette's place of confinement, found him gone and his wife sitting there. The governess had worn two suits of woman's clothes. Every search was made; nothing was found but the sedan chair, in which the little girl had been left alone. Her father and the governess had escaped mysteriously. Lavalette remained a fortnight in hiding in Paris, but communicated with Sir Robert Wilson and two other English gentlemen. They procured him the uniform of an English colonel, and late in the evening of January 7, 1816, he went to the residence of Sir Robert Wilson. The next morning, in a cabriolet, he and Sir Robert passed the barriers, which had been guarded to prevent Lavalette's escape. He safely reached Germany; but the

gaud. When he was a small boy he made poetry. I dare say he could then have written the bad romances he wrote afterwards, but for heaven's sake, why did he get them published? He surely was inspired by the devil. . . . . I heard he had lent money to the King of Prussia." [1]

"That article in the *Quarterly Review* is a libel as regards Waterloo," said Gourgaud on June 23, 1817.

"Ah! let us speak of something else," said Napoleon; "this subject puts me in a bad temper. The *Review* tells of Louis and Lucien. After the 18th Brumaire, Lucien tormented me to let him marry the Queen of Etruria—him! who was then posing as a Republican! Yet I never knew a more ambitious man. Such a marriage was not then part of my policy; quite the contrary! I felt the necessity of being thought more in sympathy than I was with Republican principles. Then Lucien, seeing that I would not have him make this marriage, told me that in that case he would marry some disreputable woman. I had no fear of him, and the Republicans had no esteem for him. What an idea it was of his to go and dedicate his epic to the Pope! [2] I made a great mistake when, in 1815, I thought he might be of use to me. He did not rally to me a single person."

French Government, irritated by his escape, had the cruelty to imprison his poor wife, who lost her reason. In 1840 my father and mother had an apartment in the Rue Matignon, in Paris. Next door to us lived this poor lady. We never saw her; she was quite insane. She drove out occasionally with an attendant, but got into her carriage in the courtyard, to avoid observation.—*E. W. L.*

[1] Louis, after he abdicated the throne of Holland, July 1, 1810, took the name of Comte de St. Leu, his country place in the north of France. Napoleon, who looked upon his eldest son as his heir, had already claimed his guardianship, but the boy died, to the great grief of his parents and his uncle. Two sons were left—Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon. The elder was claimed by his father after his separation from Hortense; the younger remained with his mother. Both joined the *carbonari* in Italy in 1831, and the elder died near Ancona while engaged in a revolt. He had recently married his cousin Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. The history of all these personages is told in my "France in the Nineteenth Century."—*E. W. L.*

[2] "Charlemagne."

"Lucien is in Rome, where he has great steel works. When I was at Elba, he wanted me to give him my minerals for nothing." [1]

Of Jerome, Napoleon's youngest brother, whom he destined for the navy, but made King of Westphalia, no mention whatever is made in these familiar talks with Gourgaud. He had entirely broken with the Emperor some years before. A gentleman, prominent fifty years ago in the literary circles of Boston, told me that when he was in Europe in his youth he visited King Jerome at Cassel, his capital, and that that Prince showed him his correspondence with the Emperor. The American gentleman was amazed that he should have been willing to do so, for every letter was filled with reproaches, administered in Napoleon's somewhat brutal way. The last letter said, "You are such a fool I will write to you no more; nor do I care to hear from you. All correspondence between us can be conducted by our secretaries."

Jerome, after abdicating his throne, joined his brother in 1815, and fought bravely at Waterloo, where he was wounded but is said to have exclaimed, "We ought to die here! We can die nowhere better than here!"

When a lieutenant in the navy he married in Baltimore with all the ceremonial of the Catholic Church, Miss Elizabeth Paterson. Napoleon never countenanced this marriage, but in 1807 forced his brother to marry a Princess of Würtemburg, stepniece by marriage to the Prince Regent of England. This Princess was a woman whom all who read her history must delight to honor. When, after the downfall of the Napoleons, she was entreated to abandon her husband, like Marie Louise, she wrote to her father: "You obliged me to marry a man I did not know, and therefore could not love. I have been his wife in his prosperity; I will not forsake him now that that prosperity has gone."

Madame Bonaparte of Baltimore, about the same time got a divorce from the legislature at Annapolis, and became legally Elizabeth Paterson, though she was still called Madame Bonaparte. Her son, Jerome Bonaparte, was strikingly like his uncle, the Emperor, though his complexion was more florid. In 1840 my father took me to see him at a hotel in Geneva. He talked freely, and seemed delighted at my father's cordial recognition of his likeness to the Emperor. His two sons, Jerome and Charles Bonaparte, have in every way done credit to their illustrious

[1] Lucien's son Charles, the Prince of Canino, came to America, and is known by his admirable work on American ornithology.

name. Jerome graduated at West Point with honor. He married a near relative of Daniel Webster. Charles stands foremost among the honored and respected citizens of Baltimore. It is said that the Emperor Napoleon III. offered these young men wealth and rank if they would become Frenchmen, and acknowledge the illegitimacy of their mother's marriage. These offers were refused.

The children of Jerome and the Princess Catherine of Würtemburg were Jerome Napoleon and Mathilde. Jerome Napoleon is better known as Plon-Plon. He was conspicuous as the cousin and companion of Napoleon III. He married Princess Clotilde, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel. Prince Victor Napoleon, the present Italian pretender to the imperial throne of France, is his eldest son. Prince Louis (General Bonaparte in the Russian service) is the younger. Before Napoleon III.'s marriage Princess Mathilde did the honors of the French court.

Although King Jerome had expressed a wish to die at Waterloo, he survived till 1860. In 1847, when we lived in an apartment in the Rue Neuve de Berri on the corner of the Champs Élysées, King Jerome occupied a hotel opposite to us. Paris was in great excitement in 1847. It was on the eve of a revolution which had no leader, and no well-recognized aim. Possibly King Jerome foresaw that chance for Napoleonism which came three years later. At any rate, at night close carriages used to drive into his courtyard, presumably containing persons of note who did not wish themselves known. But before the days of February, 1848, the old brother of Napoleon received notice from the government that he had better remove. The noise of the carriages ceased, and we slept in quiet. King Jerome saw the Second Empire in its glory, his children prosperous, and had no premonition of the collapse that was to take place in another ten years.

"Pauline is in Rome, where she sees many English people. All the better, so many of my enemies are gained over by her."

"When Madame Bertrand was in the Isle of Elba she never came to see me; but she often visited my sister Pauline, who made her presents—a dress or some such thing. So, on my return to Paris I would not give Madame Bertrand my portrait set with diamonds. You complain that the Bertrands will not do little services

for you; that is because Bertrand is absorbed in his wife, and thinks of nothing but his children! See how little they do for me! Men are like that. You are young, and you get too much attached to people; you should laugh with them and be polite to them, and amiable, but never give your heart to another man as you might to a mistress."

Madame *mère* wrote to the Emperor at St. Helena: "I am very old to make a journey of two thousand leagues. Perhaps I should die on the voyage; but no matter. I should then die nearer to you." [1]

"You know that there is a report that the Queen of Naples is about to make a second marriage. . . . . It would be most infamous. She is thirty-four; she has been married twenty years; she has children sixteen or seventeen years of age. She ought not to be thinking of love affairs. And then, why should she marry? Publicly, too . . . . and at Vienna! No, I cannot believe it. She may have gone to Austria on business. Somebody who has seen her in a church has invented this story. We saw something of the same kind in the English papers; they spoke of it very lightly, but the paper from the Cape speaks of it as a certainty. I only hope the Governor of Cape Colony, out of ill-nature, has allowed the insertion of the article. We have many partisans at the Cape. They regret me, me and their King Louis,[2] and cannot endure the English. *Ma foi!* if this news is true it will be the thing in all my life that has most astonished me. Only fifteen months after her husband was murdered! Can one imagine a queen contracting another marriage of

[1] Princess Pauline often wrote to her brother at St. Helena. She was living with her mother in Rome, when the old lady wrote her son this affecting letter, offering to come out and join him at St. Helena. Pauline's first husband was General Leclerc, who died in St. Domingo.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Louis Bonaparte, when King of Holland, was likewise King of the inhabitants of the Dutch settlements in Cape Colony before its cession to the English Government.

this sort, and her who was always so proud and so ambitious! Ah! human nature is very inexplicable!" [1]

Napoleon's Stepson and Stepdaughter.

"Madame *mère* never wished to see Hortense again, after she had accepted the title of Duchesse de Saint Leu. I forced my mother to receive her.

"Louis did quite right to reclaim Napoleon Louis his son. What right had his mother to consent that he should accept the title of Duc de Saint Leu? Who knows what might happen if some day the Dutch wish to recall my brother? By making himself a Frenchman he declares himself to be a vassal of the King of France. The authorities did right in restoring the boy to his father. None but Paris lawyers could have put the thing in doubt. In general, in all law cases one must be guided by what is just. One cannot go wrong then. Who can say that if the boy had stayed with his mother some harm might not have befallen him? He might have been taken as a hostage. While with his father he is where he ought to be. If any evil befall him, no one can be blamed for it." [2]

"The King of Bavaria did not want to give his daughter to Eugene, saying he was only my adopted son; and he could only be the Vicomte de Beauharnais. I gave him to understand that I would ask an Austrian Princess for my stepson, and that he must make up his mind at once. Josephine, before that, had suffered affronts at Munich, where they were always talking before her of the loves of the Princess and the Duke of Baden. When I

[1] Caroline took for her second husband General Napoleon Macdonald, son of Marshal Macdonald; but the marriage was so little spoken of that there is no mention of it in encyclopedias, except in Michaud's "Biographie Universelle." She lived a very retired life at Trieste, and in a château near Vienna, where she devoted herself to the education of her children. She took the name of Countess of Lipona.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Napoleon Louis died on his march to Ancona, 1831. He was a young man of great promise and very handsome. He was elder brother of Napoleon III. Both brothers had joined the *Carbonari*, and were assisting to invade the Papal territory.

passed through Munich the King of Bavaria came into my cabinet with a veiled lady. He raised her veil. It was his daughter. I thought her charming, and I was, I own, a little embarrassed. That was what made the King report that I beheld her with ecstasy. I begged the young lady to sit down, and they made a little sign to her lady-in-waiting to withdraw. Ought princesses to fall in love? They are political chattels. The Queen of Bavaria was pretty. I was always glad to find myself with her. One day in hunting the King went on before. I said I would rejoin him. But I went to see the Queen, and stayed with her an hour and a half. That made the King very angry, and when he and his wife met he scolded her. She answered: 'Would you have wished me to turn him out of my door?' Subsequently I paid dear for such gallantries, for the King and Queen followed me on my journey to Italy. They were always in my way. They had wretched carriages, which were always breaking down. I was obliged to take them into mine. At Venice they were with me, and I was not sorry for that. It looked as if I were attended by a cortège of kings."

"Prince Eugene has a 'level head'—good judgment, but no genius. The Italians did not like him, because he was economical. He governed Italy admirably. I had nothing to do with it. He never said anything to me when I was at Elba, about the money he had from me, but he took all the plate from Milan, which was mine, and which I never have asked him to return to me. He must have several millions.

"He has been induced to take a first false step;[1] the fact was published at once in the "Moniteur." There is

[1] Napoleon probably alludes to Eugene's having given up his Viceroyalty in Italy, on the fall of the Empire, when he retired to Munich. He had married the daughter of the King of Bavaria, and the marriage was apparently a satisfactory one. He lived quietly in Munich until his death, in 1824. His son, the Duc de Leuchtenberg, married a member of the imperial family of Russia and entered the Russian army.

no way now of getting out of it. That is how people are often induced to do things that they never intended."

Napoleon's Son, Napoleon, King of Rome and Duc de Reichstadt.

"I gave Dubois a hundred thousand francs for his services as accoucheur at the birth of my son. It was on Corvisart's recommendation that I employed him. I had better have taken the first accoucheur that came to hand. The day the child was born the Empress had walked for some time with me. Her pains were coming on, but they did not think the birth would take place for four hours. I took my bath. While I was in it, Dubois rushed to me in great excitement, pale as death. I cried out, 'Is she dead?'—for as I have been long accustomed to hear of startling events, they do not take great effect on me when first announced to me. It is afterwards. Whatever might be told me I should feel nothing at first. An hour later I should feel the blow. Dubois assured me no —but that the child was not coming to the birth in the usual way. That was very unfortunate. It is a thing that does not happen once in two thousand cases.

"I rushed at once to the Empress. She had to be moved onto another bed that they might use instruments. Madame de Montesquiou reassured the Empress, telling her that the same thing had happened twice to herself, and encouraged her to let the doctors do what they thought necessary. She screamed horribly. I am not naturally soft-hearted, yet I was much moved when I saw how she suffered. Dubois hardly knew what to do, and wanted to wait for Corvisart. The Duchesse de Montebello acted like a fool.

"When the King of Rome was born it was at least a minute before he gave a cry. When I came in he was lying on a coverlet as if dead. Madame de Montebello wanted to follow out all the rules of court etiquette on the

occasion. Corvisart sent her off at once. At last, after much rubbing, the child came to himself. He was only a little scratched about the head. The Empress had thought herself lost. She had persuaded herself that her life was to be sacrificed to save that of the child. But I had given orders quite to the contrary."[1]

"The King of Rome is related to the King of Naples. He is also related through him to the Emperor Alexander. Through the Princess of Würtemburg, wife of Jerome, he is related to the Prince Regent. My family is allied to the families of all the sovereigns of Europe, including the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berry."

[1] Gourgaud says: "Marie Louise, when her son was born, was convinced she was to be sacrificed to save her child. She cried: 'I am the Empress; they do not care for me, but they want above all things to preserve the life of my son.' The poor young girl was greatly to be pitied, separated as she was from all her family, and she thought herself lost. The Emperor wanted to have the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg (a Bavarian Prince) admitted into her chamber to encourage her. She held the hands of her husband all the time."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMPAIGNS IN RUSSIA, IN GERMANY, AND IN FRANCE.

RUSSIA IN 1812.—GERMANY IN 1813.—FRANCE IN 1814.

RUSSIA IN 1812.

"I did not want to make war on Russia, but Monsieur de Kourakine sent a menacing note on the subject of the conduct of Davout's troops in Hamburg. Bassano and Champagny, then my foreign ministers, were inferior men. They did not understand the real motives that had dictated the note, and I could not possibly in my position exchange explanations with Kourakine. They persuaded me that the note was meant for a declaration of war, and that Russia, which had recalled her troops from Moldavia, was going to take the initiative, and was about to enter Warsaw. Then Kourakine grew menacing, and asked for his passports. I really thought that Russia wanted war. I set out for the army. I sent Lauriston to Alexander. He was not received; I had already sent Narbonne, and everything confirmed me in the opinion that Russia wished for war. So I crossed the Niemen near Wilna.[1] Alexander sent a general to me to assure me that he did not wish for war. I treated this ambassador with great kindness; he even dined with me. But I thought his mission

[1] Why France and Russia went to war in 1812 has been a puzzle to historians. It was no less so to Napoleon's companions in exile at St. Helena. There is no doubt the war was popular among the inhabitants of Russia, who especially resented the enforcement of the system called the Continental Blockade, which curtailed the comforts of every private household.

Gourgaud says: "What were the real motives of the campaign in Russia? I do not know; possibly the Emperor himself did not know, any more than I did. Was it that he might open a way to India if the dynasty in Russia were changed? His preparations and his tents seemed to indicate that this might be his ultimate design."—*E. W. L.*

was a ruse to prevent General Bagration from being intercepted. I went on with my military operations, for the Russian envoy proposed to me to recross the Niemen, and to re-establish the authority of Alexander where I had attacked it."

Las Cases said: "If Your Majesty had made peace with Spain and withdrawn the army from the Peninsula, you might have had from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand more men to carry the war into Russia." "But," replied the Emperor, "that would have been two hundred thousand more men who would have been lost. It seems that when I was at Moscow, Alexander wished to treat with me; but that he did not dare, because he was surrounded by partisans of England. He was afraid of being strangled. I would not have declared war against Russia but that I was persuaded she was about to declare war against me. I well knew the difficulties to be encountered in such a campaign. The destruction of Moscow was a great blow to Russia. It will put her back for fifty years."

"The author of the 'Manuscript from St. Helena' explains very clearly the Continental system, and the affairs of Spain. I only hope no one will suspect that I have written it.[1] He talks nonsense when he says that I did not do enough for the Poles. On the contrary, I did too much. I was conducting that affair all right. I meant to re-establish Poland. After Austerlitz I had the means of forcing two great powers, Prussia and Austria, to consent to the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland; but I failed with Russia. The writer does not know the affairs of Poland. He is ignorant of what passed at Dresden. He talks nonsense when he says that Austria would not consent to give up her Polish provinces. I did all that was possible in a brief space of time."

[1] It is generally believed that the "Manuscript" was inspired by Napoleon and written from notes furnished by him.—*E. W. L.*

"Deceit has a very short reign. My marriage with Marie Louise was the cause of the expedition into Russia, and even at Dresden I ought to have made peace, when I found that Sweden and Turkey would not aid me. It is true that, in spite of that, had I been the conqueror at Moscow, I should have succeeded. My great error was staying in that city too long. But for that, my enterprise might have been crowned with success."

"Russia is on the march to conquer the universe. By the trend of events one can see that well. Since the time of Paul I. her progress is astonishing. She can arm three hundred thousand foot soldiers, and three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand Tartars or Cossacks—which would be all the easier because such of them as have made the recent campaigns have carried home much booty, and would be delighted with the chance to overrun Western Europe. Could Prussia or Austria form a dam to stay this torrent? Besides, religion favors Russian conquests over the Turks. All the Greeks, and there are numbers of them at Constantinople, are for the Russians. Andréossi told me that when Moscow was burned the Greeks in Constantinople took it greatly to heart. That conflagration, it is true, has retarded the development of Russia. It lost her more than a thousand million francs. If the Emperor Alexander had been at the head of his army, he would not have suffered his ancient capital to be destroyed. He would have preferred to make peace. He even declared that he would have made peace had I marched on St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg was doubtless not sorry for the destruction of her rival. I should have done better to attack St. Petersburg, the seat of government, and of business. Still Moscow is the real capital of the Russian Empire; it is more in its centre than St. Petersburg, which is two hundred leagues away. Our march on Moscow did great damage, however, to the

Russians. Wiasma and Smolensk were very pretty cities. There were factories in them which were destroyed.

"Koutouzoff would have done better to take up a position on my right flank; not to burn Moscow, and not to give battle. But, after the battle, this movement was no longer dangerous."

"After all, Russia has nothing to fear from Sweden; she will in the end become mistress of the world. At Erfurt I had arranged with Alexander the division of the Turkish Empire. He was to let me have Egypt and Syria, while he would take Roumelia. The difficulty was about Constantinople. The treaty was drawn up ready to be signed, but when it came to signing it, I would not. I had considered that the Greeks at Constantinople and in Roumelia are the same as the Muscovites, and that, if Russia armed them, one or two Russian regiments would be enough to hold Constantinople.

"What a superb city Moscow was! None of you here at St. Helena have seen it, except myself and Gourgaud. We were both there."

"Russia ought always to make common cause with France. The Russian government is much more noble and liberal than that of Austria. Rostoptchin, who burned Moscow, left in his palace papers which proved that Russia had as many causes for antipathy to England as France. Austria has no navy."

"Now that I am no longer there, Alexander will march on Constantinople. He does not apprehend anything from Poland, and the Greeks are all for him. At Erfurt he asked me to let him take Constantinople, but I would not consent; and the matter was postponed.

"If the Russians had not burned Moscow I should have been master of their country. I should have let the peasants come back to their homes, that they might supply

me with provisions and horses; possibly they would have made an insurrection. I ought not to have stayed in Moscow more than two weeks at the utmost, the city having been burned; but I was deceived from day to day." [1]

"One day, on the retreat, my sledge broke down, and as I got into it again, I was recognized. But before those who saw me had decided what to do, I was far away again. The only person I made myself known to on my route was the King of Saxony. I had been preceded by news of the victory of the Beresina, and I reached Paris before the public knew of our disasters."

"Once, at the Institute, I read a paper on Tacitus, but though I spoke of him as the greatest literary colorist in antiquity, I said that he never explained the motives which led men to perform certain actions . . . . I am reproached for not getting myself killed at Waterloo. . . . . I think I ought rather to have died at the battle of the Moskwa."

"Russia can now, with her three hundred thousand Cossacks, sweep over Europe. She has the Greeks all for her. She might have to kill a million of Turks, but what of that? I would not consent that Russia should take Constantinople, because the Greeks would have at once become the Czar's most devoted subjects, whilst the countries I should have received in exchange would not have given me one man on whom I could rely. Russia holds the cards for a great game. Austria will soon find that Francis Joseph is but a pitiful emperor. Perhaps the Germans may depose him. Russia is in a favorable position to conquer the world." [2]

[1] "At Moscow," says Gourgaud, "the first symptoms of the Emperor's failing health were noticed by his followers, and his legs swelled."

[2] "The Emperor," says Gourgaud, "told me that the Turks, on hearing that the French had entered Moscow, foretold that the army would perish of the cold."

"I cannot write the history of the campaign in Russia. I could write only a few reflections, such as: 'I ought not to have stayed thirty-five days at the Kremlin. I ought to have stayed only two weeks there. I ought, after entering Moscow, to have destroyed the remains of Koutouzoff's army. I ought to have gone on to Maloi-Yaroslavitz, and have marched on Toula and Kalouga, and then I ought to have proposed to the Russians to retire, without destroying anything. I could not have fallen back on Riga after leaving Moscow. Koutouzoff would have intercepted me by way of Mozhaisk.' "

"Murat and Bessières," said Gourgaud, "probably induced you not to go toward Maloi-Yaroslavitz."

"No; I was the master, and mine was the fault. Davout offered to hold the Kremlin the whole winter. . . . . At Wiasma I heard of the march of the army of Moldavia. . . . . When I should have reached Smolensk, my plan was to put my army into winter quarters. I should have put my soldiers into barracks. I would not have scattered them through the villages. Vitebsk had large magazines. But at Smolensk I hesitated about attacking that town without crossing the Dniester, when I heard that it had been taken by the Russians. I hesitated a moment before reaching Borisov, whether I should not fall upon Wittgenstein. I should have had time to do so. Koutouzoff was following me, but it was at a distance. His army was ten days' march behind mine." [1]

Gourgaud had shown the Emperor some observations he had written on the causes of the Russian war, his information being drawn from bulletins. "I will not," said the Emperor, "have you write about the political causes

[1] A French general, who had been a staff officer in that campaign, told me, in 1849, that he was the only one on the staff who brought his horses back from Russia safe. The Polish cavalry kept their horses fit for service, because their shoes were roughed--a precaution the French have not learned even now, as any one may see on a day of ice and snow in the streets of Paris.—*E. W. L.*

of that campaign. You would have to go back to Tilsit and Erfurt, and even to the Treaty drawn up by Caulaincourt concerning Poland, which I never signed."

Napoleon remarked that Koutouzoff lost Moscow because he was not sufficiently intrenched there. The battle of the Moskwa was gained because the great redoubt was taken the night before the battle. "A general should always have good lines of circumvallation."

"At Ostrowo and at Vitebsk I succeeded in cutting off the Russian army from the road to St. Petersburg. At Smolensk Junot did nothing but commit foolish mistakes. It was the same thing at Valoutina. I had sent you to him, Gourgaud. It was you who came and told me that he could cut off the Russian rear guard, but that he could not make up his mind to go forward. You said to him, '*Monsieur le Duc*, if the Emperor asks me why you have not advanced, what must I tell him?' He answered in an embarrassed way: 'Tell him that night is coming on, and that I have taken up my position.' Thereupon I superseded him before morning."

At the Moskwa I might have turned to the right of their formidable redoubt on a hill, and by doing so I could have forced the Russians to abandon it, but I did not think it so strong but that I could take it, and I needed a battle."

"I never deserted my soldiers. In Egypt my army was provided with everything. . . . . In Russia?—It would have been absurd to stay there. Prussia would have declared war against me two months earlier than she did, and Austria too."

"When I quitted the army I committed a great fault in intrusting the command of it to Murat, the most unfit man to do well under adverse circumstances—and so was

Berthier. I ought to have left the command to Eugene, a man of good, sound judgment, who would at any rate have carried out my orders. I recommended Murat to make short marches, and instead he sometimes made thirty miles a day! If, on arriving at Wilna, Murat had bivouacked before it, with the commander of every corps, and had put in line thirty good officers, he might have rallied a hundred thousand men. They might have sustained themselves there all winter. You were there, were you not, Gourgaud? Murat was an incapable, cowardly man in defeat; he was good only under fire. There were immense magazines at Wilna. I had committed a great error in not surrounding the place with palisades and about fifteen redoubts, as I did Dresden. I did order a camp to be formed, but all the same it was my fault that I was not obeyed. A general should see that his orders are carried out. Ney, after the affair of the Beresina, wanted to turn to the right toward Wilna. I made him go to the left. You were there, Gourgaud. I had at least seven to eight thousand men in my guard. That was all that was wanted to beat the Russian army. It followed us slowly, and left as many corpses as we did on the road."

"At the Moskwa I made a military mistake in attacking the entrenched position of the Russians, but I was eager for a great battle,[1] for an army that has a large body of cavalry and can manœuvre behind a line of strong redoubts ought not to be attacked. By skillful manœuvres an enemy ought to be induced to change his position."

"Ah! the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Bourbons themselves would have treated us favorably had I surrendered to them. They would have given

[1] Napoleon asks Gourgaud: "What was my most brilliant battle?" Gourgaud replies, "Austerlitz." "Perhaps so," said the Emperor, "but the Moskwa was superb." And one evening when weary and half asleep he was heard murmuring to himself, "Moskwa! Five hundred thousand men!"

me provinces to govern. They would have been too happy to have me in their charge. So say the commissioners." [1]

Germany in 1813.

Napoleon, in his talks with Gourgaud, made very few allusions to what happened between his return to Paris in December, 1812, and the time of his abdication at Fontainebleau, 1814. As he was hurrying to Paris, unattended, almost alone, he was met on his way by one piece of bad news after another. As he himself says: "Misfortunes always follow one another."

Had he been an Englishman he would probably have quoted the same sentiment from Shakespeare:

> "When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
> But in battalions."

There had been a conspiracy in Paris; twenty-seven of the conspirators (many of whom Napoleon would have spared) had been summarily executed. There was news of Lord Wellington's successes in Spain and Portugal; and after the battle of Vittoria, the allied English, Portuguese, and Spanish army was driving the French back to the Pyrenees. In spite of the fearful loss of lives in the Russian campaign, which must have brought sorrow into many and many a French household, his people rejoiced with enthusiasm when assured of the safety of their Emperor. He raised another army by anticipating conscriptions, but the new regiments were composed of conscripts, most of them mere boys. They were not like the veterans who had perished in Russia. The young soldiers had plenty of spirit, however, and during the campaign of 1813 in Germany, and that of France in 1814, they made marches and fought battles which added to French military renown, but failed to improve the situation.

In April Napoleon was again with his army in Germany. He removed Murat, with whom he was much displeased, and put Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, in his place, as his own second in command. The central point of his operations was Dresden. Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England were in arms against him. He was negotiating with Austria, whose Emperor he hoped, for his daughter's sake, would not join the coalition. An armistice for a month was signed June 13, 1813. A diplomatic conference was held in Prague. Napoleon solicited the mediation of his

[1] France, Russia, and Austria sent commissioners to watch Napoleon at St. Helena and to render reports to their governments.—*E. W. L.*

father-in-law. But the Emperor of Austria would not undertake to plead his cause, unless he would agree to terms which would confine France within her natural boundaries. Napoleon spoke little of these negotiations, of the battle of Dresden, and of the death of Moreau. Of Bautzen and of Leipsic he said nothing. The Allies entered France, and although Napoleon's military movements in that country have always been considered masterly, he says nothing about them, if we except some allusions to the battle of Brienne, where he saw his old haunts for the first time since his school-days. Gourgaud saved his master's life in that battle by shooting a Cossack who was about to run him through with his lance; but either because he loved to tease Gourgaud, or because he feared that his follower, who liked to make much of his sacrifices and services, might presume on having saved his life, Napoleon positively denied all knowledge of the obligation, unmoved by Gourgaud's tears, and the testimony of his fellow-exiles.

To his abdication at Fontainebleau in favor of his son, and his deportation to the Island of Elba, there are only scant allusions.

The Emperor Alexander, moved by the remembrance of their brief friendship at Tilsit, and perhaps by the pleadings of the Empress Josephine, whom he visited at Malmaison, obtained better terms for Napoleon personally than might have been expected.

Napoleon was to retain his imperial title, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards and a navy suitable to the extent of the island, and a pension from France of six million francs a year. His wife was to be made Duchess of Parma, and liberal pensions were to be given to Josephine and other members of the Bonaparte family. None of this money was ever paid by Louis XVIII. and his ministers.

Gourgaud says: "Your Majesty did wrong to conclude the armistice of June 13, 1813. The Russians and Prussians had an army of only sixty-five thousand men, you might have made them fall back beyond the Vistula."

"Yes, I believe I did wrong, but I hoped to arrange matters with Austria; my army was much fatigued. I ought to do justice to Soult; he thought I ought not to sign the armistice, but Berthier, who was getting into his dotage, and Caulaincourt pressed me to sign it. After

Dresden the Emperor of Austria wrote to me; he spoke of his daughter, he thought he was beaten, but then came the affair in which Vandamme lost everything at Kulm."

"Gourgaud replied: "Sarrazin says that Your Majesty ought to have sent Saint-Cyr to retrieve what Vandamme lost."

"No; where I erred was in employing Saint-Cyr at all. He does not care to be under fire, he never visits his posts, he lets his comrades fight without assisting them; he might have helped Vandamme. I took Saint-Cyr into my service to please the Comte de Lobau. He was always talking of him. He was popular with the men under him, for he seldom made them fight; he took great care not to lose his soldiers. Lobau was one of the colonels placed under his orders. He has changed his opinion of him since. Moreau, who was personally a great friend of his, was obliged to drive him out of his army; he could do nothing with him.

"Macdonald manœuvred very badly. It is possible that even at that time Souham was playing false with me. Moreau and Bernadotte were with the allied army."

"Marmont, who always would follow out his own ideas, did not choose to take up the position I directed him to do at Leipsic. I, too, made blunders, and the Austrians ran a much greater risk in attacking me at Dresden on the left bank than on the right."

France in 1814.

"Have you read Beauchamp's book on 1814? Ah, what a rascal! But perhaps, as you say, his libels have made me a great many partisans. I have read the defence of Marmont;[1] it is very weak. Could I, when I reached

[1] Marmont was Military Governor of Paris. Joseph was the Emperor's representative. When the Allies appeared before the gates of Paris, all was disorder in the garrison, and Marmont surrendered.—*E. W. L.*

the Cour-de-France,[1] have possibly reached Paris? Could I have had the drums beaten to call all the population to arms, and have sounded the tocsin? I had just received news that the barriers of Paris had been given up to the Allies, and I thought I should ruin myself for nothing. I ought to have left Troyes the same evening I reached it, instead of the next morning. Then I should have reached Paris in time. I do not remember about sending Dejean." [2]

"What was the greatest fault I committed in 1814?"

Gourgaud answers: "Not having taken Vitry by assault when coming back from Arcis. It was very unfortunate that Your Majesty had not more closely reconnoitred the place."

"True; that was a great error. It might have stopped the Allies short, but they told me that if I made that attack, I should lose my Guard. I was wrong. Afterwards at Vassy, Macdonald fancied he was pursued by the whole army of the enemy. I turned back to drive it into the Marne. There was nobody there but Wintzingerode."

"Ah! Sire," said Gourgaud, "Gérard told me so that morning, when he saw Your Majesty deploying your army."

A bust of the little King of Rome, made by an Italian sculptor who had seen the child while he was at the baths of Lucca, arrived at St. Helena on board of an Indiaman, in charge of a gunner, who was promised handsome pay by a banker in London if he succeeded in getting it safe to the captive father. He was found

[1] A place between Fontainebleau and Paris.

[2] Gourgaud here says: "Your Majesty sent me with two hundred horse to Troyes to prevent the enemy from burning the bridges. Your Majesty gave me orders to write from that city to the Minister of War in Paris to hold out to the last, for you were coming on close behind the enemy. I set out, but Gerardin soon passed me. I collected eight hundred stragglers in Troyes and put the National Guard under arms. I tried to get a courier, but there was only one post-horse to be had. Then Dejean arrived and assured me Your Majesty was sending him to Paris. He implored me to let him have the horse. I told him what Your Majesty had instructed me to write, and let him take the post-horse. Your Majesty arrived in a carriage, only two or three chasseurs escorting it, and before you went to bed I made my report of how I had fulfilled my orders. Next day at ten o clock Your Majesty started at a gallop in a light carriage for Villeneuve-l'Archevêque; thence you reached Sens, Fontainebleau, and the Cour-de-France, where you arrived at eleven o'clock at night. If Your

out, however, and the bust came to the knowledge of Sir Hudson Lowe and Sir Thomas Reade, his second in command. The latter was very desirous to break it, or to cast it into the sea; but the captain of the Indiaman refused to surrender it to any one but an agent of Napoleon. Finally it was delivered to Bertrand, together with other presents from influential English friends of the exiles.

Gourgaud unpacks the bust at the house of Bertrand, and brings word of what he has done to the Emperor, who is waiting for it alone. His first question is: "What decoration does he wear?"

"The eagle."

"Not the eagle of St. Stephen, I trust?"

"No; it is the same eagle that Your Majesty wears.

Gourgaud then receives orders to bring the bust. The Emperor's first thought was to examine the decoration. He then looked earnestly at the face of the child. He thought him handsome, though his head was rather bent, and found him like his mother.

"Was it," he asked, "the Empress, or the sculptor, who chose the eagle?"

All the little court at Longwood thought the boy charming.

Majesty had reached Troyes earlier you could hardly have procured fresh horses. Besides, General Dejean ran much risk of being taken. Things did not seem so desperate that every risk should be incurred. People are now looking upon Marmont as the first traitor, and yet there were traitors far worse than he. The heights round Paris, which ought to have been fortified, were not. Everywhere the bitterness of public opinion was displayed. Batteries of six-pounders had only balls for eight-pounders. Your Majesty's brother had quitted Paris and left no orders. I think he wanted to force Your Majesty to make peace." Napoleon reluctantly turned back to Fontainebleau from the Cour-de-France. He reached it March 31, 1814, at nearly midnight. On April 4 he signed an abdication in favor of his son. His abdication in this form was not accepted by the Allies in Paris, and ten days later he signed another, renouncing for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy.—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER X.

ELBA AND THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

ELBA.—NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM ELBA.

ELBA.

"I was very well off at Elba. I thought of collecting around me the artists of Italy. I was more independent there than any prince in Germany. I could have held out eight months in the fortress. I should have stayed in Elba if Louis XVIII. had had good ministers, but they feared me so little that they did not even send a *chargé d'affaires* to keep a watch upon me. I was insulted in all their newspapers! *Ma foi!* I am a man, and being a man, I felt that I should like to show them that I was alive. France ought to have sent a cruiser and two frigates to keep guard over the island; one always in port, the other with her sails set in the offing. I had besides, while in Elba a princely household.

"When I left Fontainebleau for Elba I had no great expectation of ever coming back to France. My first hope came when I saw in the gazettes that at the banquet at the Hôtel-de-Ville there were the wives of the nobility only, and none of those of the officers of the army. I thought then that the Bourbons could never sustain themselves, and afterwards my opinion on that subject increased. Louis XVIII. should have made himself the first sovereign of a fifth dynasty, and instead of outraging me by pamphlets, he should have spoken of me sensibly; above all, he ought to have paid me my pension. In his place I would have conciliated Corsica. In that way I should have gained friends, instead of which by insulting me he only

made me partisans. He might have said: 'I have taken Napoleon's place because he wanted to accomplish too much!' And that would have been true, for I attempted too many things. In his place I should have sent an agent to Elba and have stationed a frigate at Porto Ferrajo."

The Emperor said that what also induced him to return to France was that people said he had shunned death, and was a coward. That was more than he could bear. Fontainebleau is a sad page in French history; but by the boldness and audacity of his return to France he gave the lie to men who wrote pamphlets against him.

Gourgaud says that for five or six days before the date fixed for the expedition in the latter part of February, 1815, preparations had been making in Elba to carry out the project of the Emperor's invasion, when Bertrand informed the Emperor that an English brig of war was in sight. The Emperor was much disturbed, and cried: "How is that? How is that?" He then took his glass, and at once gave orders to his own brig to set sail and go toward Naples. But this was done so slowly that the English corvette entered the port before the French brig was ready to put to sea.

The English captain went at once to see Bertrand; a kind of English consul in the place had told him that for two days the French brig had been taking in water and provisions, and that everybody in the town was saying that the Emperor was about to leave, and take his Guard with him. The English captain spoke of these rumors. Bertrand answered unmoved that at Porto Ferrajo as well as at Leghorn, there were always absurd reports in circulation; it was only fools who paid any attention to them; and he asked the English captain to dinner. But the English officer, not reassured, declined the invitation, and put to sea at once to follow the brig, which had now set sail. He even went so far as to leave a note addressed to the English agent, Sir Neil Campbell, then absent, to tell him what might be going on, and then followed the brig. When at length he had assured himself that she was really bound for Naples, he went to Leghorn to pick up Campbell, who had been there for some days enjoying gayeties and balls. As soon as he headed in that direction, Napoleon sent a boat after the brig to tell it to return to Porto Ferrajo. It re-entered the port in the evening. The next day, February 26, was Sunday. Bertrand sent to Drouot to know if the wind was

fair, and then went to the Emperor to inform him that the wind was favorable. His Majesty had mass said an hour earlier than usual; afterwards orders were dictated, and the soldiers with their baggage embarked—all this before half-past nine in the evening. At ten they weighed anchor. The next day they sighted the English brig returning from Leghorn. They thought at first that her officers suspected the expedition. This caused some alarm. But no—the English brig held in her course for Porto Ferrajo. In the distance they saw a frigate. On the 28th they passed a French ship from Toulon. They then felt they were nearing France, and there was general joy.

Madame *mère* and Madame Bertrand had stayed on the island of Elba. On the 27th, when the English corvette returned to port, they agreed as to what they had better say. The corvette came close in shore; Campbell got into a boat and hastened to Madame Bertrand's, saying he wished to see her husband.

"He is gone," she said.

"Then I will go to the governor."

"He has been changed!"

"What! not General Drouot?"

"No, he is gone, too. The governor is General Lapie."

Then Campbell cried: "Your husband has been arrested; the Emperor, too!"

She answered, anxiously: "Where?"

"On the way to Naples."

After that she was reassured.

He then asked to see the new governor, but fearing that he might be put under arrest, he stipulated for his safety. He lost his head, in fact.

Dr. Monaco went and saw Lapie on this subject, and Campbell, when reassured, held a conversation with him and then returned to his corvette. There had been some talk of trying to capture her, but it would have been making war on England. The French brig reached France on March 1 at five o'clock; the troops were disembarked; they bivouacked till eleven o'clock, and then began their march to Grenoble.—*E. W. L.*

Napoleon's Return from Elba.

St. Helena, February 21, 1816. "A year ago I had the brig at Elba repainted for our return. The captain of the 'Zephyr' has written to me since, to say that he was partly aware of the expedition, and that he was quite

sure of it when he fell in with our little party. We were barely five hundred on board the brig; as soon as we disembarked we established our bivouac at a place which commanded the high road from Antibes to Grasse.[1] I had at once sent a detachment to Antibes, but the result was bad. We were hardly encamped when Milowski came up, in the red livery of a postilion. He had formerly been in the service of the Empress Josephine, and he was then in that of the Prince of Monaco. He told us that in several places they had insulted him because of his red coat,[2] and he assured us that all the soldiers and all the peasants were my friends.

"Very soon after this the Prince himself was brought to me. He affirmed that he was on his way back to his principality. He was not asked any direct questions, lest his answers should discourage the troops, who were already a good deal cast down by the expedition to Antibes. A good many soldiers and officers asked leave to go to Antibes and deliver their comrades;[3] but on reflection I decided to march promtly on Grenoble, and I said to them: 'If one-half of you were prisoners at Antibes, I would not change my plan.' I went on to Grasse. Instead of stopping in that town we bivouacked on a neighboring hill. A great number of the inhabitants came out to talk with our soldiers. The *maire*, in his official dress, said he would not declare for me until after I should have reached Grenoble, but he told me that his country house was made ready for my headquarters. When I arrived at this house on the road to Grenoble, I found that the *maire's* servant had gone on before to spread the news of my landing. We sadly needed a printing-press, for things printed have more influence on the peasantry than proclamations written by hand. We

[1] Napoleon several times related this narrative.

[2] The royal livery.

[3] They had been repulsed and were prisoners.

fell in with a battalion of the Fifth Regiment of the Line; some of us thought they had a cannon with them. I went forward and held out my hand to a soldier, saying, 'What, you old rascal, were you about to fire on your Emperor?'

"'Look here,' he answered, showing me that his musket was not loaded.

"The country people crowded round me. A grenadier of the Guard brought his father up to me, a man ninety years of age. I threw him a purse and had his name taken down for a pension. What a splendid subject that would make for a picture!

"We reached Grenoble, and we asked its magistrates about their oaths. 'We have taken no oaths,' they answered."

"When I left Elba I ought to have brought away with me a portable printing-press.[1] One hundred copies of my proclamation were made by hand, but such written documents do not produce so much effect upon the public as those that are printed. Printing seems to act as the seal of authority.

"It was four o'clock when I reached the Gulf of Jouan. I at once disembarked parties of my troops and placed them on the highways to arrest every one they met, and I sent twenty-five men in small parties toward Antibes. Very soon a great crowd of people came around us, surprised by our appearance, and astonished at our small force. Among them was a *maire*, who seeing how few we were, said to me: 'We were just beginning to be quiet and happy; now you are going to stir us all up again.' . . . .

"A courier from the Prince of Monaco,[2] covered with

[1] When Prince Louis Napoleon made his attempt to win the throne of France at Strasburg (October, 1836), his first act on reaching Strasburg was to seize a printing-press. When he made his attempt at Boulogne (August, 1840) he brought a chest full of printed proclamations from England.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Monaco, a tiny principality on the Mediterranean, at the foot of the Alps, a few miles from Nice. Its population is about six thousand.

gold lace, was soon after brought to me. He had been in Paris formerly, employed in the stables of the Empress. He recognized me. I asked him: 'What news?' He answered that the soldiers and the populace were all for me, and that from Paris to Montélimart he had heard cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' But, on the other hand, Provence was not so favorable. The tidings he brought us seemed to counterbalance the vexation caused by the miscarriage of the attempt at Antibes. Soon after arrived the Prince of Monaco himself. He had been somewhat roughly treated by Cambronne, who was guarding the road. I reassured him, and told him he could return to his principality after my departure. He told me that he doubted if my enterprise could succeed, considering the very small force I had with me. His talk was the talk of the *salons;* his courier's that of the people.

"As soon as the moon rose, I set out, impressed with the importance of moving with celerity. When I was leaving, I heard murmurs in my very presence, because I was not marching on Antibes, to secure the liberation of my twenty-five men who had been taken there. A few bombs, they declared, would have been enough for that purpose. But I calculated it would take me two hours to reach Antibes, two hours to march back, and at least three or four when before the place, so that it would have been the loss of half a day. If I succeeded it would be a matter of small importance; if I failed, which was possible, such a check at the outset would give confidence to my enemies, and afford them time to organize themselves, etc. My plan was to reach Grenoble, the centre of the province, for at Grenoble there was a considerable garrison, an arsenal, and several pieces of cannon; in a word, munitions of war of all kinds. The success of my enterprise depended on my speedily taking possession of Grenoble, and securing the soldiers. Above all things it was necessary that I should lose no time. I

put a hundred men into my advanced guard, commanded by Cambronne, and when I reached the place where the roads to Avignon and Grasse separate, I gave the word: 'To the right!' Then for the first time I told those about me that it was my intention to march on Grenoble.

"I would not enter Grasse, a place that has a population of ten thousand. I proposed to halt on a little hill beyond, and to let my soldiers breakfast. A few old Terrorists advised me to revolutionize Grasse. I ordered them to attempt nothing of the kind, not even to molest those who wore the white cockade. I told them that I would not delay my march for fifty millions of francs. . . . . Des Michels (the *maire*) and his wife came to meet us. I left at Grasse two cannon and my carriage, giving the *maire* orders to send them to the arsenal at Antibes. I also left at Grasse fifteen hundred muskets which I had brought with me, and had found no use for. Everywhere our appearance created great surprise. At Gap my bivouac was surrounded by a great crowd. I spoke a few words to each man, just as I would have done in a reception at the Tuileries. The peasantry were delighted to see us, and said,—speaking of the nobles,—'They would have liked to harness us to our ploughs!' Old soldiers came, at the head of the inhabitants of their villages, assuring their fellow-citizens that I was really Bonaparte. Some of the peasants took five-franc pieces stamped with my likeness out of their pockets, and cried, 'It is he!' Everything seemed to assure us that the populace and the soldiers were for us, and that the Bourbons were detested. So far we had met no soldiers. We found Sisteron evacuated; the commander of its garrison had withdrawn, taking with him all his soldiers. Garan, a native of that part of the country, was in hiding. Our imaginations prophesied disaster, but all of us, to the last man, were determined to die for our cause, which was that of the French nation. We marched on as rapidly as

possible, the advanced guard twenty-four miles (eight leagues) in front, the army came next, and the rear guard six miles behind, with the treasure. We met some gendarmes who sold us their horses, which we needed as remounts for our hundred lancers.

"Near a small town we met Cambronne, who informed me that he had been obliged to retire, having encountered a battalion of the Fifth Regiment. I reproached him, and told him he ought to have made his way into the town, and have confronted boldness by being still more bold.

"The peasants were always insisting that the King's soldiers would take part with us, and yet that battalion of the Fifth was drawn up, to all appearance, to oppose us, and would not let any flag of truce approach its line. I made Cambronne pass round the cavalry whilst I marched straight on with the advanced guard; we carried our muskets under our arms. In that way I gained over the troop first opposed to me; but it did not seem so great a gain until we heard that before we approached, its commander had tried to get his men to fire on us; but they had not loaded their muskets.

"I harangued the men, and asked their commander if he meant to remain faithful to me. He replied that, so far, he had tried to do what he believed to be his duty, but thenceforward he would follow me anywhere. He swore to be faithful to me, and so did his men. I joined them, and marched on with them.

"An aide-de-camp of Marchand's wanted to begin the fight. Certain of our lancers, he said, had pursued him. As he fled he spread a report that I had an army with me, and a large body of cavalry. I confused several old soldiers by saying to them, 'What! would you have fired on your Emperor?' They thrust their ramrods down the barrels of their muskets, and cried, 'See whether we have so much as loaded our pieces!'

"A little farther on we met Rey in command of a

MARSHAL NEY

battalion of artillery. He entirely reassured us. He was very ardent. He insisted we should need only whips to drive off all who might march out to oppose us, and that the garrison at Grenoble was in sympathy with our enterprise. We were preceded and followed by thousands of peasants, who seemed delighted to see us, and sang:—'*Les Bourbons ne font pas le bonheur!*' Farther on Labédoyère's adjutant came to meet us, and after that the Seventh Regiment of the Line joined us. Then I had no further doubts of our success.

"When we reached Grenoble it was ten o'clock at night. We found the gates closed, but the ramparts were crowded with soldiers, all shouting '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Nevertheless they refused to open the gates, assuring us that they did so by orders from Marchand, their general. I caused our drums to beat, and assured them that from that moment General Marchand was relieved from his command. Then they said, 'If he is no longer in authority, we can disobey him,' and the gates were opened. I asked the colonel who defended the great gate, why he had not opened sooner. He replied that he had pledged his word of honor to Marchand that he would give him time to get out of the town, with as many of his men as chose to follow him.

"On my march from Cannes to Grenoble I was an adventurer; in Grenoble I once more became a sovereign.

"I received Saint-Yon, an aide-de-camp from Brayer, who informed me as to the state of affairs in Lyons, and told me that the princes had been living in that city. While I was on the march the country people flocked on all sides to meet me. They offered to put me and all my men across the Rhone, at any point I chose. I was about to take measures to cut off the retreat of the princes, when I learned that they had left Lyons, and that all the troops in that city had declared for me. If I had cap-

tured the princes, I should have been greatly perplexed what to do with them. They had been in authority up to a few moments before. The situation would have been worse than if a popular insurrection had sent them to the scaffold.

"When Louis XVIII. heard of my landing, Soult went to the Tuileries, and told him that it could only be a small affair, which would be settled by the mounted police —the *gendarmerie;* but the King answered: 'Everything will depend on the first regiments he meets. It is a bad affair.' The Duke of Dalmatia[1] subsequently owned to me that he thought my attempt would have resulted in failure. Soult did not betray the King, but there were so many facts that seemed like circumstantial evidence against him that if I had not known exactly what passed, I should not have hesitated to call him a traitor.

"Girard and Brayer were sent to Lyons. Brayer was a vigorous man. On our way to Paris, when reports were constantly coming in that an army had been assembled, and that fighting had begun, he kept saying to me: 'Let them talk as they may; you will have no fighting; all the soldiers are for you.' The enthusiasm of the peasants was so great that had I pleased, I could have reached the capital with five hundred thousand men."

"What would Your Majesty have done with the princes had you captured them?"[2] asked Gourgaud.

Napoleon answered: "If they had been all killed in a popular rising I should have thought it the best thing that could have happened; otherwise I would have imprisoned them at Vincennes with a garrison composed of men like those who, when at one time they had the Duc d'Angou-

[1] Duke of Dalmatia was Soult's title. Soult made his peace with the Bourbons, and died in 1851, having been Minister of War and of Foreign Affairs under Louis Philippe. He was much honored in England when he attended the coronation of Queen Victoria.

[2] Gourgaud had been the playmate of the Duc de Berry, and was personally attached to him —*E. W. L.*

lême in custody, wanted to put handcuffs on him. After that, if there had been a conspiracy in their favor—"

"Blood demands blood; but they had done nothing worse than foolishness up to 1814. To reorganize the army as it had been under me was simply to get it ready for my service. When I got back, I had merely to review the regiments that had been sent against me. I asked if there were any men in their ranks who had no business to be there, and then I confirmed the reception of all crosses of the Legion of Honor that had been given them on the recommendation of their colonels. I soon saw that everything had been organized exactly as I would have done it myself. Young Moncey, who commanded the Third Regiment of the Line, told me that he could not break his oath to the King, but that he would never fight against his Emperor. He led his regiment off the roads along which I was likely to pass, in order to avoid meeting me. Several officers and soldiers of his corps deserted and joined me. I could not blame them for their breach of discipline, any more than I could blame the conduct of their commander. Circumstances had altered the strict rules of subordination in the lower ranks of the army; I did not fear that that would happen a second time when I placed in my own Guard men who had deserted their colonels.

"Ney quitted Paris intending to fight me, but he could not resist the enthusiastic ardor of his soldiers, nor what I said in the letter I addressed to him. On our march Bertrand wrote orders to all the regiments which were dispatched to stop me, and these orders the soldiers obeyed. I calculated, upon reaching the Tuileries on March 20, on being master of the capital before the English could do anything, and I did not lose a moment from the time I disembarked until I reached Paris. In twenty days I made a march which in general would have taken

forty. . . . . I thought that the English would have entered Lille. . . . . I would have fired on you, Gourgaud,[1] had you and the Royalists defended Paris, as I would have fired upon the Austrians."

"In returning from Elba I calculated on the feelings of the people and the army. Besides, my situation was so bad that I risked nothing but my life. If instead of marching on Grenoble I had wasted time by sending cannon-balls into Antibes and getting back my twenty-five men who had been captured there, all would have been lost. All depended on my celerity. I dared not let the news from Antibes reach Paris before me. By marching rapidly I gave people no chance to see how small my little force was. I was supposed to be at the head of an army. I could not have succeeded had I attacked Toulon, because they would at once have known how small my strength was, and no one likes to embark in dangerous adventures. That is why I hurried on to Grenoble. There were troops there, muskets, and cannon; it was a centre."

"I left the Island of Elba too soon; I thought the Congress had been dissolved. I ought not to have reassembled the Chambers. I should have had myself proclaimed Dictator. But I thought that the Allies, if they found I had convoked the Chambers, would have recovered confidence in me. If I had won the battle of Waterloo I should have thrown over the Chambers! . . . . But all that puts me in a bad humor. Let us go into the *salon*."

"When I returned from Elba I had a thousand men with me, all of different regiments. If I had acted like Murat twenty-five gendarmes would have been enough to stop me. What might not have happened had I been run

[1] In March, 1815, Gourgaud was with the Duc de Berry and other Royalists, preparing to defend Paris against Napoleon.—*E. W. L.*

to earth at Toulon? Massena himself told me that he did not know what would have taken place. He manœuvred so as to stand well with whoever was the conqueror. Marchand behaved well, but I did not like to give him an employment, out of policy. Labédoyère did not act like a man of honor, so I hesitated to make him my aide-de-camp. Hortense worried me to do so. Ney brought dishonor on himself."

Napoleon told us that Ney[1] was in reality murdered, but that he behaved badly. He said to the Emperor: "Your Majesty no doubt has heard that I promised to bring you back to Paris in a cage of iron?"

"I never believed it!"

"Yet, Sire, it was true!"

"Ney's brother-in-law, Gamot,[2] was neither one thing nor the other. I ought not to have employed Ney again. Many men said I ought not even to have summoned him to the Chamber of Peers.

"Far different was the conduct of Labédoyère; all was danger for him, and he acted in a chivalrous manner; whilst it was not in Ney's power to make any change in my affairs. Ney was impelled by self-interest, Labédoyère by enthusiasm. Ney advised me to write to Lecourbe,[3] so that he should not be molested. I wrote to him at once.

"Suchet sent me an express, and so did Gérard at Lyons. The instructions of Suchet were, that he must act according to circumstances; so, seeing the enthusiasm of the people of Lyons, the agent assured me that I might rely on the Duke of Albufera (Suchet). But Suchet never put forth any proclamation like Ney, and did not,

[1] Ney was protected under the provisions of the Treaty of Paris.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Gamot was Prefect of the Department of the Yonne, in March, 1815.

[3] The judge who refused to pronounce Georges Cadoudal guilty of conspiracy.

like him, try to play a principal part, by seeking to make it believed that all had been arranged beforehand between me and the Marshals. . . . .

"In preparing for my return from Elba, I talked the matter over with Bertrand and Drouot. They advised me to try to secure the support of Massena at Toulon. I objected. I said we ought to secure some principal town before doing anything else, and I was sure with my five hundred men that I could land in Provençe, and march on Grenoble. Then no one would know how many men I had with me, whilst at Toulon they would have known at once that I had come in a brig, and could not be very formidable. Besides that, Flahaut had sent me word that Labédoyère in the *salon* of Queen Hortense, had declared that he would always take part with me. That was why I kept on asking where was the Seventh Regiment of the Line. The affair at Antibes caused us much annoyance, but I wanted as soon as possible to reach Grenoble. I sent Pons, who had been my chief director of mines at Elba, to Massena. I heard afterwards that Massena wept for joy when he heard of my return, but he told my emissary that the feeling in Marseilles was so bad that he could not come out strongly for me at once, and what was more, to protect Pons from the fury of the populace, he was about to have him arrested.

"If Massena had been willing to act he might have gone to Toulon, where the feeling was in my favor, and then he could have made the soldiers declare for me, which would have impeded the action of the Duc d'Angoulême in the South; but although he was attached to his old flag under which he had fought for more than twenty-five years, he would do nothing rashly.

"At Grenoble General Marchand sent me word that, not being able to break his oaths, he was going to his own home for a time. He ought, if he had held the right cards, to have defended Grenoble with his division.

"At Grenoble I saw also an officer who came from Lyons. I asked him who he was. He said he was the aide-de-camp of Boyer, and told me that his general had sent him to assure me that he was for me, so was all the garrison in Lyons, and if I ordered it, he would bring me the princes as prisoners. I thought he was deceiving me. I did not know Boyer, and it was not until I was near Lyons that I was convinced he had told me the truth. Boyer is a most remarkable man. He deceived the Comte d'Artois up to the last moment, preserved his confidence, gave him any quantity of advice, and even induced people to follow him. All along the line of march I dined with this general, who kept on saying to me: 'Go forward. Never fear. I know the soldiers; they are all for you.' When I heard of the affair of d'Erlon[1] he cried: 'Go on all the same. Those people blundered. But that is of no consequence!' I never saw a man stick so firmly to his own opinion! I ought to have made him commander of the Guard at Paris, instead of that sluggard Durosnel.

"Labédoyère at Grenoble, when he took command of the division, showed much courage. He is a member of one of the first families in Dauphiné—but the opinion of men! the opinion of men![2]

"What hindered the Comte d'Artois from coming to oppose me was that I had three regiments of infantry with me, many cannon, and two regiments of cavalry, while he had only a few foot soldiers, the Thirteenth Dragoons, and no artillery. Boyer had established a sort of *tête-de-pont* at Lyons; Monsieur Roger de Damas, who was an eagle among the *voltigeurs*, thought it superb, but Boyer laughed about it."

[1] Drouet d' Erlon, a distinguished French officer. He plotted to capture the French princes in the south of France (1815), but the plot miscarried. For this conspiracy he was tried after the Restoration, but acquitted.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Gourgaud had a poor opinion of Labédoyère, and lost no opportunity of expressing it. These words were probably addressed to him.—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER XI.

WATERLOO.

BEFORE WATERLOO.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—AFTER WATERLOO.

BEFORE WATERLOO.

Montholon (1817) seems to think that if the Emperor now disembarked in France he would be better received than in 1815.

"No, no! Besides the opposition of foreign powers the army is not what it was then. The King's Guard would not be for me. To succeed I should have to bring with me an army of twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand men, just at the beginning; and should have to give the discontented element in France time to join me, and to get familiar with war. It would be absolutely necessary, besides, that the Allies should not disapprove of my return. Then things would be very different; otherwise I should commit the same folly as Murat did, who with thirty Corsicans expected to reconquer a kingdom which he could not keep with sixty thousand soldiers. One can hardly account for such folly as Joachim committed in descending on Calabria with thirty Corsicans. Calabria! where Corsicans had formerly committed such horrors! If I had had none but Corsicans with me when I returned to France from Elba, I certainly should not have succeeded. It was the bearskin helmets of my Guards which did the business. They called to remembrance my glorious days."

"As soon as Murat heard of my return to France, he, with his Neapolitan army, attacked Austria in Northern

Italy. It was this ill-starred attack on Austria that ruined me. It was made just as that power was disposed to treat with me. It was naturally supposed that Murat was acting by my orders, and consequently Austria would not hear of any reconciliation with me. She thought my return was the beginning of a new system of conquests."

"It was pure folly on Murat's part to think that with his army he could fight Austria and recover Austrian Italy. It is true that he had such an opinion of me, that as soon as he heard of my arrival in France, he thought I was about to be as powerful as I had ever been. He feared that I might drive him out of his kingdom.[1] He wanted, without loss of time, to possess himself of all Italy as far as the Po. I sent Colonna to him from Elba, to advise him not to act against Austria, and Colonna implored him on his knees to do as I advised him. But he wanted to be master of the Peninsula, and he hastened to act. . . . . He ruined me twice. His death was murder, for he had been really a king, recognized as such by all the Powers."

"I should probably have done better on my return to Paris not to summon the Chambers, or if I did so I ought to have nominated all the deputies myself. I ought to have made Talbot prefect, to have had good *maires*, to have kept only four thousand men in the National Guard of Paris; and have given them officers who had served in the Line. It does not take thirty thousand men to keep order and act as police in the capital. The question is, whether I should not have done better to concentrate all my troops under the walls of Paris, instead of marching to meet the enemy. Perhaps then the Allies might not

[1] Murat had joined the allies against Napoleon after the campaign in Russia, and was permitted by the Powers to retain his kingdom of Naples. In 1815 he attacked the Austrian possessions in Central Italy, was defeated and dethroned. A year later, with thirty Corsicans and a few others, he landed on the shores of Calabria to recover his kingdom. He was taken and shot on the sea beach after Napoleon arrived at St. Helena.—*E. W. L.*

have made war on me. You may observe that all their proclamations are dated after Waterloo."

"I ought not to have made Labédoyère a Peer of France, nor even to have taken him as my aide-de-camp. Excelmans—the fool! was always prating to me about a Constitution. Yes—I committed an error, a stupid error, by promulgating one. I ought only to have formed a Council under the presidency of Carnot. He was always honest and faithful. I ought to have made Montalivet head of the Department of the Interior. The men of the Revolution had lost touch with the men of the time. They were all used up. I did wrong to take back young Regnault for my orderly officer. He told his father that my cause was lost; and his father was one of the first who deserted me. I might have thrown the Deputies into the Seine, and so have dissolved the Chamber, but then I should have had to reign by terror, and foreigners might with justice have declared that it was against me, and me only, that they made war. I should have shed rivers of blood, with no result. I might perhaps, while I remained at Malmaison, have put myself at the head of the troops as Lieutenant-General of Napoleon II. The army had no confidence in any one but me. Had I been able to act alone I could have signed a capitulation, but when I saw that the Chambers, instead of rallying to me, were conspiring against me, I knew that all was lost. Besides that, by going to the United States I might have come back again in a few months. It is true I had better have given myself up to Austria, rather than to England. But that is another question. This subject is too melancholy to talk about. Let us go to bed."

"I was very wrong to have employed Ney. Carnot did not want me even to make him a peer. He acted as if he thought *he* could give or take away kingdoms. He came over to me when he saw that his troops abandoned him. He would have acted more properly had he gone

back to Paris and told the King that his men had deserted him. He might have written to me like Suchet, who told me I might count on him, but that he would not openly declare for me till later. Ney behaved then, as he always had done in civil life, like a scoundrel. He was brave—that was all. It was very different with Labédoyère; he decided for me when there was danger in doing so. He was impelled by enthusiasm. France has been outraged, and is now a broken-spirited nation. She has only what she deserves. Instead of rallying to me she abandoned me."

Napoleon said that it was false that Bertrand wrote to Ney that Austria would support us. On the contrary, the Emperor always said that he stood alone, with every one against him.

"The truth is that when Ney saw that the soldiers and the people were all for me, he wanted to make a show of putting himself on my side, and to make his profit out of it. . . . . Ambition! . . . . Ney ought to have returned at once to Paris; that would have been far more noble. His proclamation, which he sent me, made me very angry. What business had he to be giving away crowns? I concealed my feelings, however, and said all sorts of flattering things to the officer he sent me, about his master, whom I took care to call 'the bravest of the brave.' "

The Battle of Waterloo.

"I made a great mistake in employing Ney. He lost his head. A sense of his past conduct impaired his energy. Carnot did not wish me even to make him a peer. Had I acted wisely I should have placed Soult on the left, but who would have thought that Ney, who had spoken to me (you heard him, Gourgaud) of the importance of Quatre Bras, would have omitted to occupy that position? I felt sure when I attacked the Prussians that the

English would not come to their assistance, while Blücher, who is hot-headed, would have hastened to support Wellington, though he had had only two battalions. The world had its eyes upon him. He well knew that rewards would be lavished upon him if he sacrificed himself to support the English."

"I ought to have slept at Fleurus on the fifteenth, but I went back to Charleroi, deeming it more in the centre of the operations. When one looks at results one can commonly perceive what one ought to have done. I never gave Drouot an order to come to Fleurus. I am blamed for not having pressed the Prussians more vigorously; but you know how hot the action at Ligny was, up to the last moment. I ought not to have employed Vandamme. I ought to have given Suchet the command I gave to Grouchy. More vigor and promptness were needed than Grouchy had as a general; he was good only at a splendid charge of cavalry, while Suchet had more fire and knew better my way of making war. Mortier, when he gave up the command of the Guard to Beaumont, did me a great deal of harm. I ought to have replaced him by Lobau. Drouot had too many affairs on hand, and did not understand managing soldiers. He would, however, have made an excellent commander of artillery."

"Duhesme would have well commanded the sixth corps. Friant was not capable of doing the best with the Guard. He was a good soldier—that was all. A good major in command of the cavalry of the Guard would have been most useful to me. I do not know what became of my horse, especially my mounted grenadiers. How came Guyot, who was in command of my last reserve, to charge without my orders? My ordonnance officers[1] were too young, Montesquiou, Rey, Chiappe. . . . .

[1] "Ordonnance" officers in France are orderly officers who carry orders and messages for their commander. In this case apparently "some one had blundered."—*E. W. L.*

They must have brought him some order to engage. They were mere *aides-de-camp*. I ought to have had in their place men of experience.

"If I had remained with the battalion of my Guard on the left of the high road, I might have rallied the cavalry. There was still another battalion unbroken on the right—the one with which we had marched."

"Perhaps when I became aware of the immense superiority of the Prussians at Ligny, I ought sooner to have ordered a retreat. I should have lost only fifty or sixty cannon. My plan had succeeded. I had surprised the Prussians and the English; but what then? A great battle is always a very important thing. Suppose I had been defeated at Jena!"

"Soult (my second in command at Waterloo) did not aid me as much as he might have done. His staff, notwithstanding all my orders, was not well organized. Berthier would have done better service. Why during the battle did he not keep more order at Genappe?"

"If Wellington had fallen back on Antwerp to wait until the Russians could come up, I should certainly have been in an unpleasant situation."

"My regrets are not for myself but for unhappy France! With twenty thousand men less than I had we ought to have won the battle of Waterloo. But it was Fate that made me lose it." The Emperor then told why he did not thoroughly understand the battle.[1] He regrets he did not place Clausel or Lamarque in the War Office. As to Fouché, he never ought to have left him in Paris in charge of the *police*. "I ought to have had him hanged,

[1] Gourgaud remarks: "The Emperor says he did not see as much of the battle as he could have wished. He intended to make, as he had done at Montmirail, a perpendicular attack, and to have led it in person, but the arrival of Bülow forced him to remain in a central position. Ney could not understand his plan of attack."

and that was my intention. Or, if I had been the conqueror at Waterloo, I would have had him summarily shot. Perhaps I made a mistake in convoking the Chambers. I thought they might be useful in procuring me money, which I might not be able to get if I were proclaimed Dictator. I was wrong in losing time over that matter of the Constitution, especially as it was my intention to get rid of the Chambers as soon as I should be a conqueror and out of all difficulties. But in vain I hoped to find help in the Chambers. I deceived myself. They injured me before Waterloo, and deserted me afterwards."

"I ought to have withdrawn Rapp from Landau, as I withdrew Girard from Metz. That wretched war in La Vendée did me great harm. I could not put the National Guards into the Line; they were good for nothing but to garrison strongholds. I ought to have stopped for the night at Fleurus on the 16th; fought the Prussians on the same day, the 16th; and the English on the 17th of June. . . . . During the battle of Ligny they came and told me that some of our men had gone over to the enemy. The movement of d'Erlon did me much harm. Those around me thought it was an advance of the enemy. D'Erlon was a good staff officer. He could maintain order; but that was all. He ought on the 15th to have sent me word that he was at Marchiennes."

"The men of 1815 were not the same as those of 1792. My generals were faint-hearted men. Perhaps I should have done better to have waited another month before opening the campaign in order to give more consistency to the army. I needed a good officer to command my Guard. If I had had Bessières or Lannes at its head I should not have been defeated. I ought to have had mounted grenadiers in reserve; their charge would have altered the state of affairs, for it was only one brigade of

cavalry that caused the disorder. An officer had given Guyot, as if it came from me, an order to advance.

"Soult had not a good staff. My orderly officers were all too young, like Regnault and Montesquiou; they were mere aides-de-camp. Ney did great harm by his unsuccessful attack on LaHaie-Sainte and by changing the position of the guns, that you, Gourgaud, had posted. They would perfectly have protected his troops; instead of which, while marching forward he was exposed to an attack, the very thing that happened. I ought when I quitted Quatre Bras to have left only Pajol with a division of the Sixth Corps to pursue Blücher, and I ought to have taken all the other troops with me. I sent, during the night of the seventeenth, three orders to Grouchy; and in his report he says that it was only on the eighteenth at eight o'clock in the evening that he received the order to march on Saint-Lambert. It was fate; for after all, I ought to have won that battle."

"It was the good discipline of the English that gained the day. They could advance thirty yards, halt, fire, go back, fire, and come forward again thirty yards, without breaking their line, without any disorder. Many things will be known some day! Who could have given Guyot orders to charge? He did so before the time I mentioned in my account of the battle; but he charged without my orders."

The Emperor thinks that he did wrong to take Soult for his second in command; he had better have taken Andréossi.

"Soult had poor officers around him. He had an indifferent staff. He was easily discouraged. During the night before the eighteenth he brought me several alarming reports. Soult is very ambitious, and his wife governs him. I ought to have had Suchet with me. I

should have employed Drouot to organize the army in March, and have made Clausel Minister of War. The raw conscripts did not know enough to have gained any *esprit de corps*. The cavalry was better than the infantry, because it contained more old soldiers."

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* perhaps the rain on the 17th of June had more to do than people think with the loss of the battle of Waterloo. If I had not been so worn out, I should have been in the saddle all night! What seem very small events have often the greatest consequences."

"Poor France! to have been beaten by those English scoundrels! It is true that the same thing had happened at Crécy and Agincourt. I was too certain I should beat them. I had divined their plans. Perhaps I ought to have waited a fortnight longer before giving battle. Perhaps I did wrong to commence the campaign. I thought Russia and Austria would not take a hand."

"Madame Hamelin says that the Duke of Wellington has no talent. He is afraid of me. He was fortunate for once, and knows that it could not happen a second time. He does not wish to risk his reputation. He knows very well that if I were at the head of two hundred thousand French soldiers, which may happen in a year or two—"

"If I had postponed the battle I might have received a reinforcement of twelve thousand men from La Vendée. But who could have supposed that La Vendée would be so speedily pacified? In other respects my plans were well laid and well executed. It was fate that conquered me at Waterloo. The campaign ought to have succeeded. The English and the Prussians had been surprised in their cantonments."

After Waterloo.

"Ney got no more than he deserved. I regret him because he was inestimable on a field of battle, but he was too hot-headed, and too stupid to succeed in anything but a fight. He wanted to have it believed that he was concerned in a conspiracy to bring me back from Elba, and it cost him dear. Murat, who like Ney, was unrivalled in battle, like him committed nothing but follies at all other times. I can assure you that Murat was the main cause of our being here at St. Helena. Instead of keeping quiet, as I begged him to do, he attacked the Austrians at the very moment when the Emperor Francis was in doubt whether he should not declare himself in my favor. After that there was no remedy. Of course they said at once: 'Napoleon is about to renew his system, and will risk all to gain all.' In vain I declared that Murat's attack was against my wishes. They would have it that it had all been arranged between him and me; and after that, it was impossible to come to an understanding with Austria and Russia. On my part I had perhaps better have postponed my landing in France for two weeks or twenty days. I can see now some things which lead me to suppose that the Champ de Mai, and the enthusiasm in France when I returned, were leading the Congress by degrees to look more favorably on me than before. I think they might even have limited their demands to requiring that I should keep only a certain number of men under arms, and that I should not enter on another war. But the great mistake I made was in leaving Elba six months too soon. I ought to have waited till the Congress had been dissolved, in which case they would have had to dispatch couriers between the different courts that they might act in concert. This would have occasioned them great loss of time, and many difficulties, which were settled at once when the Congress was in session."

"The populace is of no account, and can do nothing by itself; but with me at its head it would have been different; it could have done anything. Judging from what I see now passing in France, the mob would have shot me could they have had the chance—yes, they would have shot me had they captured me."

"Perhaps it would have been better on my return from Elba never to have called together the Chambers, but I wanted to give the nation a guarantee. Besides, I felt sure the *collèges d'arrondissement* would send up patriotic deputies. But all—even Cambon—turned against me. There was only Felix Lepelletier, although he had at one time received some rough treatment from me, who felt the necessity of rallying to my party. The Deputies must by this time repent of their attitude. After my second abdication I ought to have delivered myself up to the Emperor of Austria. Francis Joseph is in the main a good man, and after a while we should have become friends again."

"The English Constitution could not possibly work in France. I admired that Constitution when I returned from Egypt, because it was just then the fashion to do so; but had I returned victorious to Paris from Waterloo, I should have dismissed the Chambers. A deliberative body is a fearful thing to deal with. The English Constitution suits England only. Sovereigns can best govern without deliberative assemblies. The men in such bodies whom one thinks one can influence, too easily change sides. Ah! Waterloo! Waterloo! The English Constitution is not suited to France."

"The King could not have kept my Chambers. They were too revolutionary. I should have changed them myself. I had been obliged to make them up in that manner after I came back from Elba, thinking they might give me the means to act. I made a mistake; I found

them more injurious than useful. After Waterloo I had another opportunity of getting rid of them. I had six thousand men in my Guard, besides the Fédérés. But that would have led to anarchy. I foresaw what would happen! I think that any other course might have been better than the one I followed, but I had chances in my favor, and had I roused the mob in Paris much blood would have been shed for no result."

"After Waterloo every one abandoned me. I said to the Peers when they sent me a deputation, 'Declare a national war. Announce that you will not sign a peace so long as the Allies remain in France.' They would have it, however, that things would be as they had been in 1814. Cambacérès himself would not come to see me, nor would Regnault; and lastly, it was Ney who in the Chamber of Peers exclaimed that all was lost, that I had not more than eight thousand faithful men under arms. Carnot alone assured me that it was just like what had happened to armies in the Revolution; that the army would rally around Paris, where there were cannon. All the rest believed that all was lost."

"Could I have revolutionized Paris, and have set up the guillotine? If I had, I might not have succeeded. I had too many enemies. I should have put myself in horrible peril. There would have been much bloodshed, and little success. Instead of that, when I knew that the Chambers were against me, I said to the Deputies: 'You think, gentlemen, that I am an obstacle to peace. Well, then, get out of the war by yourselves.' At least we were then in Paris; here we are now at St. Helena! With the exception of the folly I committed in letting myself be transported to this place, if it were to be done over again, I would do the same thing. I do not speak of St. Helena; that was the height of folly; but if I had gone to America—"

"When I came back from Waterloo it was my intention to cut off Fouché's head. I had actually determined who should form the military commission by which I would have him tried. It was nearly the same as that which had tried the Duc d'Enghien. They were all men in danger of"—Here His Majesty made an expressive sign with his neck-tie—"They would have served me well. I sent for Darrican and Hulin; they thought as I did, and I regret now that it was not done. But who now considers that Louis XVI. perished because he did not send the Duke of Orleans to the scaffold? He ought to have had him tried in twenty-four hours by the Parliament of Paris. . . . . I ought to have gone to the Chambers the moment I arrived in the capital. I might have moved the Deputies, and have induced them to support me. My eloquence would have roused their enthusiasm. I would have cut off the heads of Lanjuinais, Lafayette, and a dozen others. I had from the first made a blunder in making Lanjuinais President of the Chamber. I ought to have given the post to Carnot, who in the Cabinet was not so useful as he might have been in the Chamber. He is a man who understands revolutions, and has great courage. I ought to have put Davout at the head of the army a fortnight before I left Paris, and he might have organized it. Posterity will reproach me for having abandoned my soldiers, the Fédérés, and men of my own party. It is true I might have reigned again, but it must have been by the axe, and that prospect revolted me. On the other hand, the Allies might have favorably received the deputation that the Chambers were preparing to send them, and have repeated what they had said before, that they were fighting against *me* alone."

"Some say I might have roused the populace of Paris and have set up the guillotine. For that—if I must say the word—I had not the courage."

Gourgaud thought that on his return to Paris the

Emperor ought at once to have gone to the Chambers, have harangued the Deputies, and have made them feel that all depended upon union.

"But I had been three days without food. I was very weary. On arriving in Paris I at once took a bath, and had something to eat. I was completely exhausted. I sent for my ministers. If I had gone to the Chambers I should no doubt have been listened to with respect, perhaps with cheers, and then, as according to the Constitution I could not have remained during their deliberations, after I had gone away everything would have been as before. I might have flung a number of the Deputies into the river, and have closed the Chambers, like Cromwell. I certainly ought to have had Fouché shot, immediately on my arrival; he was the soul of the party opposed to me. The news of his arrest would have been cried beneath the windows of certain Deputies, to whom I might have said: 'What is this man that invokes the tricolor?—a man who fled from France to a foreign country, and who owed to me his return to Paris. At this moment there is no salvation for France but in men who love their country.' I might have ended by requiring the mob to purge the Chamber of Deputies by hanging seven or eight of its members, Fouché especially. But to do that I must have acted like the Jacobins, I must have shed blood in the streets; and after that, should I have succeeded? I own I might have done it had I been certain of success, but I did not think so. And then I saw that by adopting that course I must wade in blood, and make myself abhorred. I preferred to abdicate in favor of my son, and leave them to get out of their difficulties by themselves. Then they would see that it was not I alone that the Allies wished to destroy, but France! . . . . I was beaten; the respect that had been felt for me was felt so long as I was feared; but I had not the rights of the legitimate heirs to fall back upon, as a claim for assistance

and revenge. No hope was left me. No! what I have to reproach myself with is not having cut off Fouché's head. He had a narrow escape. Daru proposed to me to form a military commission to try him. If Fouché, instead of betraying me, had frankly come over to my side, he would have been very useful. He was the soul of the faction opposed to me; and he would have persuaded all his followers to join the national party. Yes; I ought to have gone at once to the Chamber, but I was harassed and weary. Besides, who could have thought they would so speedily have declared against me? I did not foresee that Lafayette was going to make a motion that the Chambers were in permanent session. I reached Paris in the evening at eight o'clock, and by noon the next day they were in revolt against me.

"After all they took me by surprise. I am only a man. I ought to have put myself at the head of the army, which would have proclaimed my son; and assuredly anything would have been better than coming to St. Helena. There was still my Guard to give me hope, and the Allies might have changed their plans. But no! they would have kept on saying that they wanted only to get rid of me. Even the army would have fallen under the influence of that idea. History perhaps will reproach me for having given up too soon. There was a little pique, too, on my part. At Malmaison I had proposed to the Provisional Government to put myself at the head of the army, and take advantage of any errors committed by the enemy. Its members would not listen to me; and I sent them off peremptorily. So it may well be said that the Provisional Government betrayed the cause of France. For when I was gone there was nothing to be done but what they did. Besides, its members were dreadfully afraid that the King on his arrival would hold them responsible for any opposition that might take place. They all thought only of themselves.

"I left the Island of Elba too soon. I thought the Congress was dissolved. I ought never to have summoned the Chambers. It would have been sufficient to proclaim myself Dictator. But I hoped that the Allies, seeing me call the Chambers together, would place confidence in me. If I had been a conqueror I would soon have got rid of the Chambers! . . . . But talking of these things puts me in a bad humor. Let us go into the *salon!*"

"From Malmaison I could easily have gone to Corsica, but I was tempted to prefer the United States. London even might have given me more chances. I might have been borne in triumph by the populace, had I appeared there. All the lower orders would have been for me, and my reasoning would have had its effect on Lord Grey and Lord Grenville."

"When a prisoner is taken he should be treated according to the rank he has held, in accordance with the laws of war. I was an Emperor, and I am now to be treated as General Bonaparte. It is absurd. If they talk of Legitimacy, the English reigning family usurped the place of a legitimate sovereign. Consult the Old Testament, and you will see that Saul and David reigned only because they were anointed by the LORD. I was elected by the French nation, crowned, and anointed by the Pope. England recognized the French Republic by the Treaty of Amiens. The intention of those who have sent me to St. Helena is to kill me slowly by this tropical climate. It would have been more generous to cut off my head at once, by one blow. The bill by which the Parliament of England prescribes how I am to be treated is barbarous. Why place me on an island, if it were not that I might enjoy more liberty than in a prison? And by reason of the "restrictions" I cannot go beyond the grounds of my own house. Were there no prisons in England?"

CHAPTER XII.

FRANCE AFTER THE RESTORATION.

Observations by Napoleon on News Received at St. Helena, 1815, 1816, 1817.

"The King ought to begin by showing severity, and after that he may show clemency. He must be a feudal sovereign and should re-establish the old Parliaments. He can do it now, but later he could not. He ought to profit by the stupor into which the nation is now plunged by the presence of foreign armies. The English Constitution will never do for France. The only reason I concerned myself about a Constitution when I came back from Elba was because Constitutions seemed the talk of the day; but had I been victorious, I should have got rid of the Chambers. These deliberative assemblies are terrible things. The English Constitution can suit no country but England."

It must be remembered that in these remarks upon the policy to be pursued by Louis XVIII., Napoleon is advising his successor how he may best re-establish his unpopular dynasty. The vacillating policy of Louis XVIII. he feared would result in the ruin of France, and certainly in that of the restored dynasty. Louis XVIII. came back to France in 1815, as in some sort the vassal of the Allies. When he returned from Ghent after the battle of Waterloo he was in the hands of the powers, who had fought France really for their own interests, but nominally for him. When he drew near to Paris, and passed a few days at a neighboring château, the National Guard, who if not Royalists, were anti-Bonapartists, delighted at any change, wanted to escort him back to his capital, but he was not allowed by the foreign generals to accept their services.

During the first three years of his reign, the period covered by these talks of Napoleon with Gourgaud, Louis XVIII. was

never a free agent. He was a man of culture and ability, but of no personal experience in the management of French affairs. During his exile he had read and thought, and was inclined to liberal opinions, while the Princes, i. e., the Comte d'Artois, and the Duc d'Angoulême, his son, were of those who had learned nothing, forgotten nothing, during the years they had lived in exile. Their aim was to put back everything as it had been before the Revolution; to blot out fifty years of the history of France. Louis XVIII. saw that this could not be. He was close pressed on the one side by the policy advocated by the Princes and the *émigrés*, and on the other by the public sentiment among Frenchmen who had been educated in the ideas and aspirations of the Revolution. With these in his heart he sympathized, but if he showed favors to the liberal party, he dreaded to encourage Jacobinism. If he fulfilled the hopes of the *émigrés* who had been exiled and despoiled for their devotion to his family, the cause of the Bourbons would speedily be ruined. From the first, public opinion was against him. He was very unpopular with his own family, and their party. Even the Allies dared not favor his adhesion to their policy.

"The establishment of the prévôtal courts[1] is the best thing the King can do. France wants another Saint Bartholomew. Louis XVIII. is in an embarrassing position. I don't know what I could do in his place. France is very unfortunate. Gauls! Gauls!— It is not in the French character to insult their sovereigns. The Chamber of Deputies by spreading terror in all directions will injure the cause of the King."

"The Emperor thinks," says Gourgaud, "that the King was too tardy in publishing his amnesty. It contained only sixty names. The greater part of these were of men who were not dangerous. The King would have done better to begin by a list of proscriptions."

"The King was wrong to yield;[2] it will do him no

[1] Criminal courts held by the Prévôts or military magistrates in their own districts. Their judgments were summary and without appeal. The authority of these courts was temporary.—*E. W. L.*

[2] Napoleon's refractory Chamber of Deputies was composed largely of men who called themselves of the liberal party, and were opposed to imperialism. As they were not in harmony with the new government, the Chamber

good. Perhaps he was forced to it by the powers. He is going back to the same course he followed in 1814. There is too great a gulf between him and the French people to make any real union possible. He cannot do as I did. I granted pardons to men who were only too happy to receive anything that I would give them. But now it is different. The King is wrong, and Châteaubriand is right."

"Louis XVIII. and the Duke of Orleans were the only men of their family who never plotted my assassination."

His Majesty said that Louis XVIII. ought to have begun a fifth dynasty, and have called himself Louis I.

"The *cours prévôtales* are the best things to restrain the lower orders and the Paris mob. The Bourbons can succeed in sustaining themselves only by terror. The more they alarm and oppress the French, the better. In 1814 they acted on the system of rose-water, and they were overthrown. The French nation has no national character; it is governed by the fashion. At present the French are all of one party; to-morrow they may all be of another, insisting that they have always belonged to it at heart. When, at Vienna and Berlin, I saw citizen soldiers mount guard at the arsenal which we were about to attack, I was indignant; I said to myself, 'Shall I ever see Frenchmen do the same thing to oppose Englishmen or Russians?' And think of a deputation from the Institute coming to felicitate the Emperor Alexander!"

"The Bourbons ought to send to St. Domingo a hundred thousand of my old soldiers, and let them perish

was dissolved and another called, composed principally of Royalists and *ex-émigrés*. The law of elections in France at that day enabled the Government to send up to the Chambers such members as it wanted. The new Chamber of Deputies, as Napoleon said, spread terror in all directions. It encouraged what was called the White Terror, especially in the south of France. The situation became so dangerous that the allies interfered, and their representatives insisted on the dissolution of the Chamber.—*E. W. L.*

there by the climate, or be killed by the blacks; in that way they would get rid of both of them. They ought to exile all the marshals and generals who are not of noble birth, and retain no generals but those who have sprung from the nobility. Montesquiou, Caraman, and Carignan would make as good marshals as any of mine."

"At such a moment[1] it is cruel to sit here a prisoner. If there is an insurrection in France, who will put himself at its head? I see nobody who is capable of great things. Eugene has only a level head. By that I mean he has good judgment and many admirable qualities, but he has no genius—none of that force of character which is the attribute of great men. Soult is good for nothing but to serve under a commander-in-chief. No one could do that work but me. . . . . Clausel? Ah! Clausel! he is young, he has talent, he has vigor. I fear no one but Clausel. . . . . Should he succeed and become a great man in France, do you suppose he would be fool enough to yield his place to me? I have many partisans, but should he succeed he would have many too. Men would soon forget the great things I have done, and would fawn on him who had saved France. And then, he who comes last is always thought to be the best man—the past is forgotten for the present."

The Emperor said that the best step England could take would be to stir up an insurrection in Paris, and then use it as a pretext to burn the capital. "It would be a great thing for England to destroy the capital of France. The English would probably sink our vessels, fill up our ports, especially Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon, and after that they would have nothing to fear from us for many years to come."

Gourgaud says: "The nation would rise in arms to resent that."

[1] Rumors had reached St. Helena of disturbances in France, the result of the White Terror.

"Bah! the nation lies prostrate at this moment. The Allies could partition France if they wanted to do so. It would be very easy. The first thing to be done would be to divide all my old officers among themselves, to send some of them into Russia, some into Prussia, some to Austria, and some to the Indies. Were the army scattered, and its officers in exile, what could France do to oppose the Allies?' She would have no course but to submit."

Napoleon tells Gourgaud that were he once more on the throne of France, in six years he would place the country on its former footing. "Austria seems to have formed a party in favor of Napoleon II. Bassano will be well treated in Vienna.[1] Bavaria, Saxony, and Italy are discontented. Belgium would be all for me."

Gourgaud objects that at Waterloo the advanced guard of the English was composed of Belgians, and Napoleon replies: "Men always fight well when their courage is up; but the people of Belgium are for *me*. Everything depends on the result of a battle. If I had not made the blunder of fighting the battle of Waterloo when I did, all else was already accomplished. I cannot understand yet how it all happened. But do not let us talk of it now."

"Louis XVIII. ought to send away the priests and all the men who took an active part for or against the Revolution."

"The Bourbons are on the right road. Their *cours prévôtales* will affect only the *canaille*. Time will bring about reconciliation. I hold somewhat singular views. I think that there was never any real Revolution in France; that the men of 1789 did not differ from those in the

[1] Maret, Duke of Bassano, former Minister of Napoleon, was sent as the Ambassador of Louis XVIII. to Vienna. He contrived to keep alive in the heart of the young Napoleon enthusiasm for his great father.—*E. W. L.*

time of Louis XIV. It was the Queen and the ministers, who brought about their own overthrow by adopting fatal measures. The French are not a mean spirited people, as foreigners now think them; but in everything they follow the fashion, and the man who was yesterday with all his heart a Bonapartist, to-day is as sincere a Royalist, and to-morrow may be a Republican. If the Austrians go to Lyons, it will mean the dismemberment of France—the creation of the kingdom of Burgundy."

"The King is breaking the neck of his dynasty—Faith! He is too liberal. He will see what it will be to have a Chamber composed of such Deputies as he is going to have.[1] In France the Chamber of Peers counts for nothing; the Chamber of Deputies is all in all. I quite understand why the princes are opposed to the King; he is preparing the way for losing his crown. I think that what I said, namely, that he ought to set up a fifth dynasty, may have influenced his conduct. If the princes were banished, it would put the Duke of Orleans on the throne. He would conciliate all parties, who at present are in as much disorder as ever."

"When Louis XVIII. dies, great events may take place; and if Lord Holland should then be Prime Minister of England, they may bring me back to Europe. But what I most hope for is the death of the Prince Regent, which will place the young Princess Charlotte on the English throne. She will bring me back to Europe. You see what passed at Bordeaux where all were much against me, but in favor of my son. If Napoleon II. reigned, his ministry would demand that I should be detained at a distance from France."

"You must never mention insurrection to an Englishman. It frightens people in his country, where the

[1] The new Chamber of Deputies was ultra Liberal. It had a strong Nationalist element.

people's party has been repressed. But the fire is not extinct, the sparks are numerous."

"The Surgeon of the Conqueror[1] does not believe we shall be in St. Helena very long; but he does not think the English government would let me reside in England. They would fear lest the Rioters[2] should put me at their head. Those people need a man to lead them, and if it were I, all France would be with them! The surgeon thinks that the Bourbons will not be able to sustain themselves. He is a partisan of the Duke of Orleans, whom he has known in England. This prince speaks good English, and is more revolutionary than I am. But the Rioters in England would find me the man who could best defend the rights of the people."

Napoleon said: "Louis XVIII. has a very kindly face." He said also that he was a man of talent and that he was sorry he could not have known him. "The Comte d'Artois wanted to have me assassinated."

"Great news from England! Ministers are about to resign. We shall have Wellesley, Holland, and Grenville. The young Princess says she will punish the old ministers for their behavior to her mother. Everybody, they say, is talking about me in England, where no more attention is paid to the libels. Nobody in France will read the *Quarterly Review*. The Bourbons will soon be overthrown. Austria and Russia are getting very desirous to withdraw their troops from France. The English will be requested to recall theirs, and then the Bourbons will be driven from France! There will be a total change. Wellesley is for me. He says that they did wrong to drive me out of France in 1815; and Hudson Lowe is abused in all the newspapers."

[1] This surgeon was afterwards court-martialed on suspicion of too much sympathy for Napoleon, to whom he had given his medical services for five days.

[2] The Riots, or Rioters, is Gourgaud's translation of the English word Radicals. The Duke of Orleans is Louis Philippe.

"I have been reading Hume. The English are a ferocious people. What crimes we read of in their history! Look at Henry VIII., who married Lady Seymour the day after he had Anne de Boleyn's head cut off. We could not have done that in France. Nero never committed such crimes! And Queen Mary! . . . . Ah! the Salic Law was a wise thing."

Saint-Cyr is reported to have said to the King: "If Your Majesty wants an army you must give it the tricolor."

"But," replied the Emperor, "the King would do anything rather than give up the White Cockade, the *panache blanche* of Henri IV. He would have been all right if he had not changed his system, but he always has been a Revolutionist."

"That fool of a King is going to spoil everything by taking part with the Revolutionists. He has no men of good judgment around him. He does not see that the Allies want to cut up France. And for this he incurs the hatred of his brother. He will spoil everything. He ought to have profited by the stay of the Allies to control the Chamber; the *cours prévôtales* would have managed to restrain the populace. In five years the foreign troops would have departed, and then the nation could have overthrown the Bourbons. Their system is too old, and could not be maintained. The French nation does not like to be humiliated; how will it all end? The Allies may set up Dukes of Brittany and Anjou. Yes, they may make the Comte d'Artois Duke of Anjou! That is what the Bourbons would like. Now, listen to what I tell you. You will see that the King will dissolve his Chamber soon after it has assembled. He will be forced to do so."

"England shows herself insatiable in everything. That poor Louis XVIII., that you English have placed upon the throne of France, contrary to the wishes of the nation,

you are now using as an instrument to squeeze money out of France—twelve hundred millions by way of contributions! As if, placed on the throne by you, the French did not sufficiently abhor him. . . . . The dismemberment of Poland brought on the French Revolution. The things that are now taking place in France may lead to frightful consequences in Europe. Germany is demanding a constitution; England is asking for Parliamentary Reform; that means a revolution, in which the oligarchy will be overthrown! Everywhere there is fermentation and discord."

"This is no time, Gourgaud, for you to leave me. Three years from now King Louis XVIII. will probably be dead, and there will be a crisis. If the princes succeed the King, France may be quiet and consolidated. If the Orleans princes or Napoleon II. should succeed, you will be well received by them. At all events, everything is now in fermentation. You must wait patiently for the crisis. I daresay I may have many more years to live; my career is not yet ended." [1]

[1] This was said to encourage and pacify Gourgaud. Napoleon constantly spoke of the death he felt approaching.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT GENERALS IN THE PAST.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND CÆSAR. — GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. — TURENNE. — PRINCE EUGENE. — FREDERICK THE GREAT. — HENRI IV. AND SOME OTHER FRENCH KINGS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND CÆSAR.

"To arrive at a just judgment concerning the relative merits of these two great commanders, we must consider the nature of their troops, and that of the forces of their enemies. When one sees the exploits of Agesilaus, and considers that the army of Xerxes was destroyed by ten thousand Greeks at Marathon, we perceive how few were the obstacles Alexander had to encounter in order to conquer such enemies. He fought only a few battles, and it was the arrangement of his troops in phalanx that made him triumph, rather than his military tactics; no fine manœuvres worthy of a great general have been recorded of him. He was a brave soldier, such a grenadier as Léon.[1] Why did he return to Egypt instead of pushing his conquests over Persia further still?

"Cæsar, on the contrary, had valiant enemies to contend with. He ran great risks in the enterprises into which his bold spirit impelled him; he came out of them successfully, through his genius. His battles in the civil wars were real battles, both because of the bravery of the men, and the skill of their generals. He was a man of

[1] A grenadier in the Consular Guard, subsequently in the Garde Impériale. A man Napoleon liked to praise for his courage. It is even recorded that Napoleon once spoke of Léon as one of his few true personal friends, if not the only one.—*French Editor.*

great genius, who loved bold enterprises. Alexander was both a soldier and a politician. I think he was right in his disputes with his Macedonians."

"Up to my time France still felt the influence of Cæsar. The supremacy of the Pope, the Empire of Germany, and the King of the Romans were all destroyed by me. Charlemagne had given a good deal to the Pope. Germany, up to my day, was composed of great fiefs. At one time one of its Emperors named Maximilian created counts and barons in the Parliament of Paris.[1]

"No one at length dared to oppose Cæsar. Men are truly great according to what institutions they leave behind them. If a cannon-ball, fired from the Kremlin, had killed me, I should have been as great as they, because my institutions and my dynasty would have remained in France; instead of which I shall now be almost nothing, unless my son should one day reascend my throne."

The Emperor wonders why, after Issus, Alexander did not follow up Darius instead of wasting his time at the siege of Tyre. "I think," says Gourgaud, "that there was great exaggeration as to the hosts opposed to Alexander. The troops opposed to the Macedonians were mere masses of men, ill-armed and ill-disciplined. Assuredly with thirty thousand men Alexander could easily have routed the right wing of the army of the King of Persia, which consisted of six hundred thousand; however, Darius might have dispatched armies to the rear of the Macedonians to reoccupy the cities Alexander had previously taken."

"Now," said Napoleon, "you see how history is written! What is the use of working hard and being in difficulties all your life that you may figure in history after you are dead?"

[1] Gourgaud gives no date for this event, and it is hard to say to what Emperor Maximilian Napoleon was referring.—*E. W. L.*

"What I admire in Alexander the Great is not his campaigns, which we cannot fully understand, but his political astuteness. At the age of thirty-three he left behind him an immense empire well established, which his generals divided among themselves. He knew the art of gaining the love and trust of conquered nations. He was right to have had Parmenio killed, when, like a fool, he was finding fault with his sovereign for having given up Greek manners. It was a great stroke of policy on Alexander's part to visit the Temple of Jupiter Ammon. It enabled him to conquer Egypt. If I had stayed in the East, I should probably have founded an empire like Alexander, if I had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, where I would have made prayers and genuflexions before the Prophet's tomb; but I would not have done this, without first making sure it would be worth the trouble. I would not have acted like that fool Menou."[1]

"My account of my campaign in Egypt is at least in one respect better than the commentaries of Cæsar, which have no dates."

"When I was young I wanted to write something about Cæsar."[2]

"But Your Majesty," said Gourgaud, "has made history."

"Who? I? Ah! but the end needed success. It is true that Cæsar himself cannot be said to have succeeded. He was assassinated."

Gustavus Adolphus.

"Just look at the man men call the great Gustavus! In eighteen months he won one battle, lost another, and was killed in the third! His fame was assuredly gained at a cheap rate. . . . . History is no better than a

[1] Menou, a General left in Egypt after Napoleon returned to Europe, professed himself a Mohammedan. He was the same man who retreated before the enemies of the convention on the 13th Vendémiaire.—*E. W. L.*

[2] They had been reading a tragedy of that name.

romance. Now look at Gustavus, whom history exalts as an extraordinary man, and history very likely will say nothing about us. . . . . Civilians cannot write about a battle. Tilly and Wallenstein were better generals than Gustavus Adolphus. There is no very able military movement recorded of the Swedish King. He quitted Bavaria because of the strategic movements of Tilly, which forced him to evacuate the country, and he let Magdeburg be captured before his very eyes. There's a splendid reputation for you!"

His Majesty said that the reputation of Gustavus Adolphus was very extraordinary; he took part in very few battles. "But, Sire," said the uncourtier-like Gourgaud, "Your Majesty yourself has been in very few great battles."

"Bah!" replied the Emperor, "Ulm, Austerlitz, Essling, Wagram!"

A day or two later the Emperor counts up his battles. They amount to nearly sixty. Madame de Montholon exclaims: "That is splendid! Not like Gustavus Adolphus, who fought only three or four."

Turenne.

"Turenne was a good general—the only general who as he grew an old man grew bolder. I approve his operations all the more because I find them exactly what I myself would have done. He passed through all grades in the army. He began by being a private soldier; for four years he was a captain, etc. He is a man who, if he had suddenly appeared by my side at Wagram, would at once have understood my plan of battle. Condé would have understood it too, but not Cæsar or Hannibal. If I had had a man like Turenne to be my second in command during my campaigns, I should have been now master of the world; but I had nobody. Wherever I was not present my generals were defeated. As I was march-

MARSHAL SOULT

ing on Landshut I met Bessières retreating. I told him to go forward, but he objected, saying that the enemy was too strong. 'Go forward nevertheless,' I said, and he advanced. The enemy, seeing him again on the offensive, thought he had received reinforcements, and retreated. In war things often happen like that. Soldiers should never count their enemies. In Italy we were always one to three, but the troops had confidence in me. Moral force, rather than numbers, may decide a victory. Condé was one of nature's generals, Turenne was a general by experience. I consider him much greater than Frederick of Prussia. Had he been in Frederick's place he would have done much more and would not have committed the faults of that King. When Turenne said that no army ought to have more than fifty thousand men, we must consider what he meant when speaking of an army. In his time armies were not organized into divisions; the general-in-chief had to order everything and name the generals who were to command this and that corps; therefore, you can see that having to oversee everything himself, there would have been nothing but confusion if the commander-in-chief had had more than fifty thousand men. Turenne does not say that with fifty thousand men he could beat two hundred thousand. To do that would need several of what he calls armies. These were what we now call divisions, and *corps d'armée.* I say further that thirty thousand or forty thousand men are enough for a *corps d'armée* in three divisions. That number could be easily fed, and easily commanded."

Gourgaud asked why Turenne and Montecucculi seemed to march about without a purpose, from right to left, avoiding each other, and never giving battle, and why one or the other general did not manœuvre so as to pass his opponent, and enter the enemy's territory.

Napoleon answered: "Armies were weak in those days; strong places at that time played a great part in

war. There is no strong position now which could stop two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand men, while everywhere there are positions that can be advantageously held by twenty thousand to thirty thousand men. A village occupied becomes an important point. Its importance, however, diminishes according to the strength of the opposing army; twenty-five thousand men opposed to twenty thousand are not in the same proportion as two hundred thousand men opposed to two hundred and fifty thousand. Armies are strong in arithmetical, not geometrical, proportion. For example, an army of twenty-five thousand men could employ only five thousand to form a detachment, and then would have great difficulty in concealing the movement from the enemy. Besides, twenty-five thousand could do little or nothing. The least fortified place, the smallest post, might stop them, whereas an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men could easily send off a detachment of fifty thousand, which would be an army sufficient to subdue a whole country and capture its strongholds. The enemy would have great difficulty in making out whether there were two hundred thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand men before him. The genius of Turenne would have enabled him to command large armies as successfully as he did little ones. If he had sprung out of the earth and stood by my side at Wagram, he would have perceived my plan and have understood everything."

"Turenne was not a brilliant talker, but he had the genius essential to a general."

"He was the greatest of French generals. Contrary to what is usual, he grew bolder as he grew older. His last campaigns were superb. I want to write my observations on this subject. The tactics of that day were different from ours. Armies in general were not large, and the one that was largest played an important part in

a campaign. Condé, too, was a good commander. Marshal Saxe showed how badly off France was in his day for good generals. I do not know any engagements to his credit, except Lawfeld and Fontenoy. A good general is not an ordinary man. Saxe and Luxembourg were of the second order. Frederick stands in the first rank, so do Turenne and Condé. I must write their campaigns."

Prince Eugene.

"Prince Eugene committed several faults. The affair at Cremona was a piece of foolishness. One must never ask of fortune more than she can grant. Everything was going well for him. Villeroy was taken, but the removal of two boats out of the bridge made the whole thing fail. The battle of Turin was fought against all rules, but it succeeded, and had immense results. Prince Eugene was a great general, higher up the ladder than the rest of them. He fought on the Rhine, in Italy, and in Turkey."

"At Hochstadt Prince Eugene wanted to turn to the left and force the French into the Danube. This is badly reported by Feuquières, whose maps are ill made."

Frederick the Great.

"Frederick was always superior to his enemy at the opening of a campaign, but when a battle was to be fought his troops were always the fewest. His soldiers were perfect, his cavalry was excellent; nothing could resist their charge, as is the case with our cuirassiers. And he knew well how to hold his army in hand during a battle.

"Apparently he greatly despised his adversaries, the Austrians especially. Daun did not undertake a pursuit until twelve days after he had gained the battle of Kollin, and Prince Charles did not leave Prague until four days after the departure of his enemies."

"Frederick, great as he was, did not understand artillery. The best generals are those who have served in that corps. People think it is easy to know how to place a battery in position; it is a great thing, however. If batteries are formed behind the first line of infantry in a battle, and suddenly sixty to eighty cannon are unmasked, all bearing on one point, it often decides a victory."

"Frederick, in his Instructions, did not like to tell everything. There is much vagueness in them. He could have done better had he chosen. I wanted to write on the same subject, but then, when generals are defeated they excuse themselves by saying that they only followed the rules they had been taught. There are so many different things to be considered in war. But no one can write on it without pointing out the difference between war in our own day and war in the time of the ancients."

"Frederick made a mistake by losing forty days before the camp at Pirna, which was eighty-four thousand feet in circumference. This loss of time cost him dear. I think the capitulation of the Saxons was postponed in consequence, from day to day. I blame the march of his three columns, which came from three places, Frankfort on the Oder, Magdeburg, and another. He should have made them march closer to each other, in order to be able to unite them when the enemy should attack him. But Frederick would defend himself by saying that he wanted to levy a contribution of money at Leipsic, and that he was sure he should not be molested. People say that I am rash; but Frederick was much more so. One cannot understand how Prince Charles could have been so foolish as to let him quietly cross two rivers. I have been writing about the battle of Prague; a child might understand it. I shall leave some notes on those campaigns, which may be some day useful to my son. I might make you all

admirable generals by discussions on military affairs. I am an excellent schoolmaster. But I would not put my impressions on such matters into print."

"Frederick was not an ordinary man. But at Kollin he manœuvred very badly. He sacrificed half his troops. In my opinion he lost everything. Frederick had great moral audacity. I am going shortly to dictate my remarks on his campaigns. They will be very interesting. I ought to have had his wars explained in the École Polytechnique, and the military schools. Jomini would have been a good man for that purpose. Such teaching would have put excellent ideas into the heads of the young pupils. It is true that Jomini always argues for fixed principles. Genius works by inspiration. What is good in certain circumstances may be bad in others, but one ought to consider principles as an axis which holds certain relations to a curve. It may be good to recognize that on this or that occasion one has swerved from fixed principles of war."

"Frederick sometimes acted against all the rules of war. On one occasion he did not know that the Austrians were near him, and he was taken by surprise. He was obliged to face to the right in the midst of a battle. In this campaign, and in that of Prague, he was always superior in numbers to his enemy, and yet he came off badly in those encounters. The great art of a general consists, if he knows himself to be inferior in numbers to his enemy, in proving himself superior on the field of battle. One cannot comprehend the folly of the Prince of Lorraine, who ought to have fallen upon Frederick and Schwerin when they were advancing separately; instead of which he shut himself up in Prague, with forty thousand men, and let himself be blockaded by fifty thousand! He ought to have made sorties with thirty thousand of his soldiers,

and Frederick would have raised the siege. In order to invest a place properly one should take up a good position, fifteen or eighteen miles away; fortify it, and station detachments of men in echelons on the flanks, so that if the enemy should attack any point, all the troops may concentrate at once to resist him. If a relieving force should arrive to succor the besieged, the detachments on the side opposite to the town should be withdrawn, and should fall back on the fortified position.

"Frederick would not have manœuvred as he did, had I been his opponent. I see nothing fine in his operations at Rosbach. He fell back on his base, and every time a general does that, it is because he is obliged to do so. I see no genius in that. If he had rushed with all his forces on the left flank of the enemy's column, instead of attacking it in front, as he did, it would have proved him a great general. That is what I did at Austerlitz. I should have done like Frederick if, instead of falling on the flank of the Russians, I had fallen back on my base, where Friant was stationed.

"Prince Charles ought to have made one sortie after another at Prague. Soldiers are made on purpose to be killed. All the same, I cannot conceive why Soubise at Rosbach did not deploy his troops, why every colonel and every officer in command of a battalion did not deploy his men.

"Soubise could have drawn his columns together and then have deployed regiment after regiment, ordering the men to keep up a steady fire from both ranks. There is no excuse for anybody; they ought to have put every captain of artillery the army possessed into the batteries. The Swiss alone held their ground, and Soubise ordered them to retreat. He ought to have rallied them. He had better have fought, even though he risked the loss of eight thousand men, than have fallen back so shamefully. In those days they did not know how to make war. In

the French army there were too many men of talent fond of talking; men who liked to argue and discuss. They needed a commander who would firmly enforce his orders, who cared nothing for these men of social talent, and who would have made every one act as he thought proper. The Marshal de Saxe was not an eagle, but he had firmness of character, and could make himself obeyed. Nowadays there is no general, no commander of a battalion, who has not done better than Soubise. Madame de Pompadour at that time caused the French to play the part of auxiliaries to the troops of the Princes of Germany.

"Frederick at Rosbach had twenty-five thousand men; Soubise had twenty thousand French soldiers, and an equal number belonging to the German princes. These last were then good for nothing. (Now they have become good soldiers, because they have been incorporated into large bodies of men.) He had besides, thirty thousand Bavarians.

"What is most remarkable about Frederick is not his skill in military movements, but his audacity. He succeeded in doing what I never ventured to attempt. He quitted his line of operations, and often seemed to act as if he had no knowledge of the military art."

"Frederick was right in what he said about detachments. In mountain warfare a general should let himself be attacked rather than take the offensive. What to do calls for ability! Suppose the enemy occupies a strong position, you must take one that will compel him to come out and attack you, or else to take up one in your rear. That is what I did to make the Austrians evacuate Saorgio. On a plain, I think as Frederick does, that it is best to attack first. Oblique order is good only when an army cannot manœuvre. Mountains are much greater obstacles than rivers. You can always cross a river, but not a mountain. Very often, as is the case in the Vosges,

there are only two or three passes, and even they are barred at places through which an army would have to pass. In a few hours you can make a bridge, and it would take six months to make a road. You may make a *détour* of six or nine miles in some places, but you could not make one of fifteen leagues. Before Marengo I could not have crossed the Alps if the King of Sardinia had not made roads up to the foot of the range. If there had been soldiers enough to defend the town of Bard and the fort, I could not have passed into Italy.

"The great advantage armies have at the present day is their being made up of divisions; each of which, like the Roman legion, can suffice for itself."

"There are good things in Frederick's Instructions, but they are written in too great haste, and do not go deep enough. I have begun, as you know, a work, which if I ever finish it, will be interesting. Frederick, great man as he was, committed some faults,—at Kollin, for example,—but his historians were Prussians, and did not point them out. One would like to read an account of his campaigns, written by an officer serving under Daun."

Henri IV. and Some Other French Kings.

"Henri IV. never did anything great. He gave fifteen hundred francs to his mistresses. Saint Louis was a simpleton. Louis XIV. was the only King of France worthy of the name."

The Emperor declared that the manifesto of Henri IV. against his queen, Marguerite de Valois, was in his opinion a libel.

"It makes me laugh to read how Masson endeavored to demonstrate to Frederick the Great that Henri IV. was the greatest captain of ancient or modern times. He was a fine man, but he did nothing extraordinary, and as

a gray-beard running after disreputable women in the streets of Paris, he was an old fool. But in opposition to Louis XIV., who was detested, Henri IV. has been extolled to the skies. Besides, Voltaire, by his epic poem the 'Henriade,' made him very popular. I am sure that in his own day he had not the popularity he has in ours."

"Henri IV. was a brave soldier. With his own sword he sometimes risked himself far from his main army with only one or two squadrons. Francis I. also was a brave king; but a sovereign is surrounded by so many men who entreat him not to risk his life, who assure him he will be captured, and that his safety is everything for the state, that many kings of France have been taken prisoners, so that a king must be very brave indeed to go under fire."

"Henri IV. was a good soldier, but in his day all that was needed was courage and good sense. It was not the same thing as war with great masses of men. We must do justice to the French kings; all of them were brave men."

"The order of the Knights of Malta was absurd. The Knights did nothing but enjoy their revenues. They did no fighting. The Pope might very properly have taken some of their wealth to destroy the Mediterranean pirates. Saint Louis mismanaged his expedition into Egypt. I should have failed in mine had I done the same."

The Emperor thinks that we have very meagre reports of the wars in the time of Louis XIV., and yet many illustrious families, one would think, had an interest in transmitting to posterity full accounts of the great deeds of certain generals.

"Louis XIV. was the greatest king our country has ever possessed. He had four hundred thousand men

under arms; and a king of France who could assemble so many could have been no ordinary man. Only he and I ever had such great armies."

"Louis XIV. was a great king, but not a great soldier. His passage of the Rhine, which has been so much praised, amounted to nothing. His troops passed over by a ford defended by two poor regiments. But anyhow he was a great king."

"The Revolution was beginning in the latter years of Louis XV. He was a man of talent, and foresaw it; but he thought, 'Things as they are will last my time.' "

We spoke of Louis XV. The Emperor said: "Louis XV. never had any heart."

"It might be said with truth that Louis XV. gained the battle of Fontenoy himself, by not following the advice of his courtiers, who urged him to recross the river. If he had gone, his household troops would have followed him, and the battle would have been lost. He would most certainly have been assassinated, he had so many enemies, had the Revolution broken out in his day."

CHAPTER XIV.

MARSHALS AND GENERALS, 1814–1815.

MURAT, GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND KING OF NAPLES. — NEY, DUC D'ELCHINGEN AND PRINCE DE LA MOSKWA. — OTHER GENERALS.

MURAT, GRAND DUKE OF BERG AND KING OF NAPLES.

"Murat knew better than Ney how to conduct a campaign, but after all he was a very poor general. He always made war without the help of maps. At the time of Marengo I ordered him to take Stradella. He sent his corps thither, and it was already in action while he himself stayed at Pavia to make sure of a wretched contribution of ten thousand francs! I made him leave the place immediately. But his delay cost us five hundred men. The enemy had to be driven out of a position which we ought to have been the first to occupy. How many errors did not Murat commit in order to establish his headquarters in some château where he knew there were pretty women! He had to have women about him every day, and for that reason I tolerated the practice of allowing generals to have each a disreputable female attached to him."

"Murat has had only what he deserved. Ah! if I could see his wife, I am certain she would tell me some fine stories about him. It was all my own fault. I ought to have left him a marshal, and never to have made him Grand Duke of Berg; still less King of Naples. He was off his head. He was very ambitious. I rose to distinction step by step, but Murat wanted at a bound to be chief of everything. He intrigued with Fouché before my second marriage. I am certain that at Leipsic he was

betraying me. He had poor brains, which hatched chimeras, and he fancied himself a great man. He incited the Italians to revolt, but had no guns to furnish them. He refused, like a fool, the asylumn Metternich offered him, where as Count of Lipona he might have lived very happily in exile. It is said he wished to die a soldier's death; but bah! he had better have lived with his wife and children. Besides, who knows what might have happened? Instead of that he did the most foolish act any man ever committed. He compromised two hundred Corsicans,[1] brave men I am sure, and almost all of them my own relations. With two hundred men he set out to recover a kingdom he had lost when at the head of eighty thousand! He thought of disembarking at Salerno; in that case he would have been shot at Salerno. There were eight thousand Austrians at Naples. If there had been twenty thousand English soldiers in Paris when I left Elba, I could not have succeeded."

"You may be sure that Murat was not trying to march on Monteleone, but that he was on the point of falling back, when he was attacked."

"Six thousand French soldiers would be sufficient to conquer the Kingdom of Naples, if it had only its own troops to depend upon. When Murat fancied he had an army and could do something after my return from Elba, he cried: 'Ah! Ah! the old King! He will see! He thinks his Neapolitans are soldiers. Well! they will desert him. They are a vile mob!' Yet Murat had managed to get along without a French army to keep him on his throne, and that was a great thing. It was pure folly to think that he could fight Austria and establish the Kingdom of Italy." [2]

[1] Napoleon was apt to misstate numbers. Murat's Corsicans vary in his statements from thirty to two hundred.—*E. W. L.*

[2] There is much mention of Murat in the chapters on the Russian Campaign and the Return from Elba. Also in the chapter on Napoleon's Rise to Fame and Fortune, in connection with events on the 13th Vendémiaire. These it is not necessary to repeat here.—*E. W. L.*

Ney, Duc d'Elschingen and Prince de la Moskwa.

(Born 1769; shot 1815.)

"Ney made a poor defence at his trial. He ought to have shown more nobleness in his replies, and to have taken his stand on the Convention of Paris. He could not justify himself. He acted in good faith up to March 14th; that I think everybody is convinced of. It is false that I sent him that proclamation; but whether I did or not, he was equally guilty. What the devil! how came a Marshal of France not to know what he said and what he signed? Choiseul, who would not vote on the trial because he said the court had not received sufficient instructions, was one of the men shipwrecked at Calais.[1] I gave him his life; but you may be sure it was not from gratitude he acted thus, but because he thought that had he condemned Ney he would have had more to fear than others if the reaction took another turn, than he had to fear from the King if he did not unite in condemning him. He knew very well that Louis would decline to receive him, and that that would be all. On the other hand, his conduct made him many partisans. He was so miserably poor at one time during my reign that he acted as one of my spies."

"Men are like musicians in a concert: each man has his own part to play. Ney was an excellent commander for ten thousand men, but for all else he was a mere fool."

"Ney's sole answer at his trial should have been, 'I am under the protection of the Treaty of Paris; but kill me if you think proper.' I should have said, if I had been arrested: 'I am not here to render you any account

[1] A party of *émigrés* escaping from France were wrecked near Calais about the close of the Revolution. They were captured and tried as returned *émigrés*. The daughter of Choiseul appealed to the First Consul and they were set at liberty.—*E. W. L.*

of my conduct. I cannot legally be condemned by you, nor legally acquitted. But kill me if you please to do so.' "

"General Lecourbe, who served under the Directory, had all the qualities which make a good general. Ney commanded a brigade under him. Ney had no talent, nor had he moral courage. He was good to animate his soldiers on a field of battle, but I never ought to have made him a Marshal of France. He had, as Caffarelli said of him, just the probity and courage of a hussar. I ought to have left him a general of division. In 1815, was there ever seen such impudence, as when in his proclamation he pretends to dispose of the throne of France? I had great difficulty to contain myself about this when I saw him. What Labédoyère said of his conduct history believes. But Ney came over to me only when he saw that all his regiments were deserting him. He was looking for a reward. He had lost his head. He is a hare-brained, foolish fellow. It was that that made him act so absurdly in the Chamber of Peers. France without her army will be lost! If Ney was shot because he came over to me, he ought to have been shot for not coming sooner."[1]

Other Generals.

"Desaix was the best general I ever knew. Clausel and General Gérard promised well. Bernadotte has no head. He is a true Gascon. He will not stay long where he is. His turn for an overthrow will soon come.[2]

[1] There was a very strong feeling among Liberals in England that the Duke of Wellington missed an occasion of displaying magnanimity in connection with Ney's execution. He was all-powerful in Paris at the time, and many thought he might have interposed successfully in favor of so brilliant a General. Napoleon, however, could not forgive Ney. His presumption and imprudence in his proclamation told against him in the Emperor's mind much more than his defection; besides, as Napoleon said, "I never can endure traitors."—*E. W. L.*

[2] Bernadotte was the son of a lawyer at Pau. He was destined for the law, but entered the marine service. When the Revolution removed all

The Emperor regretted to Gourgaud that his marshals and generals did not, on their trial,[1] show the heroic fanaticism that men in such circumstances are reported to have done in the English Revolution, and among the Romans. He said that their defence seemed to have no character. Only Cambronne appeared to advantage.

"Drouot said things he ought not to have said. He drew up the proclamation himself at Elba. It is not true that he tried to dissuade me from the enterprise. You know, Gourgaud, I do not allow myself to be governed by advice."

Gourgaud, who was attached to Drouot, says to the Emperor, in answer to this remark: "But he said at the trial that he would do as he had done over again, under the same circumstances!"

"True; but he was not like Cambronne, in whom I see nothing to be blamed. Bourmont behaved basely. Ney might have pointed out his conduct in sending to Bertrand to ask me for employment, and then when he saw things were not turning out well, he deserted me! Bourmont was known to be one of the most false and hypocritical men among the Vendeans. I never ought to have given him employment. It was Junot who first put him into my service. That simpleton always wanted to

restrictions of rank he entered the army and rose rapidly. His personal relations with Napoleon were never cordial. We have seen that he was nearly involved in the conspiracy of Moreau. He served with great distinction both under the Directory and in the campaigns of Napoleon. In the time of the Directory he was Ambassador at Vienna and Minister of War. In 1810 he was made Governor of Hanover, and conducted himself so ably that when the Prince of Augustenburg, the Crown Prince of Sweden, died, he was elected by the Swedes to be their future sovereign. The death of Charles XIII. in 1818 made him King Charles XIV. His administration was admirable. He left his throne to his son Oscar, who married Josephine, daughter of Prince Eugene Beauharnais. No royal family in Europe commands more general respect than that of Sweden.

[1] Ney, Labédoyère, Lavalette, Lallemand, Brune, Lefebvre Desnoëttes, Drouot, Brayer, Clausel, Laborde, Cambronne, Savary (Duke of Rovigo), and many others were brought to trial. The first three were condemned to death. Several sought safety in the United States; others were exiled; others were degraded from the peerage. Drouot and Cambronne were released. Some were pardoned and even received places and employment from the King.—*E. W. L.*

be surrounded by noblemen with ten quarterings. And in the last place, that madcap Labédoyère spoke for him. Davout would have nothing to do with him."

"When Bernadotte was insulted at Vienna in the days of the Directory, I was sent for by the Directors to give them my opinion on the affair. They wanted to make war at once on the Emperor of Austria. I told them: 'If the Emperor wished for war with the Republic, he would not insult it. When the Austrians think of making war, they cajole and flatter the enemy, so that they may have a better chance to stick a knife into him. They offer all sorts of reparation. You do not understand the Cabinet at Vienna; it is the meanest and most perfidious to be found. It will not make war with you, because it cannot. Peace with Austria is only a truce, but just now it cannot be for the interest of the Republic to break it.' They shortly after received a dispatch from Bernadotte, which confirmed what I had told them. The Austrian Emperor had made all sorts of excuses."

"Desaix was my best general, Kleber next, and I think Lannes the third."

"Drouot might have risen high. Gassendi wrote to me after Duroc died, to ask me to give him the Duc de Frioul's place; in which case he was ready to resign himself, to prove that he was not actuated by ambition. Eblé was a man of great merit, he was really extraordinary. Lariboisière was good and brave. Sénarmont at Friedland placed thirty guns in position. It is not easy to find good officers of artillery; nevertheless I had Sorbier."

"I was very fond of Legrand; he was a very brave man, an excellent general of division; but he would not have made a good commander-in-chief. He was not an eagle, but he had sacred fire. He would not sign my deposition."

"Augereau was very brave. I can never forget him in the affair of Castiglione."

"Victor is a better general than people think. At the passage of the Beresina he got over nearly his whole corps. At Smolensk, Châtaux, his son-in-law, said to me when I gave him orders for Victor: 'He never will be able to do that. Your Majesty ought to send the King of Naples.' It was the order to reach the Beresina before I got there. You remember Châtaux? He was a brave young man; he was killed at Montereau, in 1814. I sincerely regretted him. He took Brienne."

"You are mistaken, Gourgaud, in your estimate of Lannes. Both he and Ney were men who would have killed you if they saw it would be to their advantage. But on a field of battle they were incomparable. I cannot tell what Lannes might have done in these latter times. Marmont, whom I might say I brought up from boyhood, was treacherous to me. Berthier was treacherous too, but then he was a man of Versailles. Indeed, all men of noble birth, like Nansouty, Moncey, and Lauriston, were not real patriots. They deserted me as soon as the opportunity presented itself. Praslin behaved well, so did Beauvau, but they were the sons of patriot fathers. One must always have near one people one can rely on. I was careful not to put generals who had formerly been nobles at the head of my armies. Septeuil, for example, whatever his capacity, I should never have made a general-in-chief. His father had been the King's *valet de chambre*."

"Ah! Duroc and Bessières! At least they died on the field of honor.[1]

The Emperor said that he took Marmont on the recommendation of his uncle, pushed his fortunes, brought him on as if he had been his son, and married

[1] Duroc killed in battle, 1813. Bessières killed, 1813.—*E. W. L.*

him to Mademoiselle Perregaux. "And he betrayed me! He will be more unhappy than I am![2] I said so at Fontainebleau after his first desertion."

[2] Marmont was of a good family in the south of France. He served in the army before the Revolution. After that, under the patronage of Napoleon, he rose rapidly, though he was never considered a great general. In Spain he displeased Napoleon by the loss of the battle of Salamanca. He was left in command of the garrison of Paris in 1814, and capitulated to the Allies. Louis XVIII. received him into favor and gave him employment. After Napoleon's return from Elba he renewed his allegiance to his old master, but a second time deserted him when the Senate pronounced his deposition. His subsequent conduct was vacillating and weak. He died in 1852. He commanded the royal troops during the revolution of 1830, and left France with Charles X.—*E. W. L.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE ART OF WAR.

"A general must never for any minor consideration miss his chance of destroying the enemy. Therefore, at Mantua I abandoned my artillery, because I had only thirty thousand men and was going to fight a hundred thousand."

"To Lefebvre was due the victory of Fleurus. He is a very brave man, who did not care about the movements taking place on his right or on his left; all he thought of was how to fight right on. He was not afraid of dying. That was well, but sometimes such men get themselves into dangerous circumstances, and are surrounded. Then comes capitulation, and after that they have lost their courage forever."

"Cannon ought to accompany the rear guard of an army; and each man should carry several charges for the guns. Thus the advanced guard would have enough to supply a battery, without having the encumbrance of *caissons*. I think that the weight might be easily divided; a hundred pounds would be enough for the weight of the balls."

"A man at the head of affairs is like the commander-in-chief of an army, who the night before a battle ought to issue his orders for the next day. If he does not, every one merely does what he is ordered to do at the moment, and no plan is carried out; all is confusion."

"Each division possesses all that makes it complete. It is like the Roman legion. If the French army had

been so organized at Fontenoy its manœuvres would not have been partial, as they were. Voltaire imagines that Richelieu[1] won that battle! His description is absurd. He takes pains to tell us the names of the nobles, and the numbers of their regiments only, and makes no mention of the principal movements. At Denain (1712) I should have done like Villars."

"It is easy to see that Gassendi[2] had no personal knowledge of war. He is a nobody, an ignoramus. He never ought to have put such nonsense in a work that was semi-official. It was no business of his, as a Councillor of State, to criticise the operations of generals. What must foreigners think of it? In England, for example, such a thing could not be done. He thought by a few flights of flattery to make amends for what he had said. It looks to me like irony. He constantly quotes Gribeauval,[3] who really was a good officer, but had never been present at any siege but that of Schweidnitz; however, he did great service in pointing out how to lighten and how to simplify the artillery. If he had been actively engaged in war as long as we, he would have been the first to propose to simplify it still more. In all that we have done we have only followed the principles laid down by Gribeauval, founded on his observations during a twenty-five years' war. Gassendi does not approve of horse artillery; above all ours, in which the cannoniers are on horseback. Well! that alone has changed the face of war. I mean that it enables a corps of cavalry and some batteries of horse-artillery to act together, and to fall upon the rear of an enemy. What, after all, is the expense of a few regiments of horse-artillery compared to the advantage of such a branch of the service? Besides

[1] The Duc de Richelieu, minister of Louis XV.

[2] Gassendi had been an officer in the wars of the Revolution.

[3] Gribeauval wrote a book upon artillery in the eighteenth century.—*E. W. L.*

this, a soldier must learn to love his profession, must look to it to satisfy all his tastes and his sense of honor. That is why handsome uniforms are useful. A slight thing will often make men stand firm under fire, who but for that might have given way. I also wanted to have roads made more practicable for the passage of artillery. The fate of a battle—of a country even—often depends on whether artillery can get up where it is wanted."

When the Emperor retired after this discourse on artillery, which he kept up till one o'clock in the morning, Montholon remarked: "His Majesty said many good things, but there were some that I should like to criticise."

"Yes," said Gourgaud, "when he talks of artillery, of the ammunition chest, those are practical details that he knows nothing about. He thinks our present bayonets are too short, but that is a point to be settled, not by a general of artillery, but by infantry generals. The branch of the service the Emperor thinks most capable of forming good generals is the infantry, in which a man learns how to direct the movement of troops, and the choice of positions."

"When I first ordered the lancers to wear cuirasses they rebelled, but I made them obey, and they adopted them. It is only necessary for a chief to will it, and a thing is done."

"The defence of a convoy is always difficult; but the enemy very often is mistaken as to the force guarding a convoy and thinks it is more than it is. Mountains are worse obstacles in a march than rivers; with artillery one can always get across a river; a good bridge of boats can be made in three hours. It can be begun in the evening, and the army can pass over it in the morning."

"I should have liked to establish a war college at Fontainebleau. I would have appointed Gérard, Maison,

and others whom I wished to promote to be its professors. I should soon have formed excellent generals."

"We ought to have light iron cannon for mountain warfare; twenty-four-pounders in several pieces, which could be carried on the backs of mules. And in every company several short twenty-four-pounders. The absence of these in Egypt lost me the taking of Acre."

"A great general is no common thing. Of all the generals of the Revolution I know only Desaix and Hoche, who, had they lived, would have become famous. Kleber was too fond of pleasure. He dishonored himself by wanting to leave Egypt. It has been said that I feared him. Ah! *mon Dieu!* if I had given him money and made him a duke, he would have kissed my hand. Hoche was different. I do not know how he would have acted at the present time. He had active ambition, and much talent. I never liked to take risks. I was always saying to myself, 'Let things alone, and see what will come of them.' "

Gourgaud: "It seems, then, Sire, that Hoche liked to control circumstances; Your Majesty liked to profit by them."

Napoleon: "Hoche was too ardent to wait patiently. I think that, like Moreau, he might have broken his head against my palace walls. Moreau without his wife would have been on the best terms with me, for indeed, in the main, he was an excellent man. However, he could not command more than twenty thousand men. That was the opinion of both Kleber and Desaix. Perhaps under me he might have improved. With forty thousand men I should not have feared Moreau with sixty thousand nor Jourdan with a hundred thousand. I have just been reading the history of those campaigns. Moreau did very well. The Archduke Charles did well too; but as for

Jourdan—incapacity could not be carried further. Under a good government his head should have been cut off for his retreat when he abandoned Moreau."

"War is a singular art. I assure you that I have fought sixty battles, and—well!—I learned nothing but what I knew when I fought the first. Look at Cæsar; he fought for the first time as he did the last. At Zama Scipio was very near being vanquished. Montesquieu tells us that the greatness of the Romans hung on a broken bridge. If Hannibal had triumphed there, it would have been all over with the Romans—and all for a bridge!

"A good army ought to be one in which each officer knows what he ought to do according to circumstances. . . . . I do not deserve more than half credit for the battles I have won. It is enough for a successful general to be named in connection with a victory, for the fact is it was gained by his soldiers."

The Emperor declares that at the present day nations make war with rose-water.

"In old times the vanquished were either put to death or sold into slavery, and women were violated. If I had done that kind of thing when I took Vienna, the Russians would not so easily have got to Paris. War is a very serious thing."

The Emperor thinks he ought to have stayed a month longer in Spain in 1809, when he might have thrown Sir John Moore into the sea. The English would have been disheartened, and would have given up interfering on the Continent.

"Carnot's book is founded on a false principle. He argues on the supposition that garrisons are composed of picked men, but they are generally made up of conscripts, *invalides*, and national guards, who would be of no use in the open country, and are of service only behind walls,

where they are gaining experience and instruction. If at the beginning of a siege the garrison makes sorties, the few who are very brave get killed, and the remainder are a mere mob, with whom no vigorous action can be attempted. Carnot never saw war, and his experience of warfare had to be acquired. Strongly fortified places are useful to contain supplies, and to contain soldiers who in the open field would be routed by a few hussars; but they can be trained into real soldiers during one campaign, after which they can act on the offensive, and increase the strength of the army. They can harass the rear of an enemy if he is making a forced march, and oblige him to leave a considerable force behind for his protection. Another advantage is to shorten the line of operations. When I marched on Vienna, Wurtzburg and Braunau were of the greatest use to me. If Vienna had held out, that would have changed my plan of operations; but the inhabitants of a capital which can be bombarded have a great influence on the question of surrender, or defence. As soon as I was master of Vienna eight or ten thousand men were all I wanted to hold it. I was certain that the enemy would not think of destroying it, and the threat made by my garrison of burning the city in case of resistance was enough to intimidate the inhabitants."

"Paris ought to have been, and must yet be, fortified. At the present day armies are so large that the strongholds on our frontier would not stop a victorious army. It is a great stroke for an enemy flushed with recent victory to march on a capital and take possession of it. But when Paris is fortified, the extent of its walls ought to be such that it need not fear bombardment. I always intended to do this, and I meant to fortify Montmartre, or some point on the Seine, which Vincennes does not command, like the Arche de l'Étoile. But I was always restrained by the fear that my fortifications would be

unpopular with the Parisians, who would have been sure to see in my redoubts and strongholds, so many Bastilles. I spoke of my intention to Fontaine, and the Arch of Triumph was to be so constructed as to have a platform on the top of it, furnished with cannon, which would have a long range and would flank Montmartre. They would have served as a support to other defensive works erected in the vicinity. I should have liked to build at Montmartre a Temple to Victory. It would (like the arch) have had a platform on which we should have mounted cannon, and would have secured that important point. A few batteries of twenty-four-pounders below it would have produced a great effect. It is a grave fault in the present system to give up capitals.

"In addition, France ought to have a strongly fortified position on the Loire, somewhere near Tours. It is absurd to have all depots, and all factories that make arms close on the frontier, exposed to be cut off as soon as an enemy enters on an active campaign. . . . . I am in favor of counterscarps."

"Carnot always was self-opinionated. He was not a good engineer, nor could he draw up plans for active operations like a good general; but he was an honest man, and very industrious. Such qualities are sure to make a reputation."

"I highly value a good captain of artillery who knows how to select the best spot on which to place his guns, and is brave. I prefer him to all men who only superintend workmen; he knows what fire is, and cannot be bought over. I have the same opinion of engineer officers. The best one is a man who has had experience in sieges, in the defense of strongholds, and knows how to adapt the kind of fortifications he wants to the face of the country. I am certain Haxo or Roguet would have constructed a

fortified post better than Fontaine. Haxo and Roguet are men of war; Fontaine is a mere builder.

"The noblest man is he who goes straight into the front of fire. War can be taught only by experience. Carnot would never have written a book about his system if he had known the effect of a bullet. I would rather marry a daughter of mine to a good soldier who could fight, than to any head of any bureau in the War Department. If an official fails, he never recovers himself unless he goes into the midst of war and danger. Then he may learn how to make plans."

"I was fond of Murat because of his brilliant bravery; that was why I forgave him many foolish things. Bessières was a cavalry officer, but somewhat frigid; he lacked what Murat had too much of. Ney was a man of rare bravery. Lefebvre at the siege of Dantzic wrote me at first all kinds of nonsense, but as soon as the Russians disembarked he was in his own element, and his reports became those of a man who sees things clearly. In France there is never any lack of men of talent, men who can make plans, but we never have enough men of action, and high character—men who have in them the sacred fire."

"Don't you think more highly of Nelson than of any experienced naval constructor? What Nelson had, which raised him above naval constructors, he did not acquire, it was a gift from nature. I grant, of course, that a good director of transportation may be very useful, but I do not like to reward him as I do a man who has shed his blood. For instance, I very reluctantly made Évain a general of artillery. I cannot bear an officer who owes his rank to having worked well in an office. I know, of course, that we must occasionally have generals who never saw powder burned, but I do not like them."

"General officers are too well paid in France; they ought not to look for allowances. I very much approve the state of things in the English army where all the officers in a regiment share the same mess. The Romans gave each general only four times as much as a common soldier. . . . . It should be no easy matter for a soldier to rise from the ranks and to become an officer. Young men fresh from the military schools with allowances from their families ought to be the first to claim the epaulette. In France officers are not treated with enough consideration. Those in my Guard were seldom well educated, but they suited my system. They were all tried soldiers, descended from peasants, laborers, and artisans. Society in Paris had no influence over them; they depended on me entirely. I held them more firmly, and was more sure of their obedience than I should have been of men better nurtured and better educated. But in a government fully established, one-fourth or one-fifth of the commissions is quite enough to give to men who have risen from the ranks."

"In time of war we make no especial provision for the feeding of our officers. They are at the mercy of their soldiers. Things ought to be done with order. Officers in war as well as in peace ought to have their own purveyors and eat in common.

"We give too much bread to our soldiers. Bread should be supplemented by rice and meat. There is nothing a man's palate cannot become accustomed to in time."

"War in the days of Vendôme and of Villars (1702) was made very differently from what it is now. Armies are not organized now as they were then. They had not so much artillery. Our present organization into divisions is excellent."

"Other nations have never got all they might have got out of their cavalry, which is an extremely useful branch of the service. Just see, at Nangis and at Vauchamps what I did with mine! At Lutzen, if the enemy had massed his infantry upon his left, and making a gap, had come down upon our rear, what disorder would have taken place then."[1]

"No general should be actively employed who is more than sixty years of age. Honorable positions should be given them, but positions in which there is little or nothing to do. I made a mistake when I nominated old men as senators. The members of the electoral colleges were not in touch with the people. The peasants, when they speak of a man who is sixty, call him 'Father' so and so."

"England wanted to keep our good sailors prisoners of war, and to give us only the sick and unserviceable, and she expected I should give her in return all the prisoners I had been able to take. I offered to send back three thousand men for three thousand—that is to say, one thousand Englishmen, one thousand Spaniards, and one thousand officers in exchange for so many Frenchmen. But this cartel of exchange was refused."

"In France general officers are too highly paid; private soldiers ought to be better treated. A sergeant ought to have one and a half times the pay of a soldier, a second lieutenant twice, a lieutenant three times, a captain four,

[1] There was a discussion between the Emperor and the three officers, companions of his exile, on the use of mules in an army. None of them made any allusion to the liability of mules to stampede, which has caused disasters in our modern warfare. Gourgaud objects to pack mules, and prefers very light two-wheeled *caissons*, like those in the Russian army, to transport ammunition. They next proceeded to discuss material for a *pont-manœuvre* to be carried by soldiers; and iron pipes to be carried by mules, to supply water with the help of pumps to besieged places. On these subjects they agreed so well that the talk ended in good humor, and the Emperor gave Gourgaud an orange.—*E. W. L.*

a colonel six, a brigadier-general eight, a general of division ten. We ought to do like the Spartans, and make the generals mess with their men."

"Drouot is our best living officer of artillery. The engineers ought not to be joined with the artillery, but to have their own sappers and pontoniers."

"A battalion ought always to have its flanks protected by a half company, ranged along each side of it."

"Bertrand is the best engineer officer in Europe."

"A battalion of infantry that had its first rank armed with pikes would be invincible against a charge of cavalry. When fired at too close range, a cannon-ball loses half its force, but I greatly esteem *la mitraille*."

"I should like to do away with *caissons* and let every cannon carry a chestful of skin bags, each containing a charge."

"I think that men in the second rank of infantry ought to have longer guns than those in front. Their present bayonets are too short. The third rank ought to be provided with galoshes half a foot high."

"There should be three ranks in the infantry: the first, of the shortest men, armed with carbines; in the second, men of the ordinary size, carrying muskets of the model of 1777; in the third, the tallest soldiers, made five feet six inches,[1] by means of galoshes of felt. Their guns should have barrels forty-six inches long."[2]

[1] French measure. Their foot and their inch are longer than ours. Maitland says the Emperor's height was five feet five inches.

[2] Gourgaud in vain raises objections to the three different kinds of weapon. He speaks of the difficulty of [illegible] a gun, the ramrod, etc. Gourgaud, who was an experienced infantry and artillery officer, evidently thought that the Emperor, so great as the commander of an army, knew practically very little of small details.

"I wish for no official administrators, no writers, no reporters with the army. Each battalion ought to be so ordered that it can work separately ; it ought to have its drummers, surgeons, musicians, and artisans. It ought to administer itself, and correspond with an official at headquarters, who should have sixteen battalions under his charge. The cuirassiers and the hussars should be looked after by their colonel-general. Each battalion should have six companies, one of which should be grenadiers and another voltigeurs. At the beginning of a campaign two battalions, each containing nine hundred men, may be formed of these four companies—three only later on, one of the three having been drafted into the others, and so keep up two battalions of five hundred and forty men each. What would then become of the officers? They would take command of the recruits. I want my infantry to be like a corps of artillery; their colonel would then be like a brigade general, the commander of a battalion like the colonel.

"I should give officers in a campaign no allowance for food and no forage. The pay would be fixed for each grade. A portable mill to grind corn should be carried by each company, and bits of sheet iron on which the men could bake cakes—no loaf bread. The men should be fed in peace as they are in war. There should be a corps of guides or orderlies for staff service. At the War Department no commissaries of war; their duties can be done by the sub-prefects. The Minister of War would only have to correspond with about twenty-five commissaries or colonels-general, which would make a great saving in the expenses." [1]

"Rice is the best food for the soldier.[2] A few mules

[1] Gourgaud raised objections to all this, and the Emperor got angry.

[2] His Majesty causes the cook to make a *galette* (a sort of pone) of four ounces of flour and four ounces of rice, and has it brought that he may eat it on the morrow.

can carry rice enough to feed a battalion for a fortnight. The artillery would march better if it had no *caissons*. Mules could carry the ammunition instead. Every battalion might have two mules, each of which could carry two thousand five hundred cartridges.

"In mountain warfare I like twelve-pounders, but Gassendi does not. If I had had short twenty-four-pounders in Egypt, I should have taken Acre."

His Majesty thinks that should he write the history of his campaigns, it would be an admirable work for the instruction of generals, but it would not do to have it published. "Without speaking of great principles I would criticise every campaign, give the reasons for and against every movement, and the reader could instruct himself by reflecting on what was said. It is really astonishing that during the Revolution so many follies were committed by the generals. Championnet acted without good sense always."

"I assure you that I had not read Jomini's book when I made the campaigns of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena; but it is really astonishing to see how I acted according to his counsels. A battle is a very serious matter, and its success or its loss may depend on a very little thing—on a hare, for example. One always runs great risks in giving battle, and one must never take them rashly, unless one is forced to do so, when the enemy has cut your line of operations. You must never attempt a movement of reunion in the presence of an enemy. The art of war does not require complicated manœuvres; the most simple are the best. Above all, a general must have good sense. By that rule one cannot understand how generals have committed so many faults; it must have been because they wished to show how clever they were. The most difficult thing is to guess at the projects of the

enemy, and to find out what is true and what is false in the reports that one receives. The rest requires only common sense; it is like an encounter at fisticuffs,—the more blows one can put in the better. It is also necessary to have well studied the maps." [1]

[1] Gourgaud, in other discussions with the Emperor, reports his master as saying that he wanted to do away altogether with ammunition wagons. "In his scheme for reorganizing the army he thinks the soldiers ought to make and mend their own clothes and their own shoes, shoe their horses, etc. Grain would be served out to them, and they should make their own bread. Artillerymen should be both cannoniers and soldiers of the line. Officers are paid too much, and soldiers too little. Management and commissariat should consist solely of soldiers."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANECDOTES AND MISCELLANEOUS SAYINGS.

"I grieve for the loss of the battle of Waterloo; not for myself, but for our unhappy France."

"If the Jacobins get the upper hand in Europe, I may be called back, for there is no one but myself who can put them down. There are many chances that Jacobinism may grow formidable, for I observe there are many secret societies at work in Europe. Deliberative bodies are terrible things for a sovereign. I see they are likely to be established in Prussia, where the king is a fool. He plays the liberal, and promises a parliament! He will soon see what that will cost him! In England I have great hopes from Princess Charlotte. . . . . Belgium and the Rhine provinces are integral parts of France; they are hoping for a change."

"Ah! I know the English! You may be sure that the sentinels stationed round this house have orders from the Governor to kill me. They will pretend to give me a thrust with a bayonet by mistake some day."

"The King of Würtemberg wrote me that he would declare for me as soon as he was able. He often said harsh things to me about the English."

"Posterity will not fail to reproach England for having left me two months at the Briars, in an ill-furnished room, without even the convenience of taking my accustomed baths."

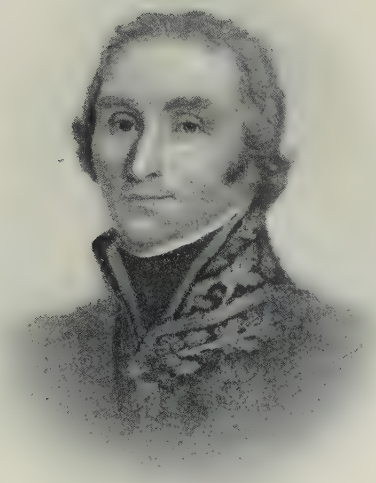
"I cannot bear red. It is the color of England."

"Rousseau was a strange man. In the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' the trials of the husband are nonsense; and there is nothing remarkable in the style. Look at the suicide's letter! It is a coward's part to kill one's self." The Emperor added that a man cannot know but that he would repent the step if he outlived it, and that many men intending to commit suicide have only wounded themselves, and afterwards have felt that the resolution to commit suicide had been absurd.[1]

His Majesty told us that when he came back to Paris after his campaign in Italy, Madame de Stäel did everything she could to propitiate him. She even came to the Rue Chantereine, but was sent away. She wrote him a great many letters, some from Italy, some in Paris. She also asked him to a ball, but he did not go. At a fête given by Talleyrand, she came and sat down beside him and talked to him for two hours; finally, she suddenly asked him, "Who was the most superior woman in antiquity, and who is so at the present day?" He answered, "She who has borne the most children."

The Emperor told us that Berthier wanted to leave Egypt before we made our expedition into Syria. He wanted to get back to France that he might hang round Madame Visconti. But after having made all arrangements for his departure and received permission from the Directory, he found that His Majesty blamed his conduct so much that he came and asked as a favor not to be allowed to go. Every night at a certain hour he looked at the moon, and his lady-love at the same moment looked at it also. He had a separate tent, in which he hung up

[1] Napoleon's remarks on suicide prove that the current story that he took poison at Fontainebleau after his first abdication must be untrue. He probably had a severe attack of illness at Fontainebleau from overstrain of body and mind, as he had had before at Dresden.—*E. W. L.*



MARSHAL MASSENA

her portrait and adorned it with all manner of draperies, and cashmere shawls of great value. Berthier and Napoleon, as Commander-in-chief, were the only men allowed to enter this tent. Napoleon once gave him a diamond worth one hundred and fifty thousand francs, advising him to take good care of it. Some time afterwards Josephine spoke to her husband of Madame Visconti's beautiful diamond. He asked Madame Visconti to let him see it, and at once recognized the diamond he had given to Berthier.

"I owed my connection with Madame Walewska to Talleyrand." [1]

"If I had had Bessières at Waterloo my Guard would have decided the victory."

Napoleon said that Ney at his trial should have answered: "The Treaty of Paris protects me; but kill me if you like."

"If I myself had been arrested I should have merely said: 'I am not accountable to you for anything. You cannot try me legally. You can kill me if you think proper.' "

"It needs more courage to suffer than to die."

"I am reproached with Waterloo. . . . . I ought to have died at the battle of the Moskwa." [Borodino.]

[1] Napoleon was very fond of discussing his "*bonnes fortunes*" with Gourgaud; and made no secret of the names of the women they concerned. He insisted, however, that he had had only six or seven mistresses. I have not thought it necessary to copy such conversations, but the sad history of Madame Walewska deserves to be told. She was intensely patriotic and the wife of a nobleman who was also devoted to the Polish cause. Both husband and wife and the brothers of Madame Walewska thought that the influence of a woman he loved would attach Napoleon firmly to the cause of Poland. Madame Walewska sacrificed her honor for the good of her country. She was very faithful to Napoleon. She offered to join him at Elba. She bore him two children. One was the M. Walewski, who was sent over to England by the Emperor Napoleon III. to attend the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. He was also French Ambassador in London and greatly esteemed there.—*E. W. L.*

After reading over his bulletins and his proclamations in Egypt, the Emperor remarked: "*C'est un peu charlatan!*"

An English frigate, commanded by Captain Bowen, a relative of Lord St. Vincent, came into Jamestown, the port of St. Helena. Captain Bowen obtained leave to see the Emperor, who received him very graciously. Learning that he was likely to see Lord St. Vincent in England, Napoleon said: "Make him my compliments as a good sailor, and a good soldier. He is a brave, good man."

"There is little generosity in humiliating generals delivered over, without means of self-defence, to your discretion."

"After I reached Moscow I should have died there."[1]

"Josephine would never have accepted Madame de Montebello for her *dame d'honneur*. I should have done much better had I married a Frenchwoman, and not an Austrian."

"Madame de Brignole came very near marrying Lebrun, who was in love with her. I should have had nothing to say against it. But his son came and spoke to me about it, as if his father had not the right to do what he pleased. Madame de Brignole was a clever woman, but though she was no longer young, she liked to try the power of her charms. Once at Versailles I made her drive in my *calèche*, that she might talk of Genoa before the Empress, and Madame de Brignole fancied I was falling in love with her. I saw it plainly."

"One night at the Trianon I went at midnight into the *salon de service* [the antechamber where those who might

[1] "I think so, too," says Gourgaud. "The Emperor should have died at Moscow, or at Waterloo, for the campaign of Dresden was in no respect extraordinary; but the return from Elba was one of the most astonishing things ever done."

be needed in the night waited]. There I was astonished to see Monsieur de Viry sitting asleep. I talked to him in the gallery, and said: '*Pardieu!* Monsieur de Viry, you must have a great sense of duty to stay here all night at your age, to keep awake, and to be ready for any summons.'

"Then Monsieur de Viry made me a very sufficient answer. 'It is the only enjoyment I can have at my age. If I were to go to the theatre I should see old love stories, but here I see new ones. Here I am able to do some service to others. I think I am useful to some people. When I go home my friends are anxious to see me. They think that I can do much for them, and in fact, I have helped some and may yet help others. Instead of which, if I were not at court I should die of ennui, and be good for nothing—no use to anybody. I had rather sit up till two o'clock in the morning.'

"This Monsieur de Viry was an excellent man."

"I never saw any passion like that of Berthier for Madame Visconti. In Egypt he looked at the moon every night at the same time she did. In the middle of the desert a tent was set apart for the picture of Madame Visconti. He burned perfumes before it. Three mules were employed to carry this tent and its baggage. I often went into it, and would sit down with my boots on on its sofa. Berthier would be furious at this. He thought I was profaning his sanctuary. He loved her so much that he was always trying to make me talk of her, though I never said anything but what was disparaging. He wanted to leave the army to go back to her. I had written my dispatches, he had taken leave of me, and had received his leave of absence, when he came to me with tears in his eyes and asked to stay. If I had left him to succeed me as commander-in-chief in Egypt he would have evacuated the country. After the battle of Marengo

he drew up a report in which Soprani was mentioned five times. Soprani was Madame de Visconti's son, a young officer only sixteen, and Berthier attributed to him the gaining of the battle. Soprani did this, and Soprani did that, he wrote; and it was all to gratify Madame Visconti. Two months after his marriage with a princess of Bavaria, a marriage which had been brought about by Monsieur Visconti, he came to me in great agitation: 'He is dead!' he cried. 'Who is dead?' 'Her husband.' 'Who is dead, I asked you.' 'Monsieur Visconti. I have just missed my happiness! Why have I been married?'—and all such nonsense! She was very sad too. 'Ah! if he had only died three months earlier!'

"Berthier had been fond of the Bourbons from the days of his youth. He had once served them. I used to tell him that he was only a *valet de Versailles!*"

"I was at first no admirer of the acting of Mademoiselle Mars, when she tried to play the part of great coquettes, but after having seen her frequently at the theatre I changed my opinion of her entirely. I do not think any one could act better. She was a model of refinement and good taste, and government ought to patronize such actresses, to propagate an appreciation of good manners."

"*Eh! mon Dieu*, Berthier and Marmont, whom I had overwhelmed with favor and kindness, how they have behaved to me! I defy anybody to impose on me again. Men must be very scoundrelly to be as bad as I conceive them. And do you suppose that Drouot, who always wanted to serve in the batteries where there was the most danger, did it for love of me? He did it that men might talk of him."

"You have a glorious future before you, Gourgaud. The only person who has the right to be unhappy here is

myself. To have fallen from such a height! And now I cannot, like you, take a walk, as I will not be escorted by an English officer. Everything I do is spied upon. You are all secretly at feud with one another.[1] You are all bragging and boasting. You have no consideration for me. What right has any one to hinder my seeing this or that person? Why should any of you interfere in my affairs? . . . . You all fancied when you came here that you were to be my comrades. I am no man's comrade. No one can reign over me. You expected to be the centre here of everything, like the sun among the stars. It is I who am that centre. You have caused me many annoyances since I came here. If I had known how it would be, I would have brought only servants. I can live well enough alone. When one gets too tired of life a sudden stab with a sharp dagger is soon given."

"I have a tender remembrance of the young girls who were chosen in all the cities of France to present me flowers. The Empress always offered them some gift, and I paid them compliments, by which they were extremely flattered, and their little heads grew full of enthusiasm for me. At Amiens one of these girls, who on a previous occasion had presented me with flowers, sprang forward, exclaiming, 'Ah, Sire, how much I love you!' I asked the Prefect afterwards about this young person. He told me that she had been almost beside herself on this subject, ever since I had last passed through Amiens. To make some return to the inhabitants I said to her father and mother that I was very much pleased with the love they bore me, and that children always followed the example of their parents. Had I wanted a seraglio I might easily have formed one out of these young girls."

[1] All this was especially addressed to Gourgaud, who was jealous both of Las Cases and Montholon.

"So the English have attacked Algiers.[1] It seems that those Mohammedans, like fools, let the English ships come up to the anchorage within half cannon-shot of the forts, without firing on them, and I cannot believe that the English have killed or wounded eight thousand Algerines. The English navy, too, must have lost many men, whilst one man-of-war, two frigates, and seven or eight corvettes stationed before Algiers would have completely blockaded it, and have produced the same result without bloodshed. I cannot understand why the King of Naples did not take part in that expedition. To be sure he has a miserable navy. As for Genoa, it was unpardonable. Genoa has thirty thousand excellent sailors."

"When I was a young lieutenant in the artillery I lodged in the house of Marmont's father. He was an excellent man. He would have died of grief if he had been living at the time of his son's treachery to me."

The Emperor had been reading over several French grammars, and found no order or method in them. He regretted that he did not set learned men the task of reforming French grammar, so as to diminish the number of exceptions to the rules. Why cannot *naval* be *navaux* in the plural? And when two substantives are followed by an adjective, the adjective ought surely to take the gender of the last. He added, "The French language is not yet complete. I ought to have made it so."

Gourgaud says "No," and instances *un homme et une femme bonne.* One ought to say *un homme et une femme bons.* The Emperor gets put out, and thinks Madame de Sévigné was right in saying "*Je la suis.*"

His Majesty assures us he could have lived very well in France on twelve francs a day. He could have dined for thirty sous, and haunted literary men and publishers

[1] This was an expedition undertaken in 1816 by Christian nations against the pirates of Algiers.

and libraries, and have gone to the parquet of the theatres. And a louis (twenty-four francs) a month would have paid for his lodging. "Oh! but I should have had to have a servant. I am too much accustomed to one; I could not dress myself. I could have had a very pleasant time keeping company with persons whose means were about the same as my own. Ah! *mon Dieu!* all men have about the same proportion of happiness. Assuredly I was not born to be what I have become. Well! I should have been as happy had I remained Monsieur Bonaparte as I have been as the Emperor Napoleon. Workingmen are as happy as other people. Everything is relative. I never found any real pleasure in good eating, because my table has been always good; but a poor fellow who never dines as well as I do, may be more happy than I am over his plate of soup and a roast goose. At any rate, his life is more happy than the life we are now leading at St. Helena.

"I approve of that man who we are told put his money into a strong box, and spent a certain portion of it every day. Yes, with a louis a day one ought to be happy. All that would be necessary would be to limit one's wishes."

His Majesty added that after he left Italy he dined with the Directors and the Ministers, except Prony, but he dined with him once in company with Laplace.

"Well! all those men were happy. They formed a little coterie of literary men; the richest among them had not more than twelve hundred livres a year. And, if I could do so incognito,[1] I would travel in France with three carriages, each with six horses, and with a few other horses that were led. I would travel only a few miles a day. I would have three or four friends with me, and three or four ladies, and I would stop wherever I liked.

[1] The Emperor was day-dreaming aloud, as he frequently did.

I would visit everything. I would talk with the farmers and the laborers. Man's true vocation is to cultivate the ground. I would take letters of introduction to the chief men in the principal places. . . . . When I was Emperor something like this was what I ought to have done. I ought to have traversed all parts of France with four hundred or five hundred horsemen, part of my Guard, sending a *fourgon* in advance to prepare proper quarters for a sovereign. By that plan I should have done great good to other people and to myself. If I had stayed a few days in a place I could easily have made myself popular with the inhabitants. If I had gone to America I would have travelled a great deal with three or four carriages and a few friends. If I ever go to England I will do the same thing, only we should have to admit an Englishman into our company. This kind of travelling is dignified and delightful. Suppose I had arrived thus, incognito at Parma, and surprised the Empress at mass! I could always have had money enough to live in that way, and then, as I said, with a louis a day I could have existed. I would have made my habits suit my means. There comes a time in a man's life when he is weary of everything. Wealth, more or less, does not add to or take from his happiness; all he wants is a sufficiency. . . . . Honors and wealth do not make men happy.

"The life that I live here on St. Helena, if I were not a captive, and if I were in Europe, would suit me very well. I should like to live in the country; I should like to see the soil improved by others, for I do not know enough about gardening to improve it myself. That kind of thing is the noblest existence. A sick sheep would afford us interesting material for conversation. One could be happy, too, in Paris in the society of persons of the same rank in life as one's self. One would pay one's scot by one's interesting conversation in return for what one got from others. One might gain consideration

through one's own talent, and one's conversational abilities. I am sure that in the middle class of life (that of notaries and others for example) there is more real happiness than in the higher ranks.

"At Elba, with plenty of money, receiving a great many visitors, living in the midst of learned men from all parts of Europe, and being as it were the centre of such a circle, I should have been very happy. I would have built a palace to accommodate the persons whom I expected to visit me. I should have led the life of a country gentleman, surrounded by men of merit."

His Majesty said that when children were more than three or four years old, he ceased to be fond of them. Every family ought to have at least six children. Three may die, and then of the three that survive, there are two to take the place of father and mother, and one in reserve in case of accidents.

"Letourneur was a fool, though he may have translated Young's 'Night Thoughts' into French. Every man can do some one thing well; all one has to do is to find out what a man is most fit for, and employ him to do it. I had Monsieur de Fresnes for my Minister of Finance. He was as stupid as a man could be about everything else, but in that he was excellent. He could seize by intuition on the solution of the most complicated problems. Gaudin was incomparable as far as related to contributions, but perhaps Mollien had more capacity as Minister of Finance. Gaudin is a kind man, and was much loved by his subordinates. His principle is that men concerned in finance ought to be rich. He always pushed his employees' fortunes, and tried to enable them to make money. This system is perhaps good; it is creditable to the government, and often adds to its resources. An incapable minister often does much harm

by employing people in his department who see and think only as he does."

"When the Pope was in Paris he was much astonished to see Madame Tallien and Madame Hamelin, women who had given the world much cause to talk of them, come to ask for his blessing. He spoke to me of it. He thought they came only in mockery. I assured him that it was not so, but that such ladies had susceptible hearts, and like the woman taken in adultery, much might be forgiven them. The Holy Father approved my idea."

"It is unfortunate that death so often results from duelling; otherwise duels would keep up politeness in society. Fighting with pistols is ignoble. The sword is the weapon of the brave."

His Majesty also told us that when the great fire in the ball-room of Schwarzenberg occurred, in 1810, in Vienna, on the occasion of his marriage with the Archduchess, he had been struck with the idea that it was an ill omen for himself. "And you know, Gourgaud, that at Dresden when they came and told me that Schwarzenberg had been killed, I was delighted; not that I wished the death of the poor man, but because it took a weight off my heart; for I then thought that his unfortunate burning had presaged misfortune for him and not for me."[1]

"It is singular, in fact, that at the marriage of Louis XVI. the fête given on the occasion was fatal to many of the populace of Paris, and that the King, a long time after, was put to death by that same populace. The fête of Schwarzenberg at the time of my marriage was fatal to the diplomatists; and long after that I was overthrown by their diplomacy. I would never advise a King of France to marry an Austrian princess. That family has always brought misfortune into France."

[1] On that occasion Napoleon exclaimed: "*Schwarzenberg a purgé la fatalité!*" But the news of his death was false. The General killed was Moreau.

"I never care when my enemies accuse me of cowardice, or of being a bad general, but when it comes to charging me with poisoning, or assassination, it makes me furious."

"I wish I had made better prisons in Paris. I thought of having a building, a sort of *hôtel garni*, which would hold five or six thousand persons, each lodged according to his rank, but I was dissuaded. Now that I have read the observations of an Englishman on the prisons of Paris, I am sorry I did not carry out my idea."

His Majesty said that the conduct and character of Madame de Maintenon were never clear to him. The popes have inherited the power of the Cæsars. He thought it absurd that the Head of the State should not also be the Head of the State's religion. England and the kingdoms of the North had the spirit to throw off that yoke, and they did well. In past ages it was really the king's confessor who made peace or war. The empire of the confessor over men's consciences is very great.

"I always had excellent horses. Mourad Bey was the best and the handsomest. In Italy I had a very fine horse. When he was invalided I sent him to Saint-Cloud and had him turned out to graze at liberty."

"Voltaire's Mahomet has fine poetry in it, but it is quite incorrect as to history. Mahomet sentimentally in love!—*Allons donc!* He would at once have possessed himself of the woman he fancied. And then why should he be supposed to have entered Mecca on the faith of a truce? He entered it in triumph after his heroic battle of Bender.

"Why does Voltaire say nothing of the sacred combat? Why does he introduce a poisoning, which came just in the nick of time? Voltaire liked to belittle everything.

He aimed at Christ through Mahomet. He imagines that great men employ ignoble means; poison, for instance, to push their fortunes; but it is not so."

"I should like very well to live at Pisa, but nothing can equal France in Champagne, and in the Lyonnais. I should like best to live in the country, with six hundred thousand francs a year, and have a house in Paris like the one we had in the Rue Chantereine, besides my country house, worth one hundred thousand or one hundred and fifty thousand francs, about six miles from the capital. I would not care to give dinner parties or receptions in Paris; I agree with the English who live incognito in London, having in the capital, one might say, only a *pied à terre*, reserving all their luxury for their country houses, and dispensing brilliant hospitality on their own domains. With three hundred thousand livres a year one is nobody in Paris, whilst one can be the foremost man in a department; and it is always for the interest of the government to favor the chief men in a province."

"The most essential thing when one has sons is to give them a good education. To deprive one's self for their sakes of a fortune is mere folly. You may have economized all your life for them, and then, the bright eyes of a ballet girl, or the blast of a trumpet, will in one moment dissipate your fortune! Bah! the important thing as long as you live is to take care of yourself. I should like, for example, every year to save one-third of my income. I think the Dutch are very wise. The household of a man who has two hundred thousand livres for his income, is maintained on the scale of the man who in France has twenty thousand to thirty thousand. With us it is just the contrary. The household of So-and-so is kept up on the scale of an income of two hundred thousand livres, but he has not more than thirty or forty thousand. So

the Dutch are really rich, whilst people who in our own country pass for rich are in straitened circumstances. I should not like to have a place at court; I would rather be the great man in my own province; instead of which, if I inhabited Paris, I must necessarily be in attendance on my sovereign.

"I forced my dukes to have handsome houses in Paris, in order to conciliate public opinion, whilst for my own part I could have been quite content to live a Bohemian life in the capital. There is nothing superior to Paris with its public gardens and its libraries. You can go to all the theatres for a very small sum. One might even say that in Paris one loses all consciousness of rain or snow. Everything always is so beautiful!"

"My great reputation in Italy was partly due to my never having permitted my army to pillage. . . . . It is a very responsible thing to be a commander-in-chief: his least error may cost thousands of lives."

"Out of all the generals who served in Spain, we ought to have selected a certain number and have sent them to the scaffold. Dupont made us lose the Peninsula in order to secure his plunder."

"The King's government is destroying all my institutions in France—the Legion of Honor, the University, and soon I shall be forgotten.[1] Historians will say little about me. Perhaps some day, if the King of Rome reign in Parma, he will cause some one to write of all that I have done. What would you have? Schwarzenberg boasts of having betrayed me in 1812, and if I were to complain of it in my account of that year, people would be saying, 'You ought to have expected it, and to have acted accordingly.'"

[1] As I write I have beside me the catalogue of the Pratt Library of Baltimore. It contains one hundred and twenty-five books on Napoleon.

"I am too old to pay court to ladies. Montholon says that many men at forty-eight are still young. Yes, but they have not gone through all that I have done."

"There can be no comparison between me and Cromwell. I was three times elected by the people; and besides, in France my army had never made war on Frenchmen, but only on foreigners."

"Hudson Lowe is a Sicilian grafted on a Prussian; they must have chosen him to make me die under his charge by inches. It would have been more generous to have shot me at once."

"London bankers, in 1815, gave me the millions which I wanted to make war against their countrymen. Spain for a long time paid me five millions a month, and that sum was remitted through bankers in London."

"I wish I had conversed more with women. They would have told me many things that men would not relate to me."

"I place great value on habits of order and subordination. Look at the English! They conquered us, and yet they are very far from being our equals."

"Lacretelle wrote nonsense, in a florid style."

"'Figaro' is a comedy adapted to public sentiment during the Revolution, for Beaumarchais's object was to villify the nobles. There are things in it too immoral to be fit for the stage."

"Mine was a glorious empire! I had eighty-three million human beings to govern; more than half the population of all Europe!"

"Whatever a mother may do or have done, her own children have no right to reproach her."

"Beaumarchais did everything he could to get presented to me. He wanted to sell me his house."

The Emperor hears that Madame Walewska has married Monsieur d'Ornano, and he is glad of it: "She is rich, for she must have laid by considerable sums. I did much for her two children."

Gourgaud interrupts with: "Yes, Your Majesty for a long time made Madame Walewska an allowance of ten thousand francs a month."

When Gourgaud said this, the Emperor was discomposed. "How did you know that, Gourgaud?"

"*Pardieu*, Sire, I was near enough to the person of Your Majesty to know everything. Those about you knew of it."

"No one, I thought, knew of that matter but Duroc."

"They did not have *émeutes* in my time in Paris. People must be very much excited now."

"Narbonne often said to me that he found it hard to lay aside the marquis when he commanded his company. You have heard that his soldiers laughed when he exclaimed: 'Place, gentlemen! Place for the Emperor!'"

"History will hardly make any mention of me; I was overthrown. If I could have maintained my dynasty, all would have been different."

"Nero may have been a very different man from the Nero represented by historians. How is it possible to conceive that he burnt Rome for his own amusement? Or that he had a boat built in which to drown his mother? There is nothing probable in all this. It is true that

Carrier had boats with a plug at the bottom that could be drawn out. But to say so of Nero is nonsense."

"A book has just appeared which is attributed to me. In it we read that a sovereign should be able to say, 'I never committed crimes.' But I did worse; for I committed blunders."

"One can see that Macdonald's heart is full of regret and remorse; those who betrayed me cannot bear the thought of it. Ernouf, whom I ought to have had tried for his dishonesties in Guadeloupe, offered, in 1815, to serve me by going to Ghent, and acting as a spy upon the King."

"One day I was astonished at seeing the great sums spent by the paymaster of the forces for the first division. I asked to see his accounts. He brought them to me the next day. I saw three hundred thousand francs paid over to a certain regiment. I pointed out to him that for ten years this regiment had not been in Paris nor even one of its detachments. They examined, and found this true. Somebody had embezzled the three hundred thousand francs. The affair made a great noise. It was supposed I had learned the matter through public rumor, but it was not so. Never was there more order and regularity in the accounts of those who spent money for the government than in my time. In 1815 I could not unravel the accounts the King's government had left behind. I had not the time. I partly owed the good measures that I adopted to my knowledge of mathematics, and to my clear ideas about everything.

"A very singular thing about me is my memory. When I was young I remembered logarithms of more than thirty and forty figures.[1] In France I knew not only the

[1] Shortly before this was said at St. Helena, Napoleon had remarked that he was losing his memory.

names of the officers in all my regiments, but the places where each corps had been recruited, and where it had distinguished itself. I even knew the spirit of the men.

"The Thirty-second half-brigade would have died for me, because after Lonato, I had reported: 'The Thirty-second brigade was there, and my mind was easy.' It is astonishing what power words have over men. At Toulouse there was some threatening of a mutiny. As I passed through the place I said to the disaffected: 'What has become of the men who served with me in the Thirty-second, and in the Seventeenth light cavalry? Are they all dead?' That brought them back to me, for those two regiments had been recruited in Languedoc.

"Provençe, on the contrary, was against me, because I had said at the siege of Toulon, that the Provençals made bad soldiers. Princes should be very careful of their words."

"I cannot write well because my mind is engaged on two subjects at once: one, my ideas; the other, my handwriting. The ideas go on fastest, and then good-bye to the letters and the lines! I can only dictate now. It is very convenient to dictate. It is just as if one were holding a conversation."

"Benjamin Constant showed me some of Madame de Staël's letters; they were more than passionate. She threatened to kill her son if Benjamin would not do what she wished. In 1805 she let me know that if I would pay her two millions, she would write anything I liked. I packed her off immediately. After the eighteenth Brumaire Joseph worried me to have Benjamin Constant named a member of the Tribunat. I would not do it at first, but in the end I yielded. I wrote to Lebrun, and Benjamin was appointed. At the end of a few months he joined the opposition, thinking I would buy him back.

He ought to have known that I knock down my enemies, but never purchase them."

At a masked ball given by Cambacérès the Emperor accosted Madame Saint-Didier, who did not recognize him, and she told him she was amazed to meet in the archchancellor's house any one so impertinent and so intrusive. His Majesty was very much amused by this, and every time he met Madame de Saint-Didier afterwards he teased her about it.

"Ah! Gourgaud, you are a good Catholic; you want to go to confession! Well, confess yourself to me; you know I have been anointed." [1]

"Men are never attached to you by benefits."

"To promise and not to keep your promise is the way to get on in this world."

"Mohammed has been accused of frightful crimes. Great men are always supposed to have committed crimes, such as poisonings; that is quite false; they never succeed by such means."

"I admire 'Gil Blas' myself, but think it a bad book for young men. Gil Blas sees the evil side of everything, and the young are apt to fancy all the world is as bad as he found it; which is false."

"The Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz are the memoirs of a *grand seigneur*, but they read like those of a Figaro. It is impossible to be more shameless. Paris was powerful then; it is so now. It is still a question whether on July 14 Monsieur de Broglie entered Paris by force. On the 13th Vendémiaire all depended on a small thing. Any

[1] At his coronation.

one but me would have failed if he had not brought the cannon from Sablons to Paris, as I did. On the 14th I sent bombs into the Rue Vivienne.

"I cannot understand the present attitude of Paris. If after Waterloo I had remained there, if I had cut off about one hundred heads,—that of Fouché to begin with,—I could have held Paris with the assistance of the mob."

One day Napoleon amuses himself by imagining a plan of escape from St. Helena: "We will go forth in the daytime. We will go through the town. With our fowling-pieces we could get the better of their post of ten men—oh! if the governor only knew what we are talking about!—Nobody but Marchand would know I was not in my chamber. We would send Madame Bertrand to Plantation House, and O'Meara into the town. I may live fifteen years yet."

They all laughed, made jokes, and went to bed.

"Hudson Lowe says I am very deep. *Eh! mon Dieu*, that is a mistake. There never was any one more straightforward than I am."

"You think, Gourgaud, that I care for noble birth? You make a great mistake. My own birth was not more noble than yours. Nor was Bertrand's. Montholon has laid aside his *noblesse*. His wife is the daughter of a financier."

"You ought to translate the 'Annual Register' into French; that would give you a great reputation. There are fifty volumes. It would take you some time. It contains the history of the last twenty-five years. Everybody would want it, for I would add my notes to your translation; besides I should find it very useful. I should see all the debates in Parliament."

"Men are all selfish; we must take them as we find them; but you, Gourgaud, can love, and you want love in return."

"It would be a fine thing if we were to found a colony on a desert island. I would have two thousand men, with plenty of firearms and cannon. I would be King and you should be my Chamber of Peers; the common herd should be Deputies. If I had gone to America we might have founded a State there."

"Monsieur de Chabrillant objected to my making you, Gourgaud, my first orderly officer. But I look at the man only. You are keen-witted; you have activity and bravery; you make good reports. So I made light of Monsieur de Chabrillant's jealousy, and his complaints only attached me the more to you. You had been with me a long time. You were with me in Russia; you were useful to me; besides, when any one wants to make me think highly of another person, he need only say harm of him. Why did you not long ago ask me to give places to your relations? I would have granted them to your friends in preference to others. Your brother-in-law might have been my receiver-general. It was my interest to enrich all those around me, to have men who were, so to speak, my own. I would have put him into a position where he could have given me valuable information. Why, when we were leaving Malmaison, did you not ask me for money for your mother? I would gladly then have given you fifty or sixty thousand francs. Remember men are more attached to those on whom they confer benefits than those who receive them are to their benefactors."

"Fouché betrayed me; Davout let himself be deceived. Bah! *he* betrayed me too. He has a wife and children; he thought that all was lost; he wanted to keep what he had got. Already before I left Paris he had sent an agent

to England and tried to persuade me that it was to buy arms. . . . . If you think Davout was devoted to me you do not know men. You do not know Davout as I do."[1]

There was a slight earthquake at St. Helena in the summer of 1817. "I think, like Gourgaud, that we ought to have been swallowed up, island and all. It would be so pleasant to die in company."

"The unhappy disturbances in Guadeloupe may perhaps bring on a massacre in Paris. Perhaps the Governor has learned that Napoleon II. has ascended the throne. Then there will be no more disputes as to my title of Emperor."

"I never chose to have menial service from my courtiers, such as was called *service du chambre*. I made a distinction between what was menial and what was honorable service; I liked to have *valets de chambre* whom I could beat if I thought proper, rather than gentlemen. The valets had a good deal in their power: whilst undressing me they could, if they pleased, speak to me of such and such persons. They received handsome presents. But their constant attendance was somewhat severe. I ought always to have had people to dine with me, as I did in 1815, and sometimes I should have dined in public. There were gentlemen from the country who had never been able to see me, and people grow attached to a sovereign by seeing him. I ought to have had more people at my levees—prefects and judges and generals—and I should have had a day for each class. There were not enough people in the *salons de service;* I ought to have passed through them in going to dinner, when people might have spoken to me."

[1] But Napoleon another time at St. Helena wrote on the margin of Fleury de Chaboulon's "Histoire des Cent Jours," which speaks with great bitterness of General Davout: "Young man, do not insult one of the most pure and glorious men in France." The book is now at Sens in a museum.—*French Editor.*

"You complain of your sorrows! Think of mine! Think of all I have experienced, all the things I have to reproach myself for! You have nothing to regret."

"Ah!" said Bertrand to Gourgaud, "consider how when His Majesty lies awake he must think that it is he who has brought so much misery on France—France, which since the days of Henri II. had never had the humiliation of seeing enemies in her capital! What sorrows in France have been caused by his fault—Moscow, Dresden, Chatillon—and he can never go from this place as we can!"

Gourgaud: "It is unfortunate that the Emperor was not killed at Waterloo. It would have been the fitting close of his life for his reputation. Whilst to die of old age here at St. Helena is to live wretchedly and die ignobly."

Bertrand: "But one does not know what may yet take place. Louis XVIII. was restored after twenty years of exile."

Gourgaud: "Yes; but restoration would not obliterate the faults committed by the Emperor. France would never forget that she had been invaded, humiliated, and impoverished. History will always reproach the Emperor with these things."

"How can any one imagine that Nero had Rome burnt—Nero, who was so much beloved in his capital? Tacitus gives no explanation of that. It has been said that I do not like Tacitus because he attacks tyranny. One day Monsieur Suard came and bored me on that theme, and that was how the report started."

"Ah! may the Parisians when they recall their glorious days connect them with the remembrance of me! I shall be happy then. And in fact they cannot speak of them without associating me with them. As the Abbé de

Pradt said, I wanted to make Paris reach as far as Saint Cloud, and in my system of reigning over the world I meant to make Paris a mighty capital. The Parisians have intelligence. They will never forget me. They are brave, too."

"If Wellington had done in France all the things he did in Corsica, he would have been assassinated."

"The manners and customs of the Romans were quite different from ours. For example, we have no idea of the freedmen. The institution was convenient in those days. But now, if I wanted to get a man to assassinate an enemy, I could not find him."

"A wife is only one of a man's ribs. She is the slave of her husband."

Napoleon said that his *valets de chambre*, Hubert, Pellair, and Marchand, were all excellent. "M. de Montesquiou had a number of such young men, fellows of great merit. I could have made a nursery of them to furnish me with reliable and distinguished men. I might have made them my ambassadors."

"When King Ferdinand at Valençay asked me to send him a physician from Paris, I replied, Yes, for consultation. But I do not choose people should say, if anything should go wrong with him, that I had anything to do with it. He had better have Spanish doctors."

"After all, the only persons I really care for are those who are useful to me. I never care what they think. I pay attention only to what they say. If you are attached to me you ought to pay court to the Montholons. You see that they please me, and that it is they, and they only, who are devoted to me. You, Gourgaud, and the Governor make my life very hard."

"The history of Rome is pretty much the history of the world."

"I ought to have crushed the Prince Bishop of the Montenegrins, but I treated him with consideration in case of a rupture with the Turks. The expedition of Molitor through his country was a fine one. Molitor was a very brave man."

Laplace had the meanness to remove the name of the Emperor from the dedication of his *Mécanique Céleste*. After the Emperor's downfall he asked Caulaincourt to give him back a copy he had presented to him, that he might give him another in which the name of Napoleon did not appear.

The little circle in the salon at Longwood read aloud "Paul and Virginia," and the Emperor thought the letter of Virginia to her mother was absurd. He had at one time advised Bernardin to write nothing but such books as "Paul and Virginia," and to let philosophy alone. St. Pierre made a mistake in thinking that Laplace had injured him in the opinion of His Majesty. During the reading of "Paul and Virginia" the Emperor was much moved. "I wept," says Gourgaud; "so did Madame de Montholon, who said to me as we left the salon that in our situation such reading stirred our feelings too much, and troubled her digestion."

On a previous occasion they had read something of Florian's, and then Paul and Virginia. The Emperor said that Florian's style was too abrupt, the style of "Paul and Virginia" excellent.

That big Bernadin de Saint-Pierre is however a mischievous man. He ought to write only such books as "Paul and Virginia," or the "Chaumière Indienne."

His Majesty reads an account of the travels of Queen Christina of Sweden, and is indignant at the attention

paid her by the Court of France. Christina had a right to kill Monaldeschi.

The Emperor said he was going to reread the history of Cromwell; he had not read it for a long time. Had the Protector any great military ability, or was he only a bully? He had one important quality—dissimulation—and he had great political talent. He could see things clearly and judge them correctly. There was no action in his life in which he may be said to have miscalculated. He was an extraordinary man.

"Volney wrote well, but there were some things about the East that he did not understand. The Koran allows the Arabs to perform their ablutions with sand."

"Châteaubriand has not sufficient skill in reasoning to write a good political work. He will put in too many flowers of rhetoric, but flowers will not take the place of close reasoning."

The Emperor said that his great superiority over other men consisted in being able to endure continuous brainwork. He never knew any man equal to him in this. "I could discuss one subject for eight hours, and at the end of that time take up another matter with my mind as fresh as at the beginning. Even now I can dictate twelve hours at a time. Massena and others got physically tired sooner than I did. Own, Gourgaud, that it takes splendid courage to live here! Yet, *mon Dieu*, I am as calm as if I were living at the Tuileries. I never have attached much importance to life. I would not make a step—I have never made a step—to shun death."

CHAPTER XVII.

RELIGION.

"Monge, Berthollet, and Laplace were all atheists. I think the matter that made man was slime, warmed by the sun and vivified by electric fluids. What are animals—an ox, for example—but organized matter? Well! when we see that our physical frame resembles theirs, may we not believe that we are only better organized matter; almost in a perfect state?[1] Perhaps some day there will be formed more perfect beings still.

"Where is a baby's soul? What becomes of a madman's? The growth of the soul follows the growth of the body,[2] it grows as the child grows, it shrinks in old age. If our souls are immortal they must have existed before we were born. Has the soul no memory? On the other hand, how can thought be explained? See now, at this very moment when I am speaking to you, my thoughts have gone back to the Tuileries. I see the palace and the gardens, I see Paris. That is how once upon a time I explained presentiments. I imagined the hand accusing the eye of falsehood, when the eye said it could see a league away. The hand said: 'I can discern nothing that is more than two feet from me; how, then, can you see a league?' Presentiments in some men are like the eyes of the soul.

"Yet the idea of God the Creator is much the most simple explanation of the origin of things. Who made them all? There is a veil we cannot lift. It is beyond

[1] "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a *living soul*." Genesis 2:7.—*E. W. L.*

[2] The Emperor confounds the spiritual part of man with his intelligence. Intelligence is, to a certain extent, the inheritance of animals.—*E. W. L.*

the powers of our soul, beyond the reach of our understandings. It belongs to a higher order of things. The most simple idea consists in worshipping the sun, which gives life to everything. I repeat, I think man was created in an atmosphere warmed by the sun, and that after a certain time this productive power ceased.

"Do soldiers believe in God? Ah! they see so many dead comrades fall around them!

"I have often held arguments with the Bishop of Nantes to discuss what becomes of animals after their death. He told me that he thought they might have some kind of soul different from man's, and that they might go to certain limbos. He agreed to all I said about the wealth of the clergy, but he believed in Jesus Christ, and always spoke like a true Christian. Cardinal Casali and Pope Pius VII. were also true believers. . . . .

"All religions since that of Jupiter inculcate morality. I would believe any religion that could prove it had existed since the beginning of the world. But when I see Socrates, Plato, Moses, and Mohammed I do not think there is such a one. All religions owe their origin to man." [1]

"The Christian religion offers much pomp to the eye, and gives its worshippers many brilliant spectacles. It affords something all the time to occupy the imagination. I like convents. Only I wish they would forbid the

[1] It must be borne in mind that in these talks about religion, Napoleon, when he speaks of "Christianity," means Christianity as he conceived it—a system founded on the dogmas he had learned from Cardinal Fesch, an unenlightened ecclesiastic of the same type as most churchmen of the middle ages. His Mohammedanism had taught him at least its fundamental truth: There is but one God, though he sometimes seems to have wavered in his acceptance of even this. There was not the smallest spirituality in his nature. He was an agnostic of the most pronounced kind, without helps from modern research and explanation. He believed only what came within his own experience - what he thought he could apprehend. All else he put aside as unworthy of his understanding. He had no spiritual instincts; affection was not in his nature. Faith, as he conceived it, was the acceptance of dogmas by the intellect. Its true meaning, *trust*, was not even suspected by him. But he was too great a man not to perceive clearly how necessary religion was to the human race. He restored public worship; he made the Concordat; he often read the Bible,

taking of vows until those who wish to do so are fifty years of age. At this moment I could live very happily in retirement in a convent. When I re-established the convent of the Great St. Bernard, and endowed it with forty thousand francs a year, my act gave great pleasure to the clergy. Cardinal Caselli, who was the great theologian of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the leading man in the Sacred College at the time of the Concordat, was enchanted when I talked to him about Egypt and Judea. He could not conceive that the Jordan was only about sixty feet in width. The result of our conversations was that he assured the Holy Father that he ought to grant me all I asked, and that I was the only man who could re-establish religion."

"Did Jesus ever exist, or did he not? I think no contemporary historian has ever mentioned him; not even Josephus. Nor do they mention the darkness that covered the earth at the time of his death."

"The moral code of Jesus is the same as that of Plato. Society needs a religion to establish and consolidate the relations of men with one another. It moves great forces; but is it good, or is it bad for a man to put himself entirely under the sway of a director? There are so many bad priests in the world!"

"I have been reading Genesis, and I can assure you that the localities and customs mentioned in it are drawn

borrowing the book from Gourgaud, who was a Catholic and a Christian in belief, if not always in practice. To be sure, Napoleon's interest in the Scriptures was chiefly in the Hebrew *haggadah* or parable stories, in the Apocrypha, in Moses and Joshua as old-time generals, and in the Biblical view of legitimism, as illustrated in the histories of David and Saul. That the Old Testament was the introduction to the New; that Christianity had its roots in the relations of God to man in the far past, and was not, like Mohammedanism, a new religion, never occurred to him. That Christ came into the world, when the fulness of time had come, to *fulfill*, not to destroy, the Jewish religion, was a view of Christianity that had never presented itself to him. When he selected the companions of his exile he omitted a chaplain, and said he had had something more important to think about. The young Corsican priests Cardinal Fesch subsequently sent out to him stayed but a short time at St. Helena, and commanded no respect.—*E. W. L.*

with the greatest truth. To read it is a great pleasure when one remembers all the places it alludes to.

"The Crusaders came back worse Christians than they were when they left their homes. Intercourse with Mohammedans had made them less Christian. Judea is not a rich country."

Gourgaud remarks that what was prophesied about the Jews has been fulfilled to the letter, and continues to be fulfilled. They are dispersed on the face of the earth and are a constant miracle.

Napoleon: "That is singular, but it is also surprising that there are still in France a million of Protestants in spite of the persecutions they have endured. All men cling strongly to their religion. There are not more than two millions of Jews." [1]

"If I had to choose a religion I think I should become a worshipper of the sun. The sun gives to all things life and fertility. It is the true God of the earth."

"I do not think I should like to confess to a married priest, who might go and tell it all to his wife. Formerly parish priests had their housekeepers or their nieces. At the Council of Constance the old men were in favor of the marriage of the clergy, and the young men, because of ambition, set themselves against it.

"To receive all classes into one convent is, I think, absurd. Before the Revolution I knew monks whom nature had intended for mere laboring men living in luxury and idleness. I think that three or four convents such as I proposed to establish would be extremely useful. Such a life led in common by either men or women would not be possible without the bond of religion. Religion lends sanctity to everything."

"The best and most learned churchman I have ever known was the Bishop of Nantes. He was well versed

[1] Two millions in France, and but eight millions in the world.—*E. W. L.*

in the chicaneries of skeptics. He never undertook the defence of his outworks, but he was not to be overcome in his entrenchments. Though he had great respect for the Pope he frequently opposed him. He overthrew all the other cardinals. He said to me on the subject of indulgences: 'You must remember that the popes are only men.'"

"The Mohammedan religion is the finest of all. In Egypt the sheiks greatly embarrassed me by asking what we meant when we said 'the Son of God.' If we had three gods, we must be heathen."

"The remission of sins is a beautiful idea. It makes the Christian religion so attractive that it will never perish. No one can say, 'I do not believe, and I never shall believe.'"

"What is electricity, galvanism, or magnetism? Therein lies the great secret of nature. Galvanism works in silence. I think myself that man is the product of these fluids and the atmosphere; that the brain pumps up the fluids and gives life; that the soul is composed of these fluids, and that after death they return into the ether, whence they are again pumped by other brains."

The Emperor thinks that the Catholic religion is better than the Anglican. "The worshippers do not understand what they sing at vespers, they only witness the spectacle. It is a mistake to endeavor to enlighten them too much about such things."

Gazing up at the starry heavens, Gourgaud says, "They make me feel I am so small, and God so great."

Napoleon replies: "How comes it, then, that Laplace was an atheist? At the Institute neither he nor Monge, nor Berthollet, nor Lagrange believed in God. But they did not like to say so."

Gourgaud says: "We talked of confessors," and adds, "I have myself formed such an idea of God, that I can address myself straight to Him. I have extreme confidence in His goodness. You all think that I am always reading the Bible. I do not know why Your Majesty tries to make out that I am a bigot." [1]

Napoleon says: "Yes, I think you are something of that kind."

Gourgaud: "I own that I believe firmly in God, and cannot conceive how men can be atheists. To proclaim themselves such seems to me mere mental braggadocio."

Napoleon: "Bah! Laplace was an atheist, and Berthollet too. At the Institute they all were atheists, and yet Newton and Leibnitz were believers. . . . . Atheists compare man to a clock; but the clock-maker is a being of superior intelligence. They grant that creation is the result of matter, as warmth is the effect of fire. I believe in a superior intelligence. I should also believe as firmly in Christ as Pius VII. does, if the Christian religion went as far back as the beginning of the world, and had been the universal religion. But when I see Mohammedans following a religion more simple than ours, a religion better adapted to their way of living than ours; . . . . and then if I have to believe that Socrates and Plato are both damned? That is what I often asked the Bishop of Evreux, and he assured me that God might possibly work a miracle in their favor. Do you believe that God concerns himself with all your actions?"

Gourgaud: "Sire, if Your Majesty imagines God has only the same capacities as a man, your reasoning would be just. But the Being who could create both the sun in the heavens and the leaves upon the trees has an intelligence that cannot be compared with mine. Therefore,

[1] Gourgaud also says: "Sire, when I consider the planets, I cannot understand how men can have the presumption to suppose that all their movements are the natural effect of matter. Who, then, created matter, if not a superior being; in other words, God? Laplace himself cannot tell us what the sun is, nor the stars, nor the comets; yet he dares to declare that there is no God."

if I measure God with man, my reasoning breaks down. If I cannot comprehend how the sun exists, how can I comprehend that God sees everything I do? For in fact, this idea is not harder to grasp than that of the formation of the planets, or a blade of grass. God has not given us an intelligence which has power to solve such things."

"It is true that the idea of God is natural to man. It has existed from all time and among all nations."

One day in April, 1817, they were talking about the planetary system, and Gourgaud praised the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace.

Napoleon: "Laplace made a detestable Minister of the Interior [under the Directory]. His great friend was Lagrange, and he never dared to speak in the Institute without consulting him. If Lacroix or others attacked him, Lagrange thundered down upon them. I often asked Laplace what he thought of God. He owned he was an atheist. Many crimes have been committed in the name of religion. The oldest religion is the worship of the sun. Where is the soul of an infant? I cannot remember what I was before I was born; and what will become of my soul after my death? As to my body, it will become carrots or turnips. I have no dread of death. In the army I have seen many men suddenly perish who were talking with me."

"I have dictated thirty pages on the world's three religions; and I have read the Bible. My own opinion is made up. I do not think Jesus Christ ever existed.[1] I would believe in the Christian religion if it dated from the beginning of the world. That Socrates, Plato, the

[1] To judge correctly the real opinions of the Emperor on this subject we must bear in mind how much he was apt to be animated by a spirit of contradiction. With Gourgaud, whom he thought (whether rightly or wrongly is no matter) to be something of a *dévot*, we see how he could express himself. To Antommarchi, who professed to be a materialist, he said: "Aspiring to be an atheist does not make a man so"; and to Montholon, "I know men well! I tell you that Jesus Christ was not a man."—*French Editor.*

Mohammedan, and all the English should be damned is too absurd. Jesus was probably put to death, like many other fanatics who proclaimed themselves to be prophets or the expected Messiah. Every year there were many of these men."

"I once found at Milan an original manuscript of the 'Wars of the Jews,' in which Jesus is not mentioned.[1] The Pope pressed me to give him this manuscript. What is certain is, that in the days of Jesus public opinion favored the worship of One God, and those who first preached that doctrine were well received and welcomed. It would have been so in my own case if from the lowest ranks of society I had become Emperor. It would have been because circumstances and public opinion were for me, not against me."

"I read the Bible. Moses was an able man. The Jews were a cowardly and cruel people."

"Egypt is the country which seems to be the seat of the oldest civilization. Gaul, Germany, and even Italy followed not long after, but I think that emigration westward probably took place from India or China, where there were vast populations, rather than from Egypt, which had only a few thousand inhabitants. All this makes me think that our world is not very old, or at least has not been inhabited by man from very ancient times. Within two thousand years or so I accept the chronology appended to the Sacred Writings. I think that man was formed by the action of the heat of the sun upon the mud.

[1] Renan, a historian not likely to be prejudiced on such a subject, accepted the passage in Josephus's "Antiquities of the Jews" that treat of the preaching of Jesus and [illegible] the Baptist in Galilee, as genuine. It is true that in some original Mss. [illegible] the one Napoleon met with at Milan, what he said on that subject is omitted. It seems, however, as if this could be easily accounted for. If he was so pleased with the work that he signed a number of copies and sent them to the chief cities of his empire. Now, as Christ was condemned by a Roman procurator on the charge of treasonable designs against the Roman Emperor, it is likely that in the copies submitted to Titus the passages which represented Christ as a wonderful man ("if indeed he was a man") were omitted.—*E. W. L.*

Herodotus tells us that in his day the slime of the Nile changed into rats, and that they might be seen in process of formation. Can any one tell us what the brain is? All things can be explained by magnetism. Where is little Arthur Bertrand's soul? The soul is formed as the body forms. Knock a nail into your head, then you become a madman, and then where is your soul? It is absurd to believe that at the Last Judgment we must appear in the flesh. Why should we, for a few crimes committed upon earth, be punished eternally?"

"Say what you like, but everything is more or less organized matter. When I have had stags cut open in hunting, I saw that their interior was like that of man. Man is only a more perfect being than dogs and trees. Plants are the first link in the chain of which man is the last. I know this is contrary to religion, but it is my opinion. We are all matter. Man was created by a certain warmth in the atmosphere. Man is young, and the earth is old. The human race has not existed more than six or seven thousand years, and thousands of years from now man may be very different from what he has been. Science may then have made such progress that mankind may perhaps have found out how to live forever. Agricultural chemistry is yet in its infancy. Not many hundred years ago we found out extraordinary properties in certain bodies, but we cannot explain them—the loadstone, electricity, and galvanism. What discoveries may not be made in these thousands of years!"

"What makes me think that there is not a God who can take vengeance, is to see that good people seem always unfortunate in this world, and rascals lucky. You will see that Talleyrand will die in his bed. . . . . When I see that a dog or a pig has a stomach and can eat, I say to myself, 'I have a soul, they must have one too.' Give my watch to a savage and he will think it has a soul."

Gourgaud replies: "But, Sire, that just proves that there is a God, for there had to be a clock-maker to make the watch. What can make itself from nothing?"

"If a man can think, it is because his nature is more perfect than that of a fish. When my digestion is bad, I think differently from what I do when I feel well. Everything depends on matter. If I had believed in a God who punished or rewarded us according to our deeds, I might have lost courage in battle."

"A man may have no religion, but may yet have morality. He must have morality for the sake of society. Morality for the better classes, the scaffold for *la canaille.*"

Then Gourgaud says: "Sire, I think the laws of morality are much the same in all religions; such laws are the work of God. He may be worshipped alike by Catholics, Protestants, and Turks. All prayers may be accepted by Him. To say that is not so, would be like saying that all prayers must be in the same language. The incense of prayer will mount always to God."

"Bah, Monsieur Gourgaud! And do you think that the intelligence that regulates the movements of the planets (and this intelligence is only the product of matter) looks upon the actions of men, and takes account of them?"

"Sire, I believe in God. I should be very unhappy were I an atheist."

"Bah! Look at Monge and Laplace. Vanity of vanities!"

"Science, which has disproved that the earth is the centre of the celestial system, struck a great blow at religion. Joshua, we are told, stayed the sun,[1] and that

[1] "It is really astonishing," says Herder, "that this fine passage (Joshua x., 6-14) has been so long misunderstood. We are expressly told that it is an extract from the Book of Jasher a collection of poems on the heroic deeds of leaders of the Israelites." The Book of Jasher is quoted elsewhere in the

stars will fall into the sea from heaven. What do I say? All the suns, and all the planets, etc."

"An Italian prince in church one day gave a piece of gold to a Capuchin who was asking alms to buy souls out of purgatory. The monk, enchanted at receiving so large a sum, exclaimed, 'Ah, Monsignore, I see thirty souls departing from purgatory and entering paradise!'

" 'Do you really see them?'

" 'Yes, Monsignore.'

" 'Then you may give me back my gold piece, for those souls certainly will not return to purgatory.'

"That is how men are imposed upon. . . . . Jesus said he was the Son of God, and yet he was descended from David. I like the Mohammedan religion best. It has fewer incredible things in it than ours. The Turks call Christians idolaters."

His Majesty is reading the Bible with his map at hand, and proposes to write an account of the campaigns of Moses.

Gourgaud adds: "The Emperor dictated a note to me, to prove that the water struck out of a rock by Moses could not have quenched the thirst of two millions of Israelites."

Bible. The book itself is now lost. Some archæologist may possibly discover it in Egypt or elsewhere among papyri.

At the close of the eighteenth century, or beginning of the nineteenth, several versions were published of a pretended Book of Jasher. The passage in Joshua expressly states that the chiefs of five clans of the Amorites gathered their forces to make war on the Gibeonites, who were in alliance with the people of Israel. Joshua, receiving tidings of this raid, made a night march, surprised the Amorites in the early light of a summer day, and chased them through the rocky pass of Beth-horon with great slaughter, which was increased when a dense thunder-cloud blackened the heavens and enormous hailstones fell among the combatants. Then Joshua (like Ajax) prayed for light; prayed that the sun might not set, and night add to the darkness, until the enemy was subdued. The prayer was heard. We may be permitted to believe that the sun in its glory shone out before sunset, and that the moon was bright in the valley of Ajalon when the Israelites completed their victory.—*E. W. L.*

THE END.

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